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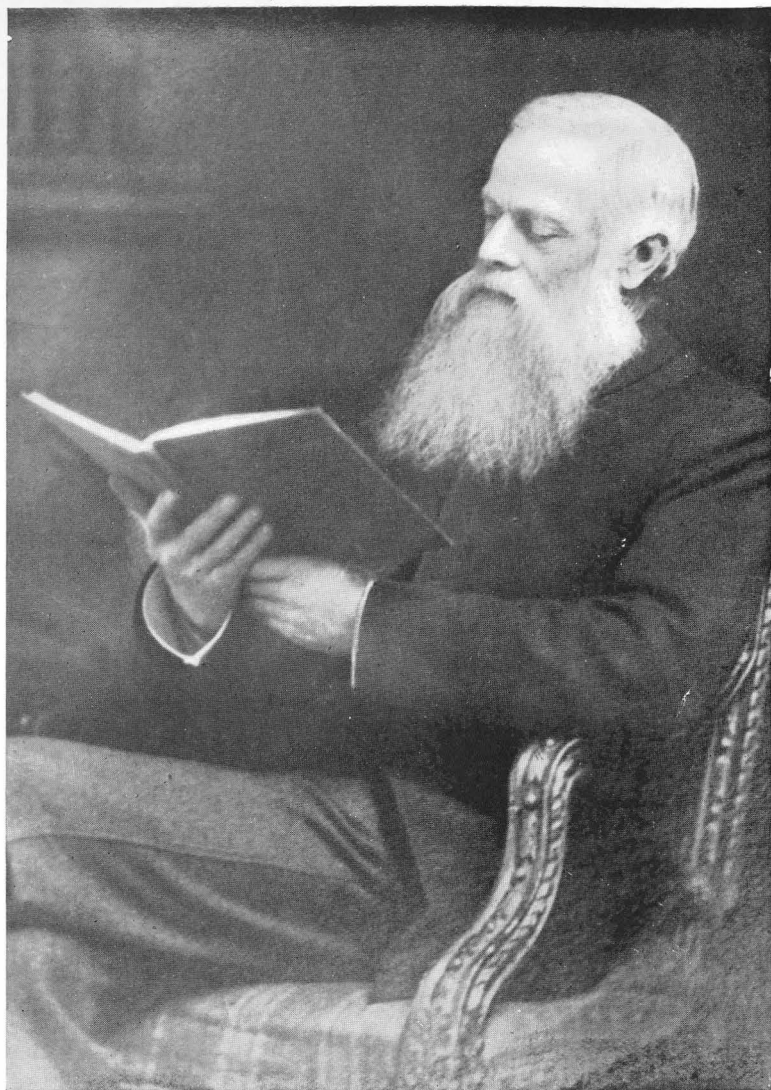


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THE REV. ROWLAND BATEMAN—LAST PORTRAIT

Frontispiece

ROWLAND BATEMAN

Nineteenth Century Apostle

BY
R. MACONACHIE
(LATE I.C.S.)

LONDON
CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY
SALISBURY SQUARE, E.C.

1917

TO
THE YOUNGER MEN OF THE EMPIRE

NOW GLORIOUSLY PROVING THEIR MANHOOD
ON THE BLOOD-STAINED BATTLE-FIELDS OF A HOLY WAR;
IN THE HOPE THAT WHEN GOD SHALL, LARGELY
THROUGH THEIR FORTITUDE, HAVE VINDICATED HIS OWN CAUSE,
AND EUROPE ONCE MORE SHALL BE AT PEACE,
SOME OF THEM, FIRED BY THE LIFE HEREIN SET FORTH,
MAY ENLIST AS SOLDIERS IN A STILL HOLIER WAR
UNDER THE DIVINE COMMANDER, WHOSE VICTORIES ARE WON BY LOVE,
AND WHOSE SPECIAL GLORY IS THE ENLIGHTENMENT OF
SOULS SOUGHT OUT FROM THE DARK PLACES
OF THE EARTH

PREFACE

IF any reader of this book is given to the habit of “ skipping over ” a Preface, I hope he will make an exception in the present case, otherwise an injustice may be done to him whose life is here described, as well as to the writer, though that is a point of less importance. Had Rowland Bateman (or as I shall generally call him for convenience “ R. B.”) followed his own inclinations, he would not have had his biography written at all. During the course, however, of his last illness, representations were made to him that an account of the work which God had done through him might still after his death serve the great cause to which he had so whole-heartedly given his life. After some hesitation he acquiesced in the proposal, but expressed his wish that I should write the story. I take up the task therefore as a trust, and can only hope that remembering steadily the purpose of the book, and doing my best to represent faithfully the man and his work, I may produce something not quite unworthy of the “ noble dead.”

The main sources of the information here recorded have been fragments of R. B.’s journals kept intermittently in India; some printed accounts of his missionary work drawn from reports sent home by him from time to time; the verbal statements of relatives; letters of friends, English and Indian; and my own personal recollections supplemented by letters received from him. My memories of him are indeed multitudinous. To quote my own language used elsewhere, for forty-four years, in

three continents, we pursued our friendship, getting together on every opportunity possible. In a great variety of circumstances, on land and on water, on hill and plain, in heat and cold, in joy and sorrow, in work and in sport we have companied together, with the result that I may claim to have known as much perhaps of his mind and character as any other man living. This knowledge I have used in the following pages, entailing not seldom mention of myself, but always with the intention of throwing light on the character of my friend. If even so the reader requires an apology for such personal references I tender it here once for all.

Again, a good many stories and anecdotes told in conversational style will be found here and there throughout the book—and some of them are humorous. For inserting them in a work the general purport of which must necessarily be grave, even to solemnity, I have two reasons—both well considered. The first is that they serve as a helpful counterfoil to the sustained earnestness of a life which as regards its main object might well bear the motto, "This one thing I do." The second—in my opinion the more important—is that without this lighter setting R. B.'s life and doings could not be presented in any rounded or complete form—his humour and "larkiness" (there is no other term that so well describes the trait) were an essential part of him, though both were always kept well in hand. Every incident thus recalled throws light on some point of his many-sided character. The reader may feel assured that every story given is absolutely true, or as near the truth as history ever gets. I have no pleasure in altering narratives "so as to improve them." There is an inimitable charm, which no wit can increase or even supply by fictive imagination, in the fact that things did actually once happen "just so."

These lighter passages will not be allowed to usurp undue importance. The deepest notes of R. B.'s life are those telling of his struggles, amounting at times to agony,

for souls. These give the very heart of the man ; when we read his journals, we see into the centre of a keen spiritual struggle—the saint of God using all his gifts of natural temperament and grace in combat with the hideous powers of evil to win over to the Kingdom of God's light and purity those youthful Indian souls that were so dear to him, and which in their turn were so powerfully affected by him.¹ Hardly any missionary narrative that I know exceeds in simple dramatic power some of the tales of the early Narowal days. No earthly census can ever tell how many Indian souls came through him to Christ's own peace and truth ; but we have facts enough to furnish types and samples, and careful perusal of the story here told will give a fair idea of the leading points of R. B.'s methods. Yet it is probable that much of the very best work that he did as evangelist and teacher can be known to no one save Him "from Whom no secrets are hid."

As to the plan of the narrative, it will for the most part move on in simple chronological order ; but in some special cases I have adopted a topical treatment where that seemed more convenient. Chapter III, for instance, dealing with R. B.'s personality in an analytic manner, will anticipate in time many years of his active career ; while on the other hand Chapter XII, on deputation work, is in large measure retrospective when compared with the place given it in the book.²

The foregoing remarks will show that I have undertaken a difficult task, and that I know it. If, God helping me, I can make this apostolic messenger of truth

¹ See the striking statement made by Jellaluddin Amber, a Christian Indian official, as to R. B.'s reputation of almost magical attractiveness for young men, p. 131.

² A word may be added on the minor but not unimportant subject of spelling of Indian names. A thoroughgoing adherent myself of the "Hunterian" system, thinking it simple and scientific, I have in the present case to adopt a compromise. R. B. is not always consistent, but I try to get him in line for the most part with Hunterian spelling, except in special cases—e.g., "Lahore," "Mahomet"—where custom has fixed the English form of the word.

stand out in fair fashion somewhat as he was in life, the English thinking world will get to know a man who ought to be known, and a strong hope, based on prayer, arises that some of my younger readers may be stirred up to emulate his career, and seek the same goal that R. B. sought, as "a faithful soldier of Jesus Christ." The fulfilment of such a hope would be humbly received as a blessing on this labour of love, the tidings of which (such is my faith) would assuredly reach R. B. himself

In those high realms of help, that heaven his home.

R. M.

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ROWLAND BATEMAN

CHAPTER I

PARENTAGE, BIRTH, AND EARLY DAYS

Out of this mighty world of land and sea
Millions of men and women—and mystery—
How came this *one* man, just himself to be?

ANON.

“**R**OWLAND BATEMAN'S father was the product of a line of respectable, small, Westmorland squires,¹ seated at an old, dull, but roomy house near Kendal, known as Tolson Hall. The family annals barely reach back 200 years, and are by no means full. Presumably nothing much happened there till genius arrived in the person of James, elder son of John, of Tolson. He, an eager boy, as full of machines and nothing else as his great co-temporary James Brindley, soon tired of Tolson life, and on attaining his majority made an arrangement with his younger brother whereby he, James, made over to that brother all his rights to Tolson and its acres in exchange for the few thousand pounds that the younger son was entitled to under the marriage settlements.

“This being agreed to, and settled, James went off to Manchester, set up engineering works, and soon began turning out all sorts of mining machinery. It must have been sound work that he did, for in 1885 a great-grandson of his went to see an old deep mine pump at

¹ This account has been supplied by his surviving brother, Robert.

Talk-o'-th' Hill, Staffordshire. There she was—spoken of as 'Sally' by her loving guardians—still heaving and sighing—heaving and sighing—with a brass plate on her chest bearing James Bateman's name, and, I think, 1791 as a date. This James Bateman made a large fortune. He built himself a most comfortable house at Islington (now part of great Manchester, in his day a suburb), in the Palladian style, in fine-grained stone, mahogany doors, etc. This he used as a 'town-house,' for he had by this time come in for Tolson Hall, as both his father and brother had predeceased him. About 1810 he bought as an investment the valuable North Staffordshire estates of a certain Gresley baronet. James Bateman made one definite bid for the Knypersley estate, and not one shilling would he advance in spite of all that Sir Nigel Gresley's trustees could say.

“ It so happened that one of these trustees was a certain William Egerton of Oulton, Cheshire, grandfather of that Maria Sibylla Egerton-Warburton, who twenty years later was to be the bride of James Bateman's grandson James, of Biddulph Grange, and mother of Rowland Bateman.

“ James the engineer did not bother himself to see his new purchase—much less live in Biddulph—so he sent his trusty and only son John to take up his residence there with his wife Elizabeth (Holt), and John, through a long life, ending in 1858, made, by his high religious principles, his sound sense, his courtesy toward poor and rich, the name of Bateman to stand, in those parts, for all that a country squire could possibly be !

“ John had one son, James (the father of our Rowland), who when he succeeded to the estate had already made a name and gained his F.R.S. by his enormous, unliftable, mammoth-folio book on 'The Orchidaceae of Mexico and Guatemala'—begun when at Magdalen, Oxford, and he lived to say that its chief value consisted in its tailpieces by George Cruikshank. The 'Times' in its obituary notice of the author (November, 1897) made out that the cost of

producing each plate was £200. James Bateman was a great Protestant as well as a most eloquent and amusing speaker.

“ In winning a wife from the old Cheshire family of Warburton of Arley he found a life-partner who shared his love of plants, and who drew and modelled her own children in a way that was perfectly astounding in an untaught girl! She modelled a group of two of her boys—naked—holding up a bunch of grapes to a fox on his hind legs, which was quite professional. The children were John the eldest, and Rowland himself.

“ R. B.’s grandfather on his mother’s side was the Rev. Rowland Egerton, younger brother of John Egerton, Baronet, of Oulton, Cheshire, one of the Charles I creations, and he had added the name of Warburton to his own on his wife being declared heiress to her grandfather, Sir Peter Warburton of Arley, who had married Elizabeth Stanley, sister to the eleventh Earl of Derby.

“ So all this old strain of Cheshire and Lancashire blood came into Bateman’s being from his mother, while from the Egerton grandfather and godfather came that literary power that he so often and so unconsciously showed,¹ and his son, Bateman’s uncle, was the author of many ‘ Hunting Songs,’ epigrams, *vers de société*, and innumerable witty sayings ! ”

Thus fathered and mothered, Rowland Bateman began his life-pilgrimage on 1 Nov., 1840, at Knypersley Hall, Biddulph, where his parents were then living with the “ old people,” the John Batemans, though they soon after moved to Biddulph Grange, and there his growing boyhood was happily spent. Details are not plentiful, but some are suggestive. When he was about three years old, on a visit to his mother’s home, Norley Bank, he was one day being called into the house when he caught sight of a train—his first train—coming across a bridge and stayed

¹ “ This grandfather, by the way, was the author of the well-known cryptic lines beginning: ‘ O O no O, but O O me ! etc.,’ which properly construed becomes, ‘ O sigh for no cipher, but O sigh for me ! ’ ”

to look at it, and while looking he suddenly spied a bird's nest in a hedge close by : showing powers of observation to be further developed by and by. His brother, already quoted, says :—

If I must label him as a boy, I should, for want of a fitter word, put "larky" on the tag, provided that word should mean that in everything he had to do with, he managed to put life and keenness and humour and good nature.

And again :—

As a boy his special interest was in bird-life, and he would get up in the very small hours on summer mornings, often accompanied by an equally keen young footman, and go for miles over the estate in search for some shy bird's nest, or badger-earth, or extra big trout—a big yellow retriever, Hermit, always with him ; and the story of these raids was always given with such humour and originality and scientific acumen that they were never much interfered with parentally, whether the culprits were late for prayers and breakfast or not.

One of his earliest religious impressions seems to have come to him in church one evening during a somewhat unattractive reading of Psalm xviii, when suddenly the words became alive,—“ With the help of my God I shall leap over the wall.” This came home to him. Before the boy's eyes came up the vision of particular walls he desired to leap over, and confidence seized him that he could leap over them all. How faith was tested by action is not recorded.

On 28 Aug., 1851, when he was getting on in his eleventh year, a considerable function took place at Knypersley—chronicled at length in a local paper¹—the opening of the new church erected in the village by Mr. John Bateman, the grandfather, “ cordially seconded by his son,” Mr. James Bateman. Two services were held in the building and between the services the numerous invited guests sat down to a “ handsome collation,” after which speeches were made, notably by the Batemans, *père et fils* ;

¹ Sight of this and some other interesting matter from the private diary of the Rev. P. Dowe, first “ Curate ” of Knypersley, has been kindly afforded me by his daughter, Miss E. Dowe.

the latter especially spoke with eloquence, humorous and devout. Almost certainly young Rowland was somewhere in the gathering on the look out for "larx" (his regular name for innocent enjoyment in doing something).

Another church recollection about this time was that at Biddulph the singing choir used to be up in the gallery with the musical instruments, and there was one little maid, Sarah Knight, who took the boy's fancy so much that he used to think of her as actually one of the seraphim. She grew up to become Sarah Baddeley, and kept a little shop in Biddulph, dying not so long ago as one of R. B.'s parishioners.

At the age of fourteen he went with his elder brother John, and younger brother Robert, to Brighton College, the locality being determined by regard for John's health, which at that time was delicate. Testimony of contemporaries shows that Rowland was popular at school on account of his cheerful and sociable disposition, but he never failed on any parlous occasion to take his stand on the right side.

There is a letter written to him by a schoolboy friend fifty-six years ago beginning, "Dear Monkey," and on inquiry from the same helpful authority that starts this chapter so well, I learn :—

"Monkey" was got, if I remember rightly, by R. B.'s risky climb up one of the downspouts of Brighton College—object a sparrow's nest under a pipe-head (he always loathed sparrows as *Hun*-birds).

One friend writes :—

It was not only his bright and cheerful humour, nor his fondness for birds, . . . it was his decided religious tone. He was fond of poetry and gave me a copy of Wordsworth; but his favourite was Byron. But birds were his joy. He went out early in the morning on the downs with a complete set of bird-catcher nets, cages, and call-birds, and coming back just before school with a pillar of bird-cages climbed up to his study in the tower. . . . With regard to C.M.S. he kept a curious money-box. When he came home with coppers in his pocket, he flung them at the back of his books in the book-case, and swept them out at the end of the term for C.M.S.

It was at Brighton College that he began to develop that fondness for cricket which made it his favourite game through life.¹ Long before Newbolt's fine lines made the phrase famous—to "play the game" was a metaphor on his lips, and other terms drawn from the vocabulary of the noblest of all games were used in his own racy manner in talk or correspondence.²

In later life he once in talking with me drew a distinction between men who were his "college friends" and others whom he classed as knowing him more intimately because they had been schoolfellows. One of the latter (of whom in his turn he always used to speak with unrestrained affection) wrote to him in his last illness:—

My oldest and most loyal friend, it is now sixty years since we first met in October, 1855, at the door of the tower when the old School House were collecting for the term.

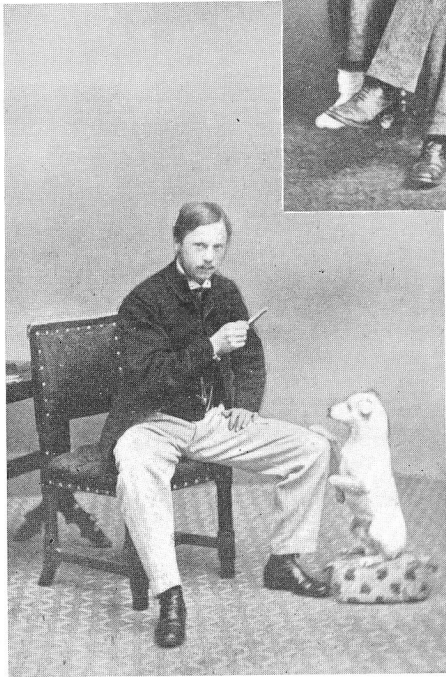
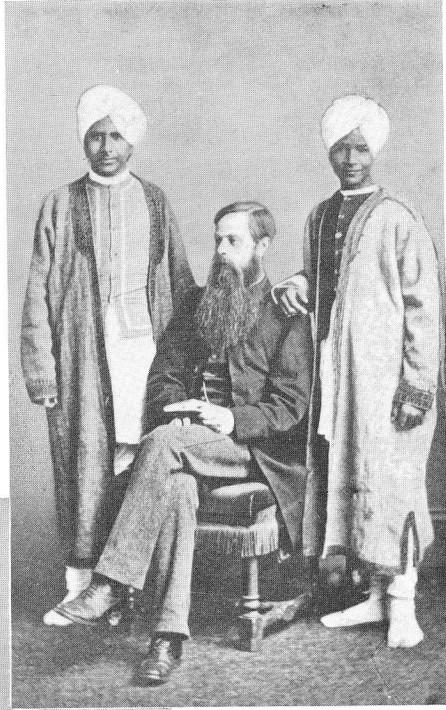
At the end of 1859 he went up to his father's college—Magdalen, Oxford, "not particularly good at, or keen about either classics or mathematics," but attractive in his frank young personality and known to be pleasantly fearless in his stand for right against wrong. At college he made no name in the Schools, but took the ordinary degree in the ordinary way. Yet Oxford gave him, if he had it not by nature, the habit of looking into the meaning of words and their association in phrases, which marks the man habitually accurate in thought, and helps to vigour and raciness in style. These became marked qualities of everything he spoke or wrote. Some notes I have lately come across in his books show that he had gripped the

¹ In spite of doubt raised by one friend who records R. B.'s devotion to a local ball-game called "bubby," that he was already good at cricket at Brighton is proved by direct evidence, and indirectly by himself. As we were passing once together under the picturesque arch at Tonbridge School which leads to the cricket ground, he turned and said, "Ah, here's where we used to come when we beat Tonbridge." Inquiry has shown that in those mid-nineteenth century days Brighton College played very keen games with the great Kent school. A competent authority writes, "For quite a number of years the match was the 'Eton and Harrow' of south-east England."

² See postcard quoted *infra*, p. 183.

WARIS

PRITHU



R. B., 1875

R. B. AT MAGDALEN, OXFORD, 1864

Greek of the New Testament, at least, with characteristic sturdiness and perseverance.

Little more than this is known of his college days.¹ He played cricket for his college, and took an oar in the college boat, and "keenly enjoyed everything and everybody that came, fairly, into college life." He made several good friends, including one or two who were of distinctly sporting character; but while never in the least Pharisaic, Bateman held his own line. "I bar Cremorne," was one remark he made (and now reported half a century afterwards by a hearer) when discussing holiday doings in London. It was characteristic of him that while separated by his career from his early college friends he always retained a warm and generous feeling toward his old companions. In one case—that of the late Father Luke Rivington—he did not hesitate to show this when they met again in India, far apart though they were in religious politics.

Meanwhile such an epoch as these Oxford years, could not, we may be sure, pass lightly over such a spirit. He had probably always had a happy boy's religion, inherited from his devout father, while his mother threw her more magnetic influence definitely into the scale for a consecrated life. When I asked him recently what it was that made him first think of missionary work he simply said, "Oh, my mother," and I have been allowed to use for this book parts of a letter which speaks for itself, and bespeaks reverence from all who have known a mother's love. Let us draw near with unshod feet, for we tread on holy ground:—

Biddulph Grange, Congleton.
Nov. 1, 1861.

MY DARLING ROWLEY,

Treasure of my heart! and apple of my eye! this day must not pass you, without a few words of communication between us.

¹ In a courteous letter, received just as this is going to press, the President, Sir H. Warren, says: "I remember Mr. Bateman quite well. When he came back from India he came here and stayed with me on more than one occasion." R. B. once took me over Magdalen, showing his old haunts with zest and characteristic realism.

Accept our united good wishes and congratulations on the happy completion of your twenty-first year. My own individual feelings I dare scarcely touch upon at this time, supposing you to be just in the anxiety of an examination.

It will, however, be a gratification to you to know that this time twenty-one years ago I was beseeching the Gracious Giver of all good things to accept for His special service my new-born babe (if deserving of the honour), or if not to accept from me anything I possessed that might bring Him more glory.

Thus far, dearest Rowley, God has never failed me in the largest or the smallest matter, and for some years my hopes have been high that you would be deemed worthy of a bright crown. Whichever way God may lead you, or in whatever profession or walk of life you may tread, I care not, so that you are whole-hearted and keep a firm hold on our blessed Saviour.

The sacred beauty of a letter like this hallows the page on which it is printed. To him who received it, it brought a life-long inspiration, and mother and son, now joyfully together again, doubtless recognize how the "Gracious Giver" did "accept the new-born babe," and did lead him onward and ever upward through a long and strenuous life of single-hearted apostolic service here, to higher and more perfect service in His own immediate presence.

R. B. took his Oxford degree of B.A. in 1864, and in three years this matured in the conventional way into M.A. Meanwhile he had chosen his work in life. On 24 Sept., 1865, he was ordained deacon, and on 23 Dec., 1866, priest, by the Bishop of Carlisle, in whose diocese he worked for some three years as curate at St. John's, Keswick, with the Rev. Canon Harford Battersby as his vicar.

This time no doubt did its share in maturing the mind and purpose of the young clergyman: while with the members of his vicar's family he formed a life-long friendship. I have not been able to find out when the idea of foreign missionary work first came into his mind. To any one who knew him in the field it would seem unnatural if he had not come out to a sphere where his gifts and character had such large and appropriate scope for development. The mother's impulse no doubt was working consciously or

sub-consciously ; at any rate, he offered himself to the Church Missionary Society in 1868 and was gladly accepted.¹ His own desire had been for work in the Arctic Circle in Canada, but he was sent to India, and this thwarting of the human will proved to be the guidance of divine wisdom. He left England on 17 Oct., 1868, and reached India without any special incident. R. B. was then twenty-eight years old (his age always running ten years in advance of the half-century), and his connexion with India was to last thirty-four years.

¹ A striking incident which happened while he was waiting to see the Committee is best told in his own words—see *infra*, p. 47.

CHAPTER II

THE PUNJAB AS A MISSIONARY ENVIRONMENT

Men of action these !
Who seeing just as little as you please,
Yet turn that little to account ; engage
With—do not gaze at—carry on a stage—
The work of the world.

BROWNING

WHILE R. B. is making his way to India (travelling by rail from Alexandria to Suez, as the Canal is not quite ready for traffic), we may briefly consider the scene of his future labours. It is well worth while : the prose epic telling how the Punjab came into British hands, and the new administrators entered on their high task, is an ever memorable story—not too well known to the ordinary Englishman for whom this book is written. The old “Lion of Lahore,” Ranjit Singh, while discussing with young Metcalfe the treaty he made (and faithfully kept) with England, inquired the meaning of the red colour on the map, which came up then as far north as the River Satlaj. “British territory,” was the reply. “Well,” said the sagacious though illiterate ruler of the Sikhs, “it will all become red some day.” As long as he lived, he kept the peace, holding his turbulent army well in hand ; but soon after his death in 1839, trouble began, for the warlike Sikhs, conscious of their own valour, but ignorant of the power of the British, were impatient to march south over the Satlaj to extend their territory at the expense of the *feringhi* (foreigner). In December, 1845, they began the first Sikh war by crossing that river with a force of all arms. Of their artillery, long trained by European mercenary officers under Ranjit Singh, they were specially proud, and not without reason ; but after

five battles the British advanced to Lahore, and peace was made. Part of the province was taken over, but the greater part was left under the Darbar (native cabinet), and a British Resident was placed at Lahore to give stability to the Sikh administration.

In 1848, however, Vans Agnew and Anderson, two assistants to the Resident, were murdered in Multan. This led to the second Sikh war, with the brilliant operations of the young Herbert Edwardes in the west of the province, the severe and hardly won battle of Chillianwala, and the decisive victory of Gujrat.

Six weeks later the Punjab was annexed to the British dominions. This was early in 1849, and at first the government was carried on by a Board of Administration of three, with Henry Lawrence at its head; but in 1853 John Lawrence was appointed Chief Commissioner, with a Judicial and a Financial Commissioner under him, Henry Lawrence being sent away to Rajputana.

Four years later came the "Sepoy Mutiny," and the services rendered by the newly acquired Punjab, under the vigorous leadership of John Lawrence, were so valuable that when order was restored the province was made into a Lieutenant Governorship with the rebels' capital, Delhi, attached to it as a subordinate city.

Meanwhile, missionary activity had kept pace with the march of political events. The Rev. John Newton and the Rev. C. W. Forman, American Presbyterians, came to Lahore in 1849, and the Church of England not in the exclusive spirit of dominant proprietors, but willing to co-operate in friendly fashion with the American brethren, was little more than two years behind. The most noticeable fact in the early missionary work in the "Land of the Five Rivers" is that at the time of annexation many of the chief administrative officers were Christian men, more or less actively sympathetic with missionary labours. Some, even, who afterwards became indifferent, or antagonistic, showed themselves, at this golden period, friendly to the enterprise which aims at carrying out the last

orders of the divine Master, and concerns laymen equally with clerics. There is nothing to show that this positive Christian character was at all offensive to the minds of the Indians with whom they had to do. The evidence looks the other way.¹ It is the irreligious Englishman that is the puzzle to the Indian, who himself is naturally religious. Two of the most decided Christians of the early Punjab days, Sir Donald McLeod and General Reynell Taylor, were spoken of in terms of reverential admiration as *ferishtas* (angels).

In a province where such men held high office it would be easy and natural for Christian missions to find a place. True it is that the able Commissioner of Peshawar, Colonel Mackeson, when approached on the subject by an earnest military officer, had expressed himself as politically antipathetic to missions. "Do you want us all to be murdered in our beds?" Within a year, in spite of his preventing the commencement of a mission at Peshawar, this official was assassinated in his own veranda by a Mohammedan fanatic, who stabbed him while reading a petition just presented. He was a man, wrote Lord Dalhousie the Viceroy, "whose death would have dimmed a victory." Herbert Edwardes, his successor, took an opposite line of policy, welcoming the idea of missionary operations and having the initial meeting at his house. Robert Clark² used to tell the story in later days, adding in a way that brought the facts very closely home: "When we went up to the Commissioner's house, there were still the stains of the blood of Colonel Mackeson on the floor of the veranda."

Henry and John Lawrence, Robert Montgomery, Donald McLeod, Herbert Edwardes, Reynell Taylor, Robert Cust, Arthur Roberts, William Martin, C. B. Saunders, and others, were all interested in starting the

¹ Think of the prodigious moral force on the side of Christian righteousness excited by a man like Nicholson, who even without adopting missionary propaganda, so impressed his personality on Indians that a sect of fakirs called themselves by his name, some actually becoming Christians.

² See p. 17.

Punjab¹ Church Missionary Association, the first meeting of which took place at Lahore, on 19 Feb., 1852, with Archdeacon Pratt of Calcutta in the chair. The first C.M.S. station was Amritsar, the city which is identified with the Sikh religion through its "Golden Temple," where the official copy of the "Granth" (the Sikh Bible) has its home: Kotgarh, and Simla in the Himalayas, had been previously occupied. In the west of the Amritsar district is the town of Tarn Taran, accounted the capital of the "Manjha," a tract of country lying partly in Amritsar, partly in the Lahore district, which is the central home of the Sikh people. In Amritsar, in 1853, Robert Clark planted a large "banyan" tree in the compound of his bungalow, and six of its self-rooting branches were some twenty-five years later named by A.L.O.E. (Miss C. M. Tucker)—Narowal, Jandiala, Batala, Ajnala, Tarn Taran, and Clarkabad; branch missions sprung from the mother station of Amritsar—of these, when R. B. arrived in the Punjab, only the first two had been begun. A divinity college had recently been started in Lahore under the Rev. T. V. French (afterwards first Bishop of the Lahore diocese). Work in Kangra had been commenced in 1854, in Kashmir (Srinagar) ten years later. Peshawar, with the active help of the Commissioner (Colonel, afterwards Sir) Herbert Edwardes, as already said, had received resident missionaries in 1854, and the south-western part of the frontier, called the Derajat, was

¹ The "Punjab" has various meanings, which must be distinguished historically. At first it was the "Land of the Five Rivers," with its southern boundary at the Satlaj. On the north and west it included, generally—but not always—the frontier with Peshawar, Bannu, etc. After annexation, the province under the Chief Commissioner included the Cis-Satlaj States. After the Mutiny, Delhi and the districts near it west of the Janna were added, and the greatly enlarged province was put under a Lieutenant Governor. Finally, in 1901, the trans-Indus frontier was separated from the Punjab and put under a Chief Commissioner, under direct control of the Government of India. At the time here referred to, Delhi was not included in the Punjab, so that the name taken is strictly correct. Delhi had its own vigorous mission then being worked by the S.P.G., and afterwards, from 1877, by the Cambridge Mission to Delhi, affiliated to the S.P.G.

occupied in 1862, with head-quarters at Dera Ismail Khan—the special encouragement in this case being a munificent gift of £1000 from General Reynell Taylor, who also subscribed 100 rupees a month to the mission as long as he remained in India (fourteen years longer).

In the sixteen years, then, during which Church of England missionary operations had been carried on in the “Punjab” before R. B.’s arrival in India, much good work had been done : good seed had been sown, and some of it had found good soil. Some notable converts had been won for Christ, among whom may be mentioned a Sikh priest, Kesar Sing, baptized under the name of Shamaun. This man, when he died, left his small property to the Mission to establish “a flag for Christ” in Amritsar in remembrance of the flags which fakirs are so fond of at their *takyas* or wayside hermitages. The “flag” now flies on the top of the C.M.S. hospital. Then there was old Dáúd Sing, who came in 1852 as a Christian from the S.P.G. Mission at Cawnpore, and two years later was ordained to the ministry. Though he cannot be regarded as a convert of the Amritsar work, his life became so identified with Christianity in the Punjab that he deserves notice as a worker there for the cause. From Narowal, a notable man, the chaudhri Mian Paulus, having heard the word from Mr. Fitzpatrick, did not hesitate to “come out” and abide persecution for his Master. In Peshawar there was Háji Náhiya Báku who, when on a pilgrimage to Medina, saw a vision which convinced him that Christ was a greater teacher than Mohammed, and coming back to India through Central Asia, he sought out and found Dr. Pfander, the well-known apologist for Christianity against Islam. He met him at Peshawar, learnt from him a reasoned faith, and was baptized. A few days afterwards he was found “covered with wounds and blood” in his own native house. He recovered with the loss of two fingers, and became a “kind of missionary,” wandering over a large tract of country from

Shikarpur to Kandahar and even Central Asia. Another brave soldier of the Cross was a policeman, Fazl Hakk, who volunteered as the first missionary to the wild tribes of Kafiristan. Though he passed through wild scenes of murder and lawlessness, he died in peace at Abbottabad. Last, but not least, may be recalled the name of Imaduddin, whose life is an epitome of almost all religious struggle that can assail the soul of man. He had been a Mohammedan maulavi, but "the Hound of Heaven" so mercifully followed him as to allow him no peace in the haunts of error. Dissatisfied with Islam in its popular form, he sought the company of "pious and learned men" who were taking refuge from the vulgar literalness of Koran tradition in the mysticism affected by fakirs, but even so he found no rest. He then began an elaborate system of personal austerities, left everybody, went out into the jungles, and wandered about as a fakir for some 2500 miles. "He wrote out the name of God 125,000 times, cutting each word out separately with scissors, and wrapped each word in a ball of flour and fed the fishes with them," sitting on the bank of a stream. No way could his soul find rest till "God's grace met him, and he learned that what he could not do Christ had done for him." He was baptized at Amritsar in 1866, and R. B. refers to him more than once in his journal as taking his share in the Christian life of that city. For thirty-four years after this he continued to live with courage and conviction his new faith, a stalwart champion in preaching, and with his pen, of the Christian creed.¹ He was offered a high appointment in the government service by the Financial Commissioner of the Punjab, but "gratefully declined it, at once and without hesitation"—the work given to him, he said, seemed to be the duty of making Christ known to his own people.

¹ I can well recall my own introduction to him. I rather expected to find an austere ascetic, painfully bearing the marks of his tragic years. I found him a cheerful and evidently happy—not to say jolly—person, plump and comfortable. He had indeed found "peace after war," "port after stormy seas."

With regard to these and other converts who were the firstfruits of the strong and faithful labour of the earlier missionaries one point may be mentioned, the importance of which will be fully perceived only when we reach the later history of missionary work in the Punjab. They included not a few men of mark, either by social position, or by force of character, or both. As yet, few if any "inquirers" had been received from the "depressed" or "outcaste" classes; the pioneers were mostly caste men, or Mohammedans. The movement known as the "mass movement" had not yet begun, and as a matter of history, when it did, there were considerable searchings of heart among those who led missionary policy as to whether it could wisely be encouraged or not. We had to learn that a movement, assuredly social in some degree as to its motive, might through the operation of the Holy Ghost prove to be earnestly religious also in its development. This, however, is anticipating matters; my present point is to emphasize the fact that from the beginning of the work converts in the Punjab have included Hindus, even Brahmans, and Mohammedans. About both of these classes wise men in high places in the Government of India have, at widely distant times, shown unwisdom by declaring the impossibility of their conversion to Christianity. "Sheer ignorance" in both cases, to quote the well-known excuse of Dr. Johnson!

Of the missionaries who were frequently met by R. B. in his early days, the two most prominent are French and Clark. Thomas Valpy French—a name ever claiming reverence as that of a saintly and romantically devoted and self-denying missionary—brought no doubt an abiding inspiration to R. B., whose journals show how he honoured and loved his senior colleague. The two men were in some respects extremely dissimilar, especially in the matter of humour and fondness for sport, but the master passion in both was an apostolic obedience to their common Lord and Master. Bishop French's life and character have been

commemorated in the two spacious and scholarly volumes of Mr. Herbert Birks, to which the reader is referred for full information. The biography of Robert Clark, for so many years the devout and statesmanlike Secretary of the Mission, has been written, interestingly, but on less ample scale, by his adopted son, the late Dr. H. Martyn Clark. He was in truth a wonderful man, of real intellectual ability, of humble devotion to his Lord, of indomitable will and courage, and a tower of hope to his fellows in times of difficulty and stress; a gentleman in breeding and courtesy; in Churchmanship a staunch Evangelical, always loyal to his bishop; wise and unselfish as a friend.¹ At the time when R. B. began his Indian work, French and Clark were on almost equal terms the two leading missionaries in the Punjab, and both had intimate relations with R. B., whose natural capacity and spiritual power they at once recognized.

One or two other missionaries may be mentioned here. The Rev. D. Brodie introduced him to work at Dera Ismail Khan²; the Rev. J. Mortlock Brown had been his predecessor at Narowal from 1860-66; and the Rev. T. R. Wade, who came out to India some five years before R. B., went on tour once or twice with him in his earlier itinerations; while the Rev. W. Keene, who had been working since 1853, would meet him in his frequent passings to and fro through Amritsar. Other men in increasing number came out in later years, and will appear in their places farther on. He always maintained near and brotherly

¹ I shall not, I think, be charged with undue discursiveness if I quote some lines which this gallant old soldier of God sent me in a letter in 1896—four years before his death:—

“Being perplexed we say, ‘Lord, make it right!’

Night is as day to Thee, darkness as light.

We are afraid to touch things that involve so much:

Our trembling hands may shake, our skill-less hands may break.

Thine can make no mistake: ‘Lord, make it right!’”

See also a note in the “C.M. Intelligencer” for April, 1906, p. 293, which I still find affecting, ten years after it was written.

² See how R. B. introduces him to us, *infra*, p. 39.

touch with Messrs. Newton and Forman of the American Presbyterian Mission.

To these brief remarks about the early days of Christianity in the Punjab, I fear that truth requires one addition. While the missionaries had been faithfully delivering their message to non-Christians, the spiritual tone among the English, officials and non-officials, had become somewhat changed. The fine gold of the Christian tradition of the Punjab administration if it had not become dim, had at least lost some of its early brightness. In 1868 there was no Henry or John Lawrence. Sir Robert Montgomery had gone with his incisive Christian personality and "sanctified common sense." Sir Herbert Edwardes, that "bright particular star" of military and administrative genius, dominated and uplifted by fearless loyalty to Christ, had left India three years before this, having lost his health in giving priceless service to his country. The two "ferishtas" Sir Donald McLeod and General Reynell Taylor, were still at work, with one or two others of simple, courageously witnessing faith; but yet there was something of a change, and already the chill of the approaching wave of agnosticism which came from England to India about this time began to make its benumbing influence felt, affecting not a few of the younger civilians and perhaps of the military also. Not that this decreasing religious sympathy lessened the personal kindness which members of the two great services almost invariably show, and honour themselves by showing,¹ to the missionary when they meet him; but still, as already said, there came something of a loss. The Punjab was to show forth, later, fine examples of Christian men at the head of affairs—a Robert Egerton, a Charles Aitchison, a Mackworth

¹ In the way of showing kindness men must reveal something of their own character. One district officer when going round a town with R. B. provided a horse for him. R. B. said he would rather walk. "Oh, please ride," said the D.O., "I should like to show the people how much I respect you." The twinkle in R. B.'s eye as he told me this fits in with the story of his trespassing; see p. 44.

Young; but their times of ruling were distant, and meanwhile—there was rather a slack tide.

To these remarks on the *personnel* of the Punjab missionary environment something must be added as to the people, the climate, and the physical characteristics of the country. The races of the province exhibit a mixture, such as might be expected from its position lying in the way of Mohammedan invasions from the north-west. Rather more than half of the population is Mohammedan; but the prevalence of Islam is much more marked in the north than in the south, where the people are mainly Hindu. In the mid-Punjab are the Sikhs, who by their warlike history, and their attractive personality, have taken the eye of the observer more than is warranted by their numbers—never more than one-thirteenth of the whole population, which in 1868 was probably something over twenty-one millions (including native States). Their religion may be thought of as an eclectic revolt against the crude polytheism of Hinduism, inspired probably by the monotheistic ideal of Islam, but tempered by various local tendencies and sentiments. The Sikh, nowadays, is at heart the bitter foe of Mohammedanism. Hindus, Sikhs, and Mohammedans thus divide what may be called the religious homage of the local aristocracy; but half-sheltered under the ample fringe of Hinduism there are masses of outcastes, for whom the orthodox conservatism of that creed has no good word either in this or in any world to come. These outcastes have a weird animistic superstition of their own, faintly coloured here and there by observances drawn from one or other of the three organized religions.

As the North-West Frontier is approached, the population becomes Pathán or Afghán—speaking various dialects of Pashtu, while the language of the province generally is “Punjabi,” with Hindi in the south. The people have a proverb, saying that “language changes every sixteen miles,” and this is broadly true in the sense of a change of patois. Hindustáni or Urdú (the mixed language

resulting from the infusion of Persian of the invaders with the Hindi of North India) is understood by the better-educated classes, but if the villager is to be appealed to, the speaker must use the beloved Punjabi.

Though not actually in the tropics, the Punjab heat is greater than anywhere else in India, according to the thermometer. Multan, for instance, which is entitled perhaps to first rank for heat, runs up to 120° F. in the shade without any ceremony (once, I believe, it reached 128° F.), any time from May to August (both inclusive).¹ Such places as Dera Ismail Khan, Shahpur, Jhang, and Montgomery are much like Multan in heat, and in scarcity of rainfall—say, six to twelve inches in the year. Inundation canals in the hot weather mitigate the aridity of the landscape with the lovely green of irrigated areas. Going eastward the traveller finds increasing rainfall. In the sub-montane districts it rises to twenty-five, thirty, and even forty inches, while the hill station of Dharmsala in the Kangra district gets between 140 and 150 inches annually.

The Punjab plains though hot are, generally speaking, not unhealthy for those who can stand acclimatization. The new-comer should begin residence in November, and for four or four and a half months he will enjoy a time of glorious sunshine, not too hot even at midday for European feelings. There are, however, if the season is a good one for the agriculturist, some few days—say, five or six—of “winter rain,” which is of great importance to the spring crop (*rabi*), but which often brings cold discomfort, as seen in R. B.’s journals. A good downpour is welcomed about Christmas time. Toward the end of March the sun heat

¹ The great heat of Multan is thus accounted for by popular legend:—A holy and hungry fakir was passing one day through the bazaar, wanting to get his peas parched for him. He asked a bazaar cook to do him this kindness, but the man insolently refused, whereon the enraged saint stood still in the bazaar and beckoned the sun with his hand to draw nearer to the earth so as to do the necessary cooking. Having parched his peas to his satisfaction the fakir, to punish the offender and his people, left the sun in its new and nearer position. Hence the Multan heat!

increases sharply, and by April 15 the want of "pankajs" is felt in most places. May and June are extremely hot, with a dry heat. July and August are hot, with a moist heat, unless there be a short or broken monsoon, when the monotony of the hot season seems more trying. In September some alleviation may be expected. I have spent the latter part of that month in camp in Jhang, with some discomfort in the day, but with cool nights, the tent side open to any breeze going. October 15 to 30 brings the delightful "nip" in the morning air which heralds the coming of the "cold weather." Frost is not uncommon on the plains in January nights. Thinking of these parts of the Punjab with which R. B. was directly concerned it may be said that the five rivers—Jhelum, Chenab, Ravi, Beas, and Satlaj—all coming out of the Himalayas, flow in a general direction west or south-west to fall into the Indus on its way to the Indian Ocean at Karachi. The tracts of country between two rivers are called *doabs* (two waters)—and broadly speaking consist of two alluvial strips, low-lying, with a somewhat higher length of land between the two, which is known as Bar, forming a local watershed between the two valleys. The great feature in the more modern agricultural development of the province has been the construction of large canals, taking out from the Jhelum, Chenab, and Satlaj rivers, and having their course along the watershed of the respective "doabs." These splendid engineering works have enormously extended the irrigated area of the mid-Punjab, and have led to extensive migrations of agriculturists from the densely populated districts in the east—especially Sialkot, Gurdaspur, Hoshiarpur, and Jalandhar—to the comparatively sparsely inhabited districts of Jhang, Shahpur, Montgomery, and Gujranwala. So great has been the development of cultivation in these parts that a new district called Lyallpur has been constituted to the west of Gujranwala. This migration has had important effects on missionary work—as missionary pastors have to follow their human sheep to

the west.¹ This, however, all refers to a later date. In 1868 the only perennial canal in the mid-Punjab was the Bari Doab Canal—a remodelled and improved successor of the old Hasli Canal of the Sikh times. Much of R. B.'s travelling was on or near its bank, and Madhopur, on the Ravi near its head works, was for some time in his earlier itinerations his head-quarters. From the hill-station of Dalhousie in the Himalayas the long line of the canal toward Amritsar rises up in the perspective as a slender silver pillar, coming faintly out of the haze which so often shrouds the Punjab plains. The city of Amritsar lies only a few miles from the canal—over-irrigation from which, combined with deficient drainage, has so raised the spring level in the neighbourhood as to make the whole place feverish. This, however, was not so bad in the time when R. B. came out, as it became in later years.

No apology is thought necessary for giving such details as the above in the attempt to make the reader understand with some degree of clearness the surroundings, animate and inanimate, amid which R. B. was to begin his life-work of preaching the Gospel of Christ. In the next chapter I shall try to analyse in some detail his personality, for that purpose again anticipating some facts which belong to a later date. A clearer presentation will be obtained in this way of the man and his character.

¹ At first the agriculturist of the eastern districts was shy of leaving the "ills he knew of," but as time went on and some more venturesome spirits sent home glowing accounts of their success in the new lands to the west, migration became so popular as to cause embarrassment to the district officers, who had to select emigrants from the most "congested" parts, and largest families. For the purpose of making families seem large, eager applicants would often make *cousins* into *brothers*, nephews into sons. It was a striking instance of the trust placed in the district officer that "a scrap of paper" signed by him was warrant enough to encourage a peasant to break up house and set off with oxen and household goods for a journey of hundreds of miles, feeling sure that at the end of it another Englishman would be found ready to help him to settle and make a new home.

CHAPTER III

HIS PERSONALITY

O selfless man and stainless gentleman!"

TENNYSON

Another sound my spirit hears,
A deeper sound that drowns them all—
A voice of pleading choked with tears,
The call of human hopes and fears
The Macedonian cry to Paul!

WHITTIER

The Bayard of missionaries.

A.L.O.E.

BUT for limits of space there would be no need of a chapter with this heading, for the character of a man is best delineated in his acts, and the story of these, if told in reasonable fullness, should naturally develop all important points. Writing, however, with compression, I think it well to summarize some main points of his personality, relying on subsequent chapters to corroborate and amplify what is here given as a kind of mental short cut. The traits of character now mentioned were of course developed and matured as time went on, and the valiant young soldier became an experienced leader, and in time an honoured veteran; but there were no cataclysms in R. B.'s life—mental or moral—and the steady growth and expansion of his fundamental ideas of life indicate the soundness of the plan of action adopted from the beginning. This notable thing may be stated—he never lost his young enthusiasm; up to the last he was keen—keen to give sympathy and help to others, even when it involved sacrifice of self.

R. B.'s body was a fitting instrument of his spirit. Of medium height, spare, well-knit, and very wiry, he showed

himself almost untirable during a long series of years spent in a hard life on the Punjab plains.¹ On his fifty-second birthday, as he wrote to me, he "had a mind to walk a mile a year," and he did this by walking from Dharmsala to Pathankot within the day. As to cycling, I remember his asking me once, long ago, if I could cycle. I answered I had never tried, but supposed I could get into it if I had the chance. "Well, I can't," he said, "and it's no use our telling the youngsters it wasn't up in our days, they will only think us old duffers." He became of course a keen cyclist. I have seen him ride along the narrow boundaries of irrigation plots in fields in Indian villages with easy nerve and skill when a false balance meant ignominious overturn into rice-fields a foot deep in mud. I have also seen him cross a fairly quick stream nearly two feet deep, and any one who has tried that knows it means considerable driving power on the wheel. He was active, perhaps too active, on his bicycle till over seventy.

His love for cricket, and proficiency at it, have already been referred to. He used it greatly as a means to draw boys to him, and as an element in their moral education. He had in fact the English temperament which delights in games and sports; his only weak point in this respect being that he was never really fond of horses or of riding on a horse. He did journeys on horseback, but wherever available he preferred a camel, and certainly he got excellent work out of that useful but ungainly animal. When knocked off his horse by riding under the branch of a tree, he wrote: "My camel would never have taken me into such a place, she knew *our* height to an inch."²

His eyes were keen as those of a hunter, and his early study of birds and their habits made him extraordinarily effective in observation. Standing just outside the compound of our bungalow at Gurdaspur he would challenge my wife as to the houses she could see at Dalhousie—about

¹ The phrase chosen is sadly too accurate; for undoubtedly, as his journals tell, he was often really tired when to others he showed himself bravely fresh.

² He had fallen asleep in the saddle from sheer weariness.

forty-five miles away as the crow flies—saying: “It is a comfort to meet some one with eyes.”

With a shot-gun he was a good, and in his best years a deadly, marksman. When we were marching together in Kashmir he would range as a light skirmisher along the hills bordering the route, and according to the number of his shots we could reckon confidently the number of birds for our larder. I recall one occasion in particular: when we were marching down to Jamu from Srinagar by the Maharaja's private road, he had a great day on some high hills overlooking the road, and appeared late in the afternoon in triumph flinging down two splendid birds—white *ramchikor* (king-partridge), very rare, and fine eating, weighing, if I remember rightly, over nine pounds the pair. There are entries in his journal showing how in various times of need he replenished his larder, when guests came, by a “long shot” at geese or ducks, and there is no doubt that he enjoyed this mode of “housekeeping.” At Kapurthala in the Christmas holidays, 1878, he and H. E. Perkins¹ and I went out to a duck *jhil* early one morning with the thermometer near 32°, and after a shot R. B. following the sportsmanlike instinct of securing a wounded bird, plunged into water up to his loins, much to the distress of good Mr. Perkins who, standing on the bank literally wrung his hands, exclaiming: “Risking that precious life for a duck.” R. B. when he came out, dripping, threw down the bird with a snort: “Only a coot after all!”

On the Himalayas, owing to his lightness and courage, he was a natural cragsman, though I do not know of his having done anything in Europe. In company with men like the Neves it was hard for a heavy weight like myself to live respectably on a mountain; but I managed during one memorable trip up Haramukh (Sindh Valley) to get high enough (15,500 feet) to see how well R. B. did.

¹ Commissioner of Amritsar and of Rawalpindi, and afterwards as the Rev. H. E. Perkins, honorary missionary among the people he had helped to rule. He founded the Christian settlement at Bahrwal near Atari, Amritsar district.

The summit (17,000 feet) was not reached that year, as a snowstorm spoilt the chance; but so near an approach was made that one of the Neves succeeded in the next attempt, another year.¹

As an oarsman R. B. had rowed in his college boat at Magdalen, and was always to the front when any boat or river excursion was "toward." His physical courage was exemplified on many occasions;² it is enough perhaps on this point to refer to his encounter with robbers as given in Chapter XI, page 120; but indeed a man doing work like his, many a time carried his life in his hand.

Coming now to the second division of St. Paul's tripartite psychology of man—the *psyche* or "soul" as distinguished from the "body" (*soma*) and from the *pneuma* or "spirit"—the first characteristic of R. B. was his enthusiastic temperament—the keenness with which he handled everything he took up. But attendant on the initial keenness was also doggedness, not always found with it. Once embarked on a business, he "worried it through."³ Naturally, his temperament though sunny was quick

¹ I do not think this story will hurt anybody, and it *does* hold a moral! R. B. and another had gone on ahead, as it was a question of time. Three of us, recognizing the impossible, returned to tent, and waited for the other two. On their return the inopportune consolation was offered to the defeated vanguard that the snowstorm was "quite providential."—"Just as providential if there hadn't been one!" was the ruffled reply. True, and excusable in the circumstances. It was not R. B. who said it, though I am sure he sympathized with the speaker.

² A story which he told me himself I shall not suppress, though it may seek the comparative shelter of a note. On one of his journeys back to India—or it may have been on his first going out—he and a companion made a journey against time to see the Pyramids, rush across the desert, and catch the steamer at Suez. Everything went close on "schedule time" till the travellers reached Suez, got into a hired boat and were getting half-way toward the steamer in the offing with her steam up. The ruffianly boatmen (wearing knives)—then scenting an opportunity as they thought—insolently demanded £5 hire additional to what had been agreed on, and meanwhile lay on their oars. It was a time if ever for the secular arm to assert itself, and this was done with vigour by both Englishmen, who did not wait to be attacked. The Arabs quite cowed by the unexpected self-assertion of this Anglo-Saxon minority took up their oars again without any more words, and the steamer deck was reached in time.

³ This is noticed by one of his Indian spiritual sons in a letter in which he says quaintly: "Whatsoever he resolved he will stick to it."

almost to vehemence ; and but for his instinct as a gentleman, and still more for his Christian love and sympathy, he would have been hard, not to say fierce, in the face of opposition. As it was, he was always a fair and almost always a courteous opponent ; but in pursuit of what he considered God's purpose and God's work he was a doughty person enough. Then, again, without being at all " stuck up," and always disliking " side,"¹ wherever he met with it, he had sufficient self-respect to hold his own in any company or any circumstances : he was a man with whom no one could easily take a liberty. All these points are necessary to remember in due proportion, if we want to reach the rounded estimate of the complete man.

As to what R. B. felt about music, it is not easy to explain ; the matter is somewhat complicated. At the same time, remembering Shakespeare's verdict on the man that hath no music in his soul, it seems worth while trying to clear it up. I have seen and heard him singing with great earnestness in church, and once at least have been near enough to ascertain that he was singing for the most part well out of tune. I remember also his comment to my wife when I was at the piano : " I suppose he really likes that noise—gives him pleasure, doesn't it ? " Further, I have a well-remembered story of his own about himself—in early days at Oxford, when he was trying a 'prentice hand at helping in parish work. This shall be given in approximately his own words :—

I was asked to go to a mission-room at ——— to fill a gap for a temporary defaulter. I knew they had a hymn, which I ought to start, and I knew—at least I thought I knew—one hymn, which I hummed all the way to the meeting. When we began, I gave out the number of this hymn (" Rock of Ages "), and then started singing. The people didn't seem to catch on well, but I was not going to give in ; so I started the second verse, and ended it as a solo—no one seemed to know the tune. The good old man who was caretaker of the place gravely interrupted any further idea of singing by saying to me : " I think, sir, we had better get to prayer."

¹ To his godson and namesake he said once : " Never be cocky, Rowley. Fancy, if your father were like Sir ——— ! "

One more fact. As I remember : he told me that music was not a heritage to him from his father, who it was seriously reported had once taken off his hat at the singing of the Old Hundredth, thinking it was the National Anthem! Such facts as these, and others observed on many occasions, would lead to the conclusion that my friend was quite unmusical. But on the other side there is no doubt that in special circumstances he was pleurably affected, and even inspired, by music. Here is part of a letter written from the house of an old schoolfellow friend on his birthday, 1908, just after his second marriage :—

I have never had so happy a birthday, as far as I know. Services, sermons, Holy Communion, intercourse with two friends of my boyhood, and the constant companionship of my wife have made it a delightful day indeed. Never did I enjoy music so much.—To hear her singing, “THOU hast put gladness into my heart,” and, “My voice shalt THOU hear betimes, O Lord”; and to notice the droppage of it when distasteful subjects—e.g., “Thou shalt destroy them that speak leasing.”—And then this evening when the anthem, “What are these that are arrayed,” which she seemed to know more intimately than I know “God save the Queen” [*sic*].—All thro’ it has been far better than anything I desired or deserved.

The “sweet disorder” noticeable in the phrasing itself shows that his mind was excited; but, allowing for this, undoubtedly the music had moved him. Then again there is the evidence of one who knew him in his undergraduate days, that he was fond of the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace; and once more, there is a pathetic entry in his journal which, coming in the midst of the story of his daily activities in the cause of his Master, speaks forcibly as to his memory of old times at home. It is dated 24 Nov., 1872—Madhopur: “Dined with the Watsons¹ to meet Behr. Heard some old familiar pieces of Messiah, suggestive of Magdalen and the Crystal Palace.”

Summing up, we may perhaps strike the balance thus :

¹ As a rule the names of persons mentioned in R. B.’s diary will be given as they stand. I cannot imagine any one that met him would dislike to be reminded of the fact, and it helps the reality of the story. Mr. Watson was a worthy engineer in charge of the canal head works. “Behr” was chaplain of Amritsar having Madhopur as his out-station.

To the beautiful effects of delicate harmony he was indifferent and nearly insensible, but music in hymns or in its grander aspects of force and volume—especially as related to expression of religious thought—certainly made some appeal to him.¹ And this partly at least explains his voice, which ordinarily was unmusical; but when dealing with high religious themes became masculinely resonant, and, though not quite tuneful, took on an element of musical attractiveness. This perhaps is saying too little—at all events, here is a delightful testimony from a lady-worker who knew him in India, and writes :—

Many have noted the appeal of his voice. It was wonderful. My thoughts often go back to a wedding which greatly interested me. There are many pictures of the scene pleasing to recall, but the outstanding point of memory is fixed upon the sound of two words. Mr. B. was reading a part of the service—the words had been falling very gravely, very tenderly, and then came a pause: the charge had begun, and the voice changed tone for the great words: “The dreadful day of judgment,” or, as uttered, “*us haulnák dín.*” I had never realized until then how much a tone can express—it was like the toll of a bell.

As regards art and pictures (in contrast to genius in his mother and his younger brother), he had forcible impressions at times, but no special knowledge. I remember being with him once at the Academy, when he was very caustic in his criticism on an artist’s representation of a camel—a matter on which he was well qualified to speak. Coming to poetry, his boyish favourite seems to have been Byron; and the Byronic rhythm, I have been assured, appealed to him to the end; but his favourite, at least latterly, was Milton. In India he was not given much to poetry; though, as narrated elsewhere, I once, in 1879, heard him let himself go in rapturous admiration of a piece of Lycidas. Some hymns were great favourites with him, of which I can refer here only to one—the noble statement of Christian belief—beginning :—

We saw Thee not when Thou didst come
To this poor world of sin and death.

¹ This appeal, I think, grew, in the last years of his life.

So keenly did this impress his poetical as well as his religious sensibility that he composed some additional verses, which, if partiality does not mislead me, are worthy of being put alongside of those written by Anne Richter and Canon J. H. Gurney. So far as I know, they are R. B.'s only deliberately written-out poetry;¹ they are printed as an appendix on [page 195. It was his belief that much in the way of spiritual education might be done if a metrical creed reciting the various incidents and miracles of our Lord's life were drawn up in Punjabi and taught to everybody bearing the name of Christ.

As regards his power of brain or intellect, it is not easy to distinguish accurately, because the processes of intellectual action were in him so mixed up with moral impulse and principle. It is not an uncommon thing for men who are deeply religious to fail in getting recognition of their intellectual ability for the same reason. R. B., though he had undeniable literary instinct—which shows itself often in his letters, and sometimes in his sermons—never was a scholar. As an observer of Nature, he was accurate to a degree,² and his mind in dealing with practical affairs of life was vigorous and ready in resource—even to boldness. He waged war on equal terms³ with a Bradshaw (which is more than some scholars can claim to do); but he was bad at accounts, “getting,” as he himself once wrote, “greatly mithered” with them. But there are other greatnesses in the human brain beside supremacy in Greek or mathematics, and one department of vivid intellectual action is the faculty of quickly estimating the characters of those we meet and have to work with in our life's business. This

¹ But see note at end of this chapter, p. 36.

² Some one said of him: “Was there anything about a water-wagtail that he did not know?”

³ But having found his train with ability, he not seldom missed it—I doubt whether many men have missed so many trains; this habit of “cutting things fine” is the “obverse” to his itinerating faculty of doing without a watch. See Chapter VI, p. 57.

faculty R. B. had as a real living force—in fact, “so near man’s greatness doth his weakness lie,” it was rather a temptation, under which he occasionally fell, to trust too much to his “intuitions” or first impressions. Yet he was rarely wrong, and undoubtedly the faculty was a power of practical value, especially in India. His experience in acquiring Punjabi is a typical example of the connexion in his mind between intellectual and moral processes. It is a fact that at first he got on badly: it is also a fact that at last, largely through prayer, he became a rare master of the colloquial language.

The last element of R. B.’s *psyche* that we can afford space to dwell on is his humour, and I put it last because, in my opinion, it is so closely allied to the spiritual part of his nature which comes next for consideration. It is not easy to define humour—which is not wit, or mere joking, still less is it “trying to be funny”: it may take the form of wit, or joke, or fun, but it is more than this; the nearest approach to definition of humour as I saw and delighted in it in R. B. is that it is “the lighter side of humanness in action.” There was never anything bitter or unkind in it, though it was often bold and even startling. But its best test was that it hardly ever failed to capture the person on whom it was exercised. I have seen R. B. many times using it, and the effect was almost invariably bright and tonic—the sense of human brotherhood was stirred. The least successful occasion I can recall was once in Holborn when he tried to startle a little guttersnipe of eleven or twelve, who was beginning to smoke a cigarette, by coming up behind him and saying, “Take care, boy, you’ll singe your moustache!” The urchin only replied, “Garn!” which at all events, in his eyes, left him victor. A better story, which has only a slender connexion with missionary operations, but gives a good glimpse of this side of R. B., happened once on the afternoon when strolling arm-in-arm in St. Paul’s Churchyard we met the saintly French just out of the Cathedral from the funeral

of Canon Liddon.¹ "Ha, David and Jonathan," he said benignly as we greeted him. R. B. had one of his spectacle glasses broken, and we turned back toward Fleet Street to find a shop for repairs. Passing on from Ludgate Circus, R. B. saw the name of "Aitchison." "There's a good name," said he, *more suo* (with memory of Sir C. Aitchison, late Lieut.-Governor of the Punjab), "let's try here." So we turned in and found the employés very smart and keen to do business. R. B.'s patience got rather tried, as the man insisted that one of his glasses was only glass, not a pebble at all; and also, after fitting him, wanted to make him buy things he did not want. One of these earnest salesmen began something like this: "I should just like to show you one thing—oh (mistaking a deprecatory gesture from R. B.), no trouble at all, I assure you—a nice little thing just newly put on the market." And so, deftly opening and shutting them alternately, he showed us a charmingly light and handy pair of aluminium binoculars of, I should imagine, a fashion then quite new. "See, they fold up and extend in a moment." I was looking at R. B. and saw just the flicker of a change come over his face. He in his turn, with the coolest *sang-froid*, and imitating to a nicety the advertisement tone of the shopman, began: "I should just like to show you one thing—oh, no trouble, I assure you—a nice little thing, just newly put on the market." He drew out from his pocket a penny toy he had just bought in the street. "See, it folds up and extends in a moment." He blew it out—an enormously long tongue made of paper—so long it nearly reached the shopman's face. There was of course a sensation—the man looked as if he were nonplussed for a moment, but the effect of our obvious amusement was too much, and he and other shopmen near joined in the laugh, and we left the shop quite happy. R. B. subsequently used his toy at Narowal, to illustrate the warning to women against long tongues (*zabán-darázi*)—which is needed in India if nowhere else.

¹ September, 1890.

This quality of humour which he possessed, I should place as the second after, and in subordination to, the highest of all in his character, which still remains for notice—his spiritual simplicity and apostolic consecration of life. To be with him for a few hours, much more to live with him for days, was to see that the one dominating motive of his actions was to follow the lead of his Master, Christ, and further His cause. This does not mean in the least that he was what is ordinarily called an “ascetic”—a character which seems to me to bear something of the mark of a schoolboy in that it is bound by sharp rules of painful self-constraint. R. B. had got beyond this—ease and comfort were to him incidents which might happen or they might not. If they came, he found nothing in his spiritual code which forbade him to enjoy them—moderately, of course, as a soldier never off his guard. If they were absent, he was just as happy—in fact, I have seen him absolutely revelling in discomfort with a cheerful gaiety, all the more attractive and impressive because it was so absolutely natural. He seemed to me to have attained in this important matter a position nearer to the Master than any one I have known.

On such a man as this, in the joyous strength of his vigorous young Englishmanhood, had come the Holy Spirit with power, making him a willing captive to the claims of his Saviour. He heard amid many attractions of the world “the Macedonian cry to Paul.” All his energies, all his faculties, became devoted to the one great end of bringing men into touch with Christ, and as he honoured God by his faith, so God honoured him by using him greatly: he was “a man of God.” His theology was simple and clear; that he had gone through religious difficulties seems probable from a passage in his journal, wherein to comfort a European in religious distress he uses his own experience; but these rightly enough had been disposed of before he took up missionary work, and to those he met, at all events, he appeared to have a strong,

equable, and inspiring faith. At the same time his personal humility could not be questioned, and strong testimony to this is found in his journal. I can quote only a few passages, but they are very telling :—

19th Feb., 1872.—Yesterday a Bengali lad whom I saw Tuesday last—see above—came with a younger friend. We had some interesting talk—alas ! how unfit I am to teach others while so ignorant of holiness myself. I call on Thee Who showest to them that be in error the light of Thy Truth. Shine Thou into his soul !

19th Nov., 1872.—This day two years I left itineration to go to the Lahore College. What I should have done had I kept it up it is vain to speculate ; rather let me look forward to what, if my faith is strong and love warm, I may see God do thro' me in two years more. Be Thine the Kingdom, the power, and the glory for ever ! Meanwhile it becomes me to be very thankful for the experience in people and language which French has helped me to acquire and for the close intimacy I have gained with the students. The Punjabi language must be my chief study, and I hope I may have grace to make a hard and self-denying work of it.

How well his hope in this matter was fulfilled many brief notes in the journal tell us. After a long day in the bazaar or travelling, he would sit up late at night poring over his Punjabi books. In the end he gained such mastery over the language as has been equalled by very few. He was a man who always thought much of anniversaries. Here is another passage :—

25th Nov., 1872.—To-day I commence the fifth year of my life in India. How utterly unworthy it has been both in aim and execution of what it professes to be ! Alas ! He Who is my Judge knows best. Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee, and that for Thy glory's sake I seek the salvation of men—but how feebly, and how intermittently. Make me a *burning* and a *shining* light.

At the end of that year he writes :—

Nominally, I have borne fruit this year, but O God, Thou knowest that of my own there is nothing but barrenness. I thank Thee for Nuruddin's conversion [see p. 53 *infra*], for it is Thy work not mine. To Thee be all the glory. Deliver many others, and hold up Thine own.

In review of the year I thankfully acknowledge Thy grace to

Maya Das and the power of Thy word in many boys' souls. Oh carry on Thy work, enlarge Thy Church, save the perishing souls. Destroy the works of the devil. Be Thou exalted Lord in Thine own power, so will I sing and praise Thy Name !

It is characteristic of him that though I knew Maya Das well, and R. B. knew how much I liked and admired him, he never told me how much he had done for a man who really owed his spiritual recovery to him at a very critical time. I have taken some trouble to ascertain the facts, and they are correctly given at page 134.

Some three months later, after a long and apparently useful day, he writes :—

On such a day as this has been, if I were only endued with the demonstration of the Spirit and power, what might not be done ! Truly the fields are white, but I am no labourer worthy of the name. The inner life and love is what I need. Look upon me for Thy goodness' sake, O Lord !

One more of these humble confessions may be given, written on a much later anniversary :—

24th Nov., 1888.—Here I close my twentieth year as a missionary. Wretched cumberer of the ground I feel. Nobody else seems to think so, and I have many proofs that the labour has not been in vain, and yet my own heart condemns me. I look forward to twenty years more. If granted, I shall see greater things than these. The work may in a measure be accepted and the prophesier disowned. Forgive, forgive, while Thou acceptest my thanks, for the blessing of being a missionary so long.

. . . Lest on the eternal shore
The angels while our drafts they own
Reject us evermore.

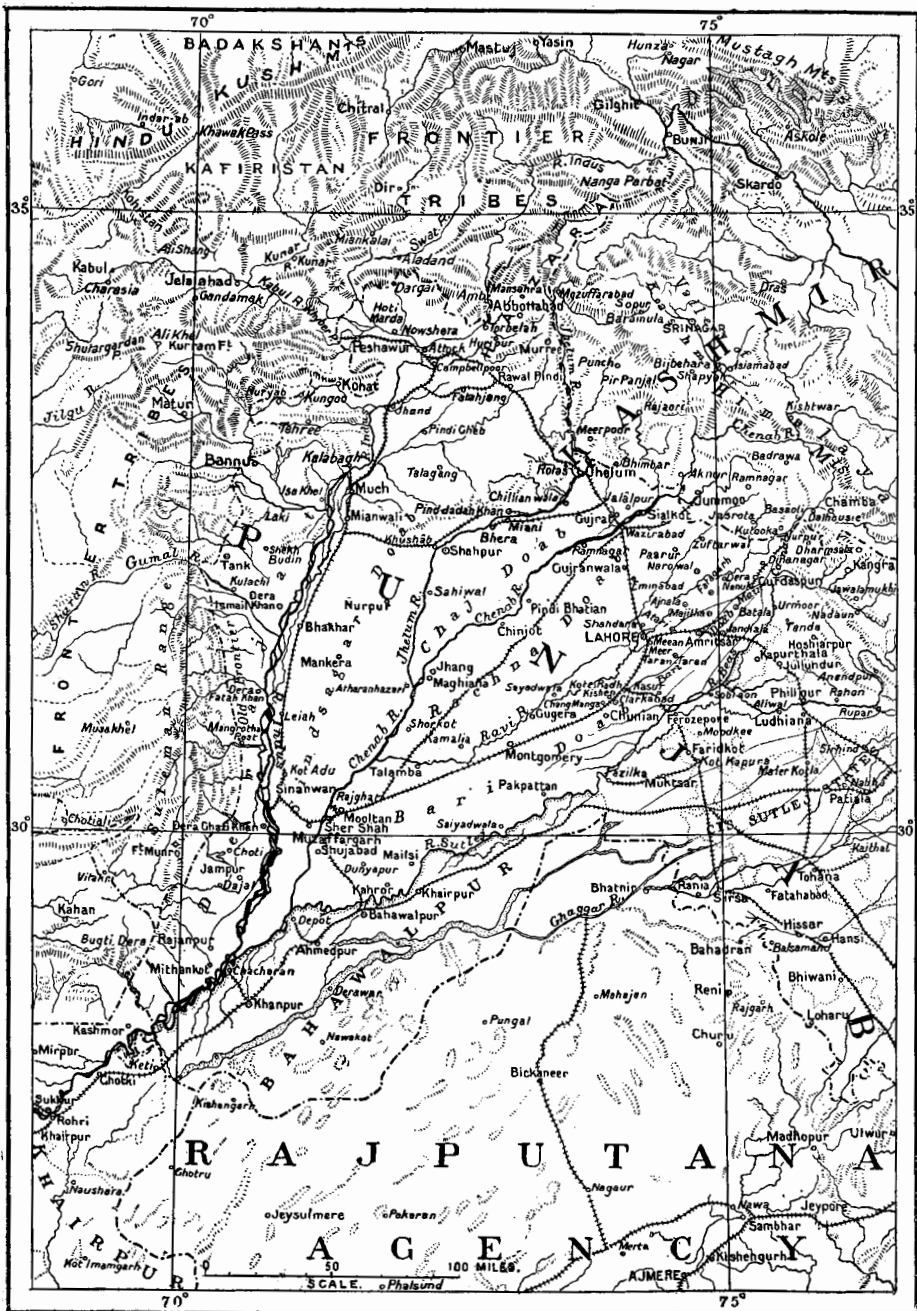
Here let us stop—we have the key to the man's heart in this passage: Thankfulness—hope—recognition that work has been done through him, and yet, deeper than all, a heart-felt humility and confession of personal unworthiness, all the more affecting because it was written without thought of its being seen by any other eye than God's.

I will end this attempt to picture some of his salient

characteristics with words from the same friend who described the charm of his voice :—

The “ Bayard of missionaries ”¹ had many gifts, but they were all laid at the feet of the Master for one end—the winning of souls. Was this the secret of his winsomeness, his rare charm of manner, his wonderful power with men? He not only led his flock, but carried them on his heart, and in this he revealed to many a shrinking soul the wondrous face of his Lord.

¹ It was the well-known writer A.L.O.E. who gave R. B. this title, which fits him handsomely. Miss Dewar, the writer of the two extracts above quoted, lays us under further obligation by the following: “ My earliest recollection connected with Mr. Bateman is of a visit to Miss Tucker when she lived in the old Sikh palace (where was also the boys’ ‘ school ’) in Batala (Miss Tucker was the beloved ‘ Auntie ’ of us all). We were looking over her scrap-album. The one thing in it I can remember was a verse upon the words, ‘ Come, ye blessed inherit, the Kingdom.’ The point brought out was that although so near, even at His right hand, the King called them nearer still, saying: ‘ Come, ye blessed children, come!’ ‘ This is written by our Bayard of missionaries,’ said the Auntie, and then she told me how her ‘ dear nephew,’ Rowland Bateman, was *sans peur et sans reproche* !”



MAP OF PART OF NORTHERN INDIA, WITH FRONTIER

CHAPTER IV

WORK AT DERA ISMAIL KHAN, 1868-9

Blessed is he who has found his work,
Let him ask no other blessedness.

CARLYLE

MENTION was made in Chapter II that the Derajat Mission was started at the instance of General Reynell Taylor, at that time Commissioner of the division. Sir H. Edwardes's graphic pen has told us :—

The Derajat is that long range of the Punjab frontier which lies between the right bank of the Indus and the eastern slopes of the great Suleiman Range which separates British India from Afghanistan. It extends from the Salt Range, which is the southern limit of the Peshawar division, to the north-eastern frontier of the province of Sindh, and may be more than 300 miles long by fifty or sixty broad. Dera Ghazi Khan and Dera Ismail Khan are each the head-quarters of a British district, and derive their commercial importance from the fact that each stands opposite mountain passes on the border, through which the products of Central Asia are poured down into the Punjab and Hindustan, and the products of Hindustan and England are pushed up into Central Asia. The carriers of this trade are among the most remarkable people in the world, and are well worth telling of. They are the Lohani merchants of Afghanistan. For several months these enterprising merchant tribes—to the number of perhaps 2000—are every year encamped in the Derajat, and brought within our influence for good or evil : they learn and carry their experience of Christians into the district strongholds of Islam.

The pass through the mountains opposite Dera Ismail Khan is the Gumal, through which some 20,000 loaded camels pass annually. The town lies on the right bank of the Indus, some ninety miles south of Bannu. The district to which it gives its name is a large sandy plain, having an alluvial strip on both sides of the river, and a

much larger area outside this, approaching the character of a desert.¹ The river in its full season is of enormous breadth, and has several branches or side-beds, which fill temporarily with floods, and make a crossing a work of patience and sometimes of difficulty. The experience of the sandy tracks, called roads, in this district, gave R. B. his familiarity with, and his partiality for, the "ship of the desert"—the camel. For these earliest days of his missionary life, we have the valuable help of a brief record authenticated by himself. While staying as an in-patient at the Radium Institute, London, for treatment of his ear, he was induced by the earnest requests of his friends to dictate to a shorthand-writer some autobiographical notes (alas! too brief and fragmentary), and the first section of these forms the present chapter, supplemented only by such notes as seem necessary to make his story tell with its full force. He begins, as it will be seen a little way back, with an instructive incident:—

Starting for India, I parted from my friends at the door of my home and drove off alone to the station, it must be confessed with a heavy heart. A neighbouring clergyman, whom I had known from childhood, was travelling the same way and got into the same compartment with me, and after hearing where I was going, and why, said in polite language: "More fool you; is there nothing to do at home?"

Arrived at Calcutta, I halted a day or two longer than I intended, having been told that at a certain hour on a certain day the Governor-General wished to see me. I presented myself at Government House, and was ushered in by a magnificent, gold-laced, native official to a room where an elderly Englishman of remarkable appearance was sitting at a table with some secretaries. What the native said I could not understand, but immediately the old man stood up and stretched out his hand, saying: "I am glad to see you. You are going to the Punjab, are you not? I am very much interested in the Punjab, and I have worked a good

¹ An enormous proportion of the area of the district is returned officially as "uncultivable"; but could that wild tiger of the frontier, the Indus, be tamed, and put under lock and key, millions of acres—at present dusty sand-hillocks—might become irrigated, and thus largely swell the wheat granaries of the Empire. Let us believe that the indefatigable British engineers of India will yet do this.

deal there, and I know of nothing more important or more useful going on in that province than the work that the missionaries are doing." So saying, he shook me by the hand and wished me god-speed. The contrast between the send-off I thus had from Lord Lawrence and from a Broad Church parson at home has been, throughout life, instructive to me, and I record it for the instruction of others.

Arrived at Agra, I found a letter from Robert Clark, the C.M.S. Secretary in the Punjab, giving cover to five other letters addressed to himself by each of five missionaries in the Punjab, showing cause and the urgency thereof why the one recruit in the Punjab that year should be sent in the name of God to his station. Mr. Clark instructed me prayerfully to study the letters, and let him know to which appeal I felt most called to respond. The most persuasive of them, naturally from an Irishman,¹ came from Dera Ismail Khan—a then inaccessible place on the extreme frontier, the name of which had been commonly Anglicized as "Dreary Dismal Khan." I met the persuasive Hibernian at Amritsar, and we set out to travel together. We halted at Lahore, and I received there from the Presbyterian missionaries a welcome no less cordial, and, as I learnt later, characteristic, than that which I had received from my brethren of the C.M.S. all along the line.

Thence to Multan, where we halted a day or two—I employing my time in practical study of camel-riding and the language. Arriving near the Indus on Saturday night, Mr. Brodie received a letter from the officer in command at Dera Ghazi Khan, begging him to take the station services on the following day. I was a bachelor, and my colleague had "impedimenta";² so it was decided that I should go on through the night, and I reached a little tent prepared for me at the dawn of Sunday morning. I learnt in the course of the day how valuable the services of missionaries may be in stations where no chaplains are provided.

Arrived at Dera Ismail Khan I was put in charge of the Anglo-vernacular school there, and as no ordinary quarters were available handy to the spot, I settled down in a class-room in the school, and there abode for the rest of my stay. I was welcomed by a native catechist, and not unwillingly I went with him day by day when

¹ The Rev. D. Brodie, who worked in the Dera Ismail Khan Mission from 1866 to 1874.

² R. B. shows in this remark, I fear, a slight touch of unregenerate Philistinism. That side of him which required a missionary "to give up everything in devotion to his work" looked at times like "anti-marriage" sentiment. Yet no one was more generous in recognizing missionary work done by women, married or single; and he himself suffered much when in his own case wife and children had for a time to be "postponed" to the calls of "service at the front." Reference to this will be found later on.

he preached in the bazaars. Meanwhile, during school hours, I divided my attention between the two top classes of boys who knew a little English and whom it was my duty to teach in the one language I knew, and the lowest class composed of loin-clothed urchins—deep, presumably, in the study of their vernacular A B C. Among these I sat down as learner—much to the honour, one would have thought, but really to the serious embarrassment, of their teacher. So being principal of the school I used my prerogative and promoted myself within a week into the next lowest class. A little later, I essayed to teach in the class next to the top one, and in the course of a few months I found myself teacher or taught in each one of the classes in the school.

My time became so occupied that I neglected my attendance in the bazaar. The catechist remonstrated. I explained that it was occupation, and not want of sympathy, that kept me from him, and added that I could, and would, continue to remember him at his work. I urged that I was of no use to him, and that I could neither understand nor be understood in the bazaar; but he contradicted me, saying that I was of the greatest use to him. When I asked for an explanation, he asked me whether if I were preaching in London (the natives consider London England) it would not be of practical use to me to have him by my side. "In the same way," he continued, "to have a white man standing at my side here insures a crowd to look at the white man, and my audience is more than doubled."

After Christmas my colleague went out itinerating, leaving me in temporary charge of the station, Dera Ismail Khan. Within a week a fine Afghan came to me, bringing a note from him, saying, here is a man who professes to be an inquirer, take him in and look after him. As the man could not speak the language that I was learning I had to get an interpreter, through whom I was informed that he had come to learn about Christ, and that he had heard of Him because, in the fair, he had some years back received a book in his own language, which when read to him interested him exceedingly. In that book he had been told to come to the missionary in Dera Ismail Khan for further instruction, and therefore he stood before me. I was naturally curious to learn what that book might be. He handed it to me, and I could see on the title-page that it was the Gospel according to St. Mark. I showed him that I knew the book pretty well, and that there was no mention of Dera Ismail Khan to be found in it. He, thinking me an ignoramus, asked the interpreter to examine it, and I received my first assurance of the fact that all who labour for the Gospel amongst the heathen are in every essential respect fellow labourers. The facts here were that the book had been printed in Ludhiana at the Presbyterian Press, but as the Presbyterians had no missionaries among the Afghans the circulation was necessarily limited. Bishop French, then

principal of Agra College, had spent his vacation not in rest or on the hills, but in an heroic attempt to sow the seed of the Word on the frontier. On his way there he called at Ludhiana, and carried off a number of portions of the Scriptures for use among the Afghans. On the fly-leaf of each volume it was written: "If the man who reads this book wants to know more about its contents, if he lives in such a district, let him go to such a town: if in another, to another, and so on." It was not written go to Ludhiana, or Lahore, or Rawal Pindee, where you will be sure to get pure Presbyterian teaching, but go in the name of God to the nearest man of whatever mission who will tell you more about Christ.

I was more than satisfied, so far, but recollected having heard in England of so-called "rice Christians," and therefore inquired how he proposed to get his living while I tried to teach him. He said he would do anything I told him, so I appointed him a night-watchman at the school on Rs 5 a month. "But where was he to live?" I took him to a shed in the schoolyard and asked him if that would do. He replied: "It will do very well for me, but where am I to put my baggage?" I looked him up and down, and seeing no baggage was sorely puzzled, and suspicious as well, for, remembering the note telling me to look after him, it struck me that he might be a smuggler of salt and wanted to get it or some other contraband securely placed for smuggling purposes on mission premises: the more so when he said that if I would allow him to run a curtain across the shed it would do for him and his "baggage" as well. But, then, where was "the baggage"? Pressed on this point, through the interpreter, he coyly explained that he was obliged to keep his wife and children, whom he had left in the caravanserai, concealed from public view at least by a curtain. In the course of the day the arrangement was completed; but how was I to teach him?

I tried it in this way. I got the interpreter to teach me a verse of Scripture in his language, and when after a day or two I was assured that I could pronounce the words like a native, I called the man and told him to sit down and I would teach him. The verse I had chosen was: "Herein is My Father glorified that ye bear much fruit, so shall ye be My disciples." This I repeated to him several times—to his evident embarrassment. When I asked if he understood, his reply was: "Understood what?" I dismissed him for that day. Calling for my instructor, I rebuked him, saying: "You told me that I spoke like a native, but he does not understand a word," and I added that I was very angry, and I should give him the sack. "Do not let your honour be angry," said he, "that man is very stupid." I told him how simple the verse was, and that if he could not enable me to use it he must go. He joined his hands in supplication before me, and said that there was one thing that he was to blame for having forgotten. It was this:

that "that man is an owl, and the son of an owl, whereas your honour is a nightingale, and has the voice of a nightingale; and I put it to your honour, how can the owl understand the voice of the nightingale?" I avoided ornithological discussion and told him that unless this nightingale learned how to teach that owl within a week he would have to go. We got on better after that, and I had much reason for satisfaction in the progress made by the Afghan. Part of his duty was to walk round the school premises all night, for robbers were abundant there, and all doors were open. As the heat increased, I took to sleeping on the roof, and the duty of the watchman was to get me down therefrom before the boys assembled for school at 6 A.M. One night it came on to rain, and the coolness of the air and water gave me the first sound sleep I had had for weeks. It then came on to blow so hard that I picked up the mattress and spread it to the leeward of a little erection intended to give light and air to the school. I was soon fast asleep again. The noise of scores of juvenile voices awoke me in a horror. They had never seen their principal in pyjamas, and how was I to get down unseen? The cane ladder which I generally used had been blown away, as had been my bedstead, and reduced to matchwood in the schoolyard. There was the Afghan surrounded by a crowd of boys trying to rig up a kind of fire-escape down which I might, with more or less dignity, descend—and I did so, much to the delight of my pupils.

On another occasion, as I lay awake I could hear the watchman coughing as he came to each of the four different corners of the school. This he did, as was the custom, to assure his employer that he was awake and to warn any intruders that the premises were guarded. I noticed that at the corner nearest to his shed he always stopped for a while. One reason was evident, for I could hear the bubbling of his hookah; but besides this, I heard voices, and I was curious enough to get up and listen in order that I might find out who his confederates were. Alternately a male and a female voice were repeating what I soon recognized as the verses which I had been teaching to the man. Then I remembered that what was so carefully concealed behind the curtain under the name of baggage was nothing less than the wife and children of my pupil. From the children it was of course necessary to conceal the study of the Christian religion; but there was the man teaching his wife, who subsequently became, and was for many years, the one who sat ready to welcome the heathen women waiting in the vestibule for their turn to consult the lady in the medical dispensary. I recently saw the name of one of the man's grandchildren mentioned in Dr. Pennell's life as having been entrusted with the charge over a medical sub-dispensary in the wild district of Bannu.

I had not been a full year in Dera Ismail Khan when I was ordered to take charge of the school at Amritsar, owing to the breakdown of the Rev. C. E. Storrs. This was a great blow to me, as I had grown

fond of the work and of the people, if not of the place. Being under orders, however, I felt I must go; but before leaving it seemed good to have a final examination of the school under my charge in Christian knowledge. This had its cheering results, but I remember one setback. I had given the top class a written examination in the English language. One of the questions was: "Give reasons in words of Scripture why missionaries come to preach the Gospel in India." The boys were not being examined individually, but in "clumps," so that they might put their heads together and discuss the answers before they were written. One of the answers took my breath away. It ran thus: "Missionaries come to preach the Gospel in India because a prophet is without honour in his own country." This, from the class to which I had devoted most attention, and from the boys with whom I was personally familiar, was not reassuring!

We had also a final cricket-match. We played and beat the garrison. That cricket-match was the result of some effort. The school compound was anything but level, and I had exerted myself and my boys in wheeling earth from the higher end to the lower, so as to form a playable pitch.¹ The work was proceeding apace when I was asked to receive a deputation of the parents of the scholars, backed by the leading men of the city. After mutual greetings I tried to get to business, but they told me that they could not form with their lips words to express what they had in their hearts. I naturally asked them why, in that case, they had done me the honour of a visit. Ultimately, I extracted words something to this effect: "We are grateful to your honour for the work you have done in the school and the prosperity which has resulted, but (after much hesitation) in our country everybody believes that children follow the occupation to which their families belong. Therefore, your digging of earth and wheeling wheelbarrows has fastened upon our minds that you must be the son of a navy, and it is derogatory to our honour that our children should be taught by one of so mean an origin." They professed that they did not believe this themselves, but begged that in the public interest I would desist from navy work and from teaching the same to their children.

The day before I left Dera Ismail Khan a farewell party was organized by the townspeople: very satisfactory in its way, but the final expression of their appreciation almost choked me with sorrow. They presented me with an illuminated address of farewell, in which, after mentioning some of my virtues, they came to the climax: "This gentleman whose departure is causing our livers

¹ R. B. was not the only member of his family who enjoyed the same hobby. I well remember the admiration with which, many years later, I saw his elder brother, Mr. John Bateman the Squire of Brightlingsea—then well into the sixties—wheeling a barrow-load of earth big enough for any navy.

[not hearts] to break into small pieces, has so far exerted himself that he has succeeded in obtaining for not a few of the students employment in government offices."

Talking of wheelbarrows, it was reported just about then that the Deputy Commissioner of Peshawar had succeeded in introducing the use of them among his coolies. This was a great innovation, and was triumphantly announced to the Commissioner, who expressed a wish to see the men at work. The order was given for six coolies to bring their barrows round to exhibit their skill. When the Commissioner went out on to the veranda to see them, what was the chagrin of the Deputy Commissioner at seeing the six men marshalled in a row each with his wheelbarrow upon his head :¹ in that respect, at any rate, Dera Ismail Khan contrasted favourably with Peshawar.

I left that school with a heavy heart—a discredited prophet and an accredited navvy²—and have never been there again. I have, however, seen happy Christians who were formerly members of those heathen "clumps." One of them ultimately became head master of the school, and diligently taught the religion which, when I taught it to him, he despised. Another got high government employment afterwards, and when he came under conviction of sin used regularly to go to my successor at night time and learn the words of life from his lips. When his relatives discovered this, they tried by threats and persuasions to keep him at home, but they were not successful. On one occasion, losing all patience, they took him to the top of his house, held him down upon a bed with his legs hanging over at the foot of it, and basted his feet with scalding oil. "Now you can go to the mission if you like," said his persecutors. He could not put his feet to the ground for a long time, but as soon as he could they carried him back to the missionary. He was free and happy ever after.

¹ One of the well-accredited "Punjab stories"—incidents that, losing nothing in repetition, have cheered many a lonely worker in the intense heat of the "Frontier Province"—since those days shorn of its "Frontier."

² Underlying this humour there is just a touch of human self-consciousness, too faint to be called pride, that I for one could hardly wish away. Bateman, a born gentleman and with "gentleman" writ plain on his face and demeanour, never showed "side," and, as already said, disliked it. But his gentlemanly instincts helped him. They partly explain the ease with which he took hold of any embarrassing situation, and made it difficult for any one, who foolishly might want to do so, to take a liberty with him. This "nuance" of character had its lighter side. When "trespassing" once on the property of a friend at Brightlingsea he was stopped by a surly keeper who did not know him, and was too obtuse to recognize his kind. "Who are you?" R. B., after his manner, gave an amusing evasion. "Might you be Cooper?" was the next question (Cooper was a local miller). "No," said R. B., "I am Mr. John Bateman's brother," and the querist subsided with a grunt. "Might you be Cooper?" became a "consigne" in our talk with R. B.

CHAPTER V

WORK AT AMRITSAR AND LAHORE, 1869-72

Never think that God's delays are God's denials.

SAVONAROLA

There's a divinity that shapes our ends.

SHAKESPEARE

ONE of the chronic difficulties of administration in the mission field is that men have often to be transferred from one station to another to fill vacancies caused by workers falling ill, or leaving the country for necessary furlough. Critics at home see the harm done by transfers: they do not always see, for they have not the knowledge which might enable them to see, the cruel necessity which brings them about, and are apt to think that they are made foolishly and without cause. But the dominant fact of the problem is that no mission field, broadly speaking, has ever yet had an adequate supply of workers. There are no reserves even in the most favourable circumstances, while in most cases two missionaries are attempting to do the work of three or four. Hence, there comes as an extra burden to the hard-worked men who join the staff of a Mission, the difficulty of having to shift themselves from time to time to meet the changing exigencies of their common task. It was in some such emergency that R. B. was recalled to Amritsar to act as a stop-gap in that station. The next portion of his notes tells us something of his proceedings thereafter:—

The journey between Dera Ismail Khan and Amritsar in those days had to be taken through Dera Ghazi Khan and Multan. The direct route, about half the distance, lay through country which required an escort. When I made the longer journey I found only one native Christian other than missionary employés. Were I to traverse the direct route now, I should fall in with hundreds

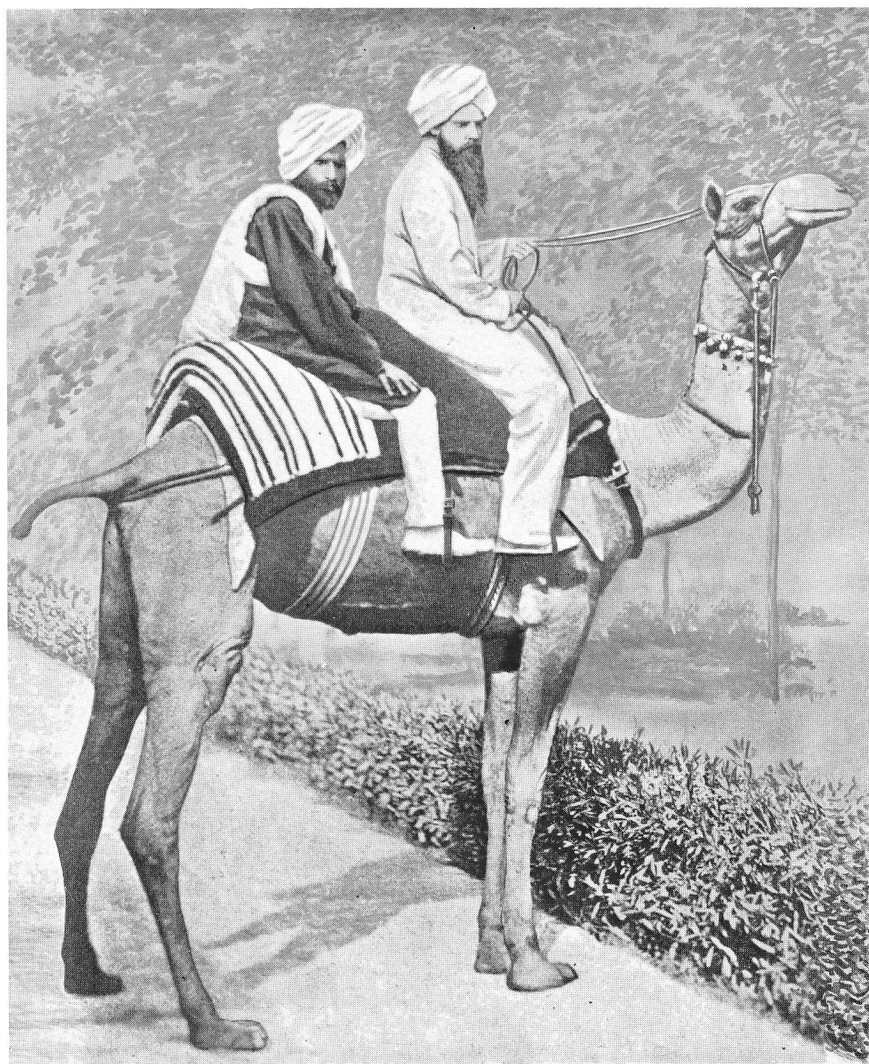
of Christians who are supporting, and not receiving from, the missionary agencies.

Arrived in Amritsar, I found a large school and several avowed inquirers among the students, and some hearty brethren among the Christian staff, and was soon very happy there. I had, however, not been doing work for more than a month before the head master, I. C. Singha, told me that he and his brother Christians, backed by the staff of the school, were petitioning (he did not say for my removal) for the return of Mr. Townsend Storrs who was at home on furlough. This was a terrible blow, for I was not then aware of the remarkable excellency of the man they desired in my place, and I had to swallow something akin to deep regret over my removal from Dera Ismail Khan. However, I managed to say something appreciative of their loyalty to a well-trying teacher. When Mr. Storrs arrived early in 1870, I understood at once the reason for their loyalty. At the end of a month after this, I was free and unattached, and had no idea what my next duties would be. I was sent by Mr. Robert Clark to visit Narowal. I asked my way from village to village for thirty miles. As I approached one village a fine-looking husbandman left his plough and came running to me and caught hold of my pony's bridle. I asked him the way to Narowal. He said: "You know that as well as I do." "No," said I, "I have never been here before." He looked at me and said: "I suppose you do not know me either?" When I admitted my ignorance, he sadly said: "Ah, that is the way with you white men, you forget us, but we remember you." I challenged him to tell me who I was. "You are Mr. Brown," said he. I shook my head. He let go my bridle and respectfully stroked my beard, saying: "Not Mr. Brown! why, this is Mr. Brown's beard." I assured him that it was my very own.¹ He then took hold of my boots—a notable pair of Wellingtons with green tops. "But these are Mr. Brown's boots, at any rate," said he, and I was obliged to admit that it was so. Whereupon he took hold of my stirrup-leather and kissed my foot through the boot. There was a touching commentary upon "How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace." Mr. John Mortlock Brown had so preached in that village that two years after he had gone home invalidated this man found comfort in kissing the boot he had once worn.

I may say, in explanation, that the doctors had finally refused to allow him to return, and he had written to me to sell the property he had left behind him to the best advantage. I had bought-in his boots, and I do not regret it to this day.

Talking of Mr. Brown, I remember the first time I ever visited

¹ "Grown on the premises," was the colloquial rendering I have heard him give on the platform.



R. B. AND MIAN SADIK, 1870

To face p. 47

Salisbury Square he was the first man (there were many afterwards) who befriended me. It was a committee day, and everybody was very busy. I had come from the north of England by arrangement to offer as a missionary. I sat in that old library hour after hour waiting to be summoned, quite alone. A young clergyman looked in once or twice, and the third time asked if he could do anything for me. He returned from the committee room with the news that I should be seen at such an hour. He then sat down beside me and poured out his soul. In his opinion the offer of a missionary was of more importance than any subject before the Committee that day. He told me how sad he was that ill-health had driven him from the field, and when I said that I was proposing for no particular field of work he assured me that India was *the* place to go to, and *mind*, he said, when you go take ship for Calcutta, not for Bombay or Madras, and mind also that you go straight up country till you get to the Punjab.¹ Seek out Robert Clark when you get there, and beg him to send you to Narowal. This impressed me greatly from his point of view, though I thought little of it as regards myself. Was it not strange that I should find myself wearing his boots in the tracks that he had made to that place?

Arrived at Narowal I rode up to the mission school, at the door of which the head master, long afterwards the Rev. P. N. Ghose, most heartily welcomed me. I settled down there among the natives, and was very happy until the fall of the year. I then had a letter from Mr. French telling me of the death of his colleague, Mr. Knott, and bidding me come to help him to start the divinity school in Lahore. Now it happened that I had made an agreement with a young Christian—now the Rev. Mian Sádik,² who had just lost his wife—that we would join forces and spend our lives in preaching and itinerancy amongst the villages. Sádik also got a letter at the same time and from the same revered writer, bidding him come at once to Lahore as a student. We were both very much upset at what *was* an upset. Our own arrangement was that Sádik should teach me Punjabi. The new order was that I should teach Sádik Greek. We had got a camel to carry us both; now we were to spend our time in a class-room, mounted at best upon chairs. So ended my connexion with Narowal for a couple of years.

¹ R. B., as already stated, had some thoughts of offering for Canada and the Eskimo, but this idea, based on the supposition that he could not bear heat, proved wrong.

² One of the bravest and best of Punjabi Christians, who for years was a companion of R. B.'s in his evangelistic tours, mostly on the same camel. The two friends died nearly at the same time, Sádik leaving us only a few weeks before his leader.

This is the way he speaks of what at the time was a heavy disappointment. In November, 1870, he began his work at the divinity school, and the power of his influence with young men soon became apparent. At the end of 1871 he went for a preaching tour "in the Christmas holidays," with French, in the south-west corner of the Punjab beyond Multan, and it is at this date, 20 Dec., 1871, that he makes the first entry in a journal which is kept pretty fully and continuously up to February, 1874— invaluable for the time dealt with. French got so ill with dysentery that the tour had to be abandoned, though R. B. made some rounds in the villages, visiting Lodhran, Uch, Shujabad, etc., returning to Lahore on 13 Jan., 1872.

As this is the earliest record we have of his itinerating, a few extracts may be given showing the nature of his experiences in this part of the country which he never again visited :—

27 Dec., 1871.—Out early, preached for two hours. Had some good opportunities and much opposition, which was growing and intensifying when I left. . . . After breakfast to bazaar again; much opposition and some inquiry. Some boys from the Musjid hooted us out of the town, being evidently sent to insult us. Left the city sad. Still, much has been heard and some stir made. Reached Ghauspore at sunset. Had some interesting conversation with some men at a well. An old Mussulman solemnly warned his companions against me, but listened himself. First night in a tent.

1 Jan., 1872.—How shall I praise Thee, O God, for letting me begin another year! This is my fourth year.—Three years Thou hast sought fruit.—How little hast thou found! Dig about me and prune and purge me, but cut me not down. . . .

5 Jan., 1872.— . . . I got a very poor hearing and abundant abuse till the *peshkar* (subordinate Indian official) came to speak to me. He stood and listened for half an hour; but I was too much confused to take due advantage of the lull. I noticed all the crowd turn a glance towards him when I spoke of bribery as Satanic. One Hindu, who took my part in the strife and stood by whispering encouragement to me, was bitterly reviled. Strengthen him, O Lord. Confess him as he confessed the truth of Thy Word.

10 Jan., 1872.—As soon as I began to preach, some low *maulavis* (Mohammedan priests) came and said that this was Mohammed's land, and my teaching was not required. They were such palpable

vipers that I addressed them as such, and put it to the people whether lying and lasciviousness were not prevalent, and then whether their teachers exerted themselves to check such things. Thus I carried the people with me when I insisted that there was need of something more than the popular creed of the place.

Like all strong speakers R. B. had a touch of the Boanerges vein, though it was kept for the most part in reserve; a certain look in his face, when his indignation was roused, did much—even when his words were moderate.

He was in close touch during this part of his career with French and Clark, for both of whom he had a sincere affection, and who seem to have recognized at once his spiritual power and spontaneity. It is always interesting to obtain, where possible, direct evidence of the development of an heroic soul in the earlier stages of its life-work; and the two years at Lahore, though the nature of his occupation implied some checking of his natural bent, nevertheless became a valuable training-time, giving him not only some confidence in dealing with Hindustani (Punjabi came later), but increased knowledge of Indian hearts, and a deeper sympathy with the minds of Indian youths. In an earlier chapter (page 34), I have quoted a passage from his journal, written two years later, in which, while something of a feeling of “lost time” may be traced, he recognizes that this period of town and college work had its use. Very valuable experience, for instance, was acquired in bazaar preaching—an art which requires much practice, and in which he became very effective, according to many testimonies. As indeed was the case with him generally he is hard on his own performances, while generous in recognizing merit in his companions in preaching. There is much of interest in his journal about this time; but I can give only one passage, which touches on several matters worth notice—an account in brief of a busy Sunday:—

4 Feb., 1872.—Preached in Lahore gate from Josh. iii. 4—only feebly—had an idea that I had done so before. Engaged to preach for Davis (railway chaplain)—just sitting down to prepare when a man came from Shahdera (station across the Ravi) to call me to the

deathbed-side of a poor Eurasian. Drink has ruined him as it did — who died last week. He was too far gone to do much for him. I asked the attendants why they had not called a minister before. They said: "It was such a lingering illness that it was impossible to say what was the right time." His wife was confined yesterday in the next room, and his eldest daughter (of four) was attending either parent alternately—poor child!—age about five years. Went out and returned on trolley. Sunday school—sang a *bhajan* (religious song). Then down to railway church—service very dull and scantily attended. Went with General Abbott to see new church building and then called on Davis in bed sick. Back, found Drs. Scriven and Fairweather who spoke favourably of dear French. Dr. Fairweather said he ought certainly never to come out again. My sermon was based on Spurgeon's, "The sheep and the Shepherd."—To bed thoroughly tired.

Notice first the visit to Mr. French by the Civil Surgeon, Dr. Scriven, and Dr. Fairweather who was probably passing through Lahore at the time. Both men are to be honoured for a long career of consistent charity and Christian goodness in the service of their fellow men. Dr. Scriven and Mrs. Scriven in particular are repeatedly mentioned by R. B. as generous and self-sacrificing in attendance on Mr. French—without thought of fee or earthly reward.¹

Notice next in passing that he sang a "bhajan"! Then the main incident (not a solitary one, by any means) throws a flashlight on one of the great missionary problems of India—the Eurasian. Single-hearted as R. B. was in his sense of apostolic commission to preach the Gospel to the heathen "who had never had a chance," he would not have been the healthy-minded man he was had he shown himself inattentive to the claims of the spiritually weak and needy whom he happened to come across in his varied work and journeyings; and among all the classes of India none has a more pitiful claim on our earnest attention than the Eurasian.

¹ Missionaries find cause for thankfulness for the kindness shown them when sick by all kinds of Englishmen in India; even the thoughtless and indifferent become for the time good Samaritans. R. B., whenever he had cause for mention of Dr. or Mrs. Scriven, invariably used some warm and characteristic expression—like "angels of mercy."

He is not generally attractive ; he is sometimes called in wicked derision "neither flesh nor fowl nor good red herring"—he is said (unfairly) to have the vices of both races which meet in him, with the virtues of neither ; but there he is—for the most part the monument of the moral laxity of Englishmen of a more heedless time ; his longings always draw him toward his father's side, but generally he is either treated with quiet contempt, or left severely alone, though every instinct of an Englishman should tell him that patient, kindly help is needed here. So far as his time allowed, R. B. was ever ready to do a kindness to any of this unfortunate class, and his diary gives repeated instances of his going out of the way to seek unattractive specimens, always hoping to do some spiritual good, but hiding his errand in the simplest and kindest humanity. I have said that the Eurasian is a missionary problem in India : it would be sounder, perhaps, to say that he is part of the great missionary problem in India. All real missionaries must think of the population of that great continent as intimately connected, one part with another ; and though their particular work takes them specially into one part of the country to deal with one class or set of people, yet they cannot be blind to the fact that their message may be hindered by the evil lives of Eurasians, or, alas ! those of full-blooded Englishmen. As they pass to and fro on their life-giving errand to Indians, they will, if they are wise, be ever alert and ready to influence all others as they are given opportunity. Such influence, indeed, if used as R. B. used it, is great—many an Englishman in India has cause to thank God for his brotherly act or word—always unostentatious, but direct and sincere. "There have been three Macs in my life," he said once—and I knew whom he meant. One a college friend—a man of great wealth in England ; the third myself ; while the second was an engineer in the Punjab, who helped as he was able with his professional knowledge and skill, and who in his turn, before

his death, received from R. B. the greatest help one man can give another. In his journals, and also in his letters, occur the names of Englishmen he met, numbers of them known to me, and every one would, I believe, testify, if asked, to the helpful influence he seemed to shed round him—so natural, and entirely without fuss. Many of these Punjab friends have passed beyond the veil and now have doubtless met him again. We return to his autobiographical notes:—

There was plenty of street preaching to do in Lahore, in which Mr. French was always our leader and example. How he did strive for souls! When they jeered at him and pelted him he would kneel down in the dust and pray for them. When they shouted him down he evinced no resentment, but only a yearning desire that they would listen not to him but to God.

Apart from work in the school, one notable characteristic in Lahore was the intimate brotherly relationship existing between the members of the American Presbyterian Board of Missions and ourselves. Of their senior missionary, Dr. John Newton, and our Bishop French it was truly said that year after year they "walked in the house of God as friends."

Bishop French was always on the look out for inquirers, and no amount of effort or time was too great when any one came asking the way of salvation. His own linguistic attainments were almost proverbial. He was anxious that I should add Arabic to my meagre store. I called a maulavi, who had taught me what Urdu I knew, to teach me Arabic also. He introduced me to his brother, who he said was more of a scholar than himself. I looked the man up and down and listened for a few moments to his *sesquipedalia verba*, and decided off-hand that I would employ him for a month for his brother's, not for his own, sake. My arrangement with him was that he should teach me for an hour daily. The first three-quarters were to be for the study of the Koran, and the last quarter for the New Testament in Urdu. This arrangement was made at the secret request of the brother, who told me that he himself was convinced, through what he had read with me, of the truth of Christianity, but had not the courage to confess it. "I," said he, "have the heart of a goat, but my brother has the heart of a lion, and if you teach him what you have taught me he will become a Christian, and then I should have a chance."

After the first week my new teacher said that it did not seem to him fair to divide our time so unequally: might we not have half an hour for the Koran with half an hour for the New Testament? I agreed of course. Within another month we were spending the

whole time on the New Testament and my study of the Koran was discontinued. He asked me to give him my New Testament to take home with him. I gave it to him, expecting to see him wrap it in paper or in a cloth and put it under his arm. On the contrary he walked straight away holding it in his hand. "What is that book you have there?" said his Moslem friends. "Where did you get it?" He told them, and gave them the reason why. From that time they persecuted him bitterly. In his own home he studied the New Testament so continuously and with such absorption as to attract the notice of his wife, who was much shocked when he told her what he was reading. At the same time she could not but notice that she had a happier and tenderer husband than before. Failing to induce him to give up the study of the book, she asked him to read her a piece. He was prepared for this, knowing something of what female curiosity is in that land. He had got his passages ready, and after reading to her the captivating opening verses of the Sermon on the Mount, he turned over to St. Mark x. 7, merely remarking: "'to his wife'—you see, not 'to his wives'"—and awaited results. Next day she wanted to hear more and more, and before long she told him that she wished to be a Christian, and urged him to be one too! When he told me this my heart was glad, and I tried to teach and encourage her through him.

When it became known in the city that the maulavi and his wife were thinking of taking this fearful step many means were taken by his brother Moslems to prevent it. Among these it was planned that in the middle of the night, when the husband and wife were asleep on the roof, the furniture should be piled up into a heap and burned inside underneath them. This was done. The man and his wife escaped and took refuge outside. When he complained of this dastardly conduct he was assured that nobody would ever venture into his private apartments, but that God in His mercy had lighted a fire to warn him against the eternal fire to which he was hastening, and at the same time to preserve the good name of his father and family as Moslems.

The next day my teacher came to me in the greatest distress and told me this story. Instead of compassionating him, I congratulated him on suffering affliction for the sake of Christ. He replied that it was not himself but his wife whom he was in trouble about. When I asked the reason he informed me that all his wife's clothes and household linen had been burned, and no one would help her in the difficulty. Could I do anything for her? An embarrassing question for a bachelor missionary! However, I happened to have a beautiful green curtain, eight feet deep and fifteen feet long, which ran upon brass rings on an iron rod, and was always at hand to divide my room into two parts. I unhitched one end of the rod

and gave the curtain to him as the most commodious garment I could produce.

Shortly after, he came with another distress, saying, his wife was quite ready to be baptized, but desired to receive the rite privately. "Never," said she, "can it be part of the religion of Jesus Christ, Who did so much for women, that in order to embrace it I should have to lift my veil in the presence of a congregation of men." I pointed out to him that baptism was a public profession of faith, and said I was not prepared to baptize her in private. This difficulty blocked the way for a fortnight. My messages and advice were in vain, and I was getting very anxious when, one morning, the husband burst into my room and announced that the difficulty was over, and his wife was prepared for baptism. When I asked him how that had come about, he repeated to me a dialogue, which I give in brief:—

Wife.—"Husbands are wiser than wives, are they not?"

Husband.—"Yes, they have seen more of the world."

Wife.—"Then why are you not wiser than I am?"

Husband.—"Wherein have I shown inferiority?"

Wife.—"You could not prove to me that I ought to be baptized in public."

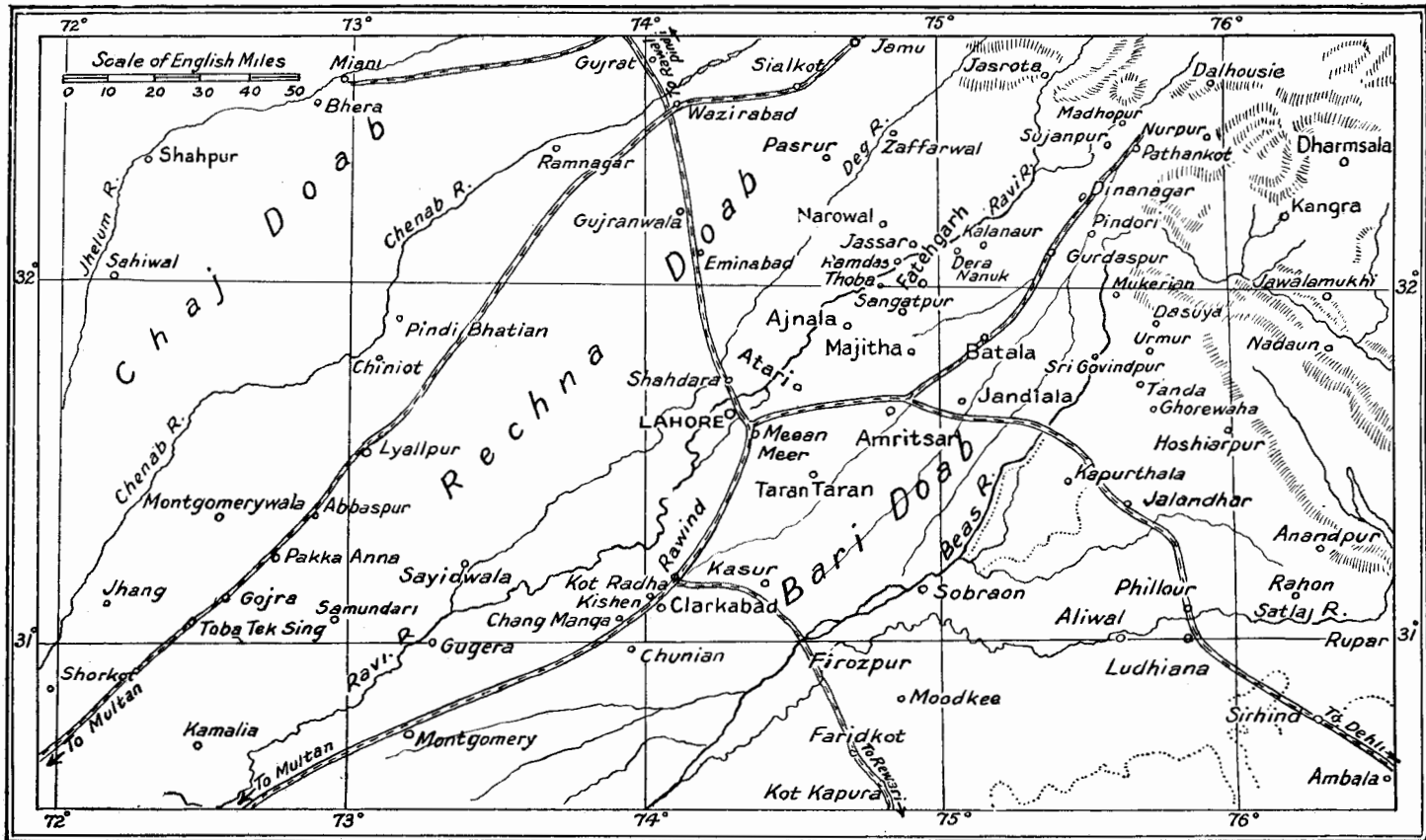
Husband.—"Have you proved it yourself?"

Wife.—"Yes, I have."

The baptism took place on 14 Oct., 1872, on which day the journal entry runs thus:—

It was decided that as there had been a holiday in the Hindu school of which Nur Mohammed (Light of Mohammed) is head Persian teacher, it would be better for him to go there unbaptized to-day. He went, and was turned out ignominiously. By French's advice rigged up a purdah in chapel in which the wife, Miss Thiede, and Mrs. Sádik stood (till the actual ceremony)—the rest of the congregation women in front were thus able to be present. The service was very solemn, and I am sure many prayers went up for the young convert and his wife. They answered very decidedly to the appointed questions. This is one of the happiest days I have had. It is a great token for good bestowed on my unworthy ministry and much more on the Church of whom I hope they may be very useful members. "Nur Mohammed" became Nuruddin (Light of the Faith).

Meanwhile, Lahore was no longer R. B.'s settled sphere of work. The time had come when our Pegasus was to get his wings, and use them over wide fields of new experience, new labour, new harvests of souls brought within the call and love of his Master.



MAP ILLUSTRATING ITINERATIONS OF R. B.

CHAPTER VI

ITINERATION FROM MADHOPUR, 1872-4

This is an holy man of God which passeth by us continually.

2 KINGS iv. 9

A man, like a watch, is to be valued for his goings.

W. PENN

LOOKING back from the vantage ground of facts developed in history it requires some effort to think of R. B. as having been doubtful or uncertain as to what his main line of missionary work should be. Excellent as he was as a teacher (on his own unconventional lines) in a boys' class, and lovable in many ways as a pastor among folk of a congregation, the great work for which he was specially fitted was that of an itinerating evangelist. The minute of the C.M.S. Committee on his death says: "It may be doubted whether the Society has ever had a man better equipped and fitted for the work of an itinerant evangelist." Our "prince of evangelists," "the Bayard of our missionaries," are terms used in letters to me by co-workers who knew him well. But it is interesting to see how things work out under God's guiding Hand.

The journal says:—

29 June, 1872.—Letters from French and Clark yesterday and to-day asking me to decide whether I will stay at the college or not. To decide for myself as to my sphere of work is the last thing I wish. Direct my mind unto Thy way.

On July 2, he records:—

Wrote to French that I was willing to leave the college, as I understood that arrangements of a permanent character and satisfactory to him could be made without me. I have never seen my way before me in my life yet, nor have been very anxious to do so—I fear this comes more of carelessness than in simple trust. I am amazed at the semblance of usefulness even being allowed me.

“During August and September,” he writes in an entry which is meant to do duty for nearly two months, covering a great deal of action not described, “Maya Das and Nur Mohammed occupied much of my time and thoughts.” Nur Mohammed was the maulavi whose baptism was related in the last chapter; while Maya Das’s case will be found in Chapter XII, page 134. It is one of the most interesting of all the histories of souls in which R. B. as the heaven-sent messenger takes his part and brings help.

Toward the end of September, 1872, he seems to have started itinerating, and in his journal the entry November 8-17 has: “Settled in Madhopur.” There is nothing to show clearly why he chose this place as head-quarters—it is a village in Pathankot tahsil, Gurdaspur district, on the River Ravi, near the head works of the Bari Doab Canal. Reference to Map 2, which is intended to mark most places of R. B.’s itinerating tours, will show that it is not a first-rate centre. So far as I know, he never went across into Jamu territory which lies across the Ravi, and British territory lower down is not very easy to get at. It is not unlikely that the persuasions of Mr. J. T. Christie may have had something to do with his choice.¹ At any rate, there was a small European community which welcomed such ministrations as he could spare time to give—a small school—and a large number of villages in the Gurdaspur district fairly convenient for itineration.² Any shortcomings in Madhopur as a centre R. B. dealt with by not being much there!

He paid another visit to Amritsar and Lahore, and on November 4 he has this entry: “Left Lahore after a stay

¹ One of the finest detective officers India has seen, and a most interesting personality. I knew him well through many years which brought vicissitudes of fortune to him. His police stories were fascinating to hear. He and Bateman were mutually attracted, and indeed he was one of the many whom R. B. helped. He was living in Madhopur just then.

² I came to work in the Gurdaspur district as a junior civil officer (A.C.) in December, 1872, and from this time our orbits began to cross each other at irregular intervals.

from first to last of nearly two years. Felt parting with the students, and especially Nuruddin, very much."

He has said or written somewhere that for an itinerating missionary the first thing is to have no fixed engagements, and next to have no almanac or watch. In the days we are now recalling he acted quite up to the spirit of this, so much so that he gave friends some trouble to find out where he was at any given moment. One undaunted correspondent met the difficulty by cheerfully throwing the burden of discovery on the Post Office—addressing his letter to "Padri Bateman Sahib, Jahañ kahin hon." ("To the Rev. Bateman, wherever he may be.") The Indian Post Office, however, was equal to the task, and the letter arrived safely.

By this time he had begun, young as he was in actual missionary experience, to get a name among young Punjabis, who came to him attracted, they hardly knew why, but feeling that his personality gave promise of spiritual help. Their names begin to show up in his journal, numbers of them. Some I know personally—they have been Christian brethren for many years now, and it is a delight to get traces of their early career when they first came to own Christ as their Saviour and Leader. Others whom I have never met in the flesh still are pleasant names to read, for they, too, have made the great and happy adventure of faith. But there is a third class, about whom all that can be said is that having come near the divine Light they either turned away again, or at least did not accept Him before men as their guide. In all decisive human action there must be "the savour of death" as well as that "of life." I remember R. B. introducing me once to an intelligent, quiet-looking Hindu as a man who knew Christianity to be true, but had not found courage yet to confess it. As I shook hands with him I saw a sadness in his eyes which confirmed what had been said, and in a pathetic talk with me he admitted it in so many words, but said that he had not strength to

break with all his people, and his surroundings, as confession of Christ would make necessary. While grieving at his weakness, I could not find it in my heart to reproach him. If I had been born a Hindu, should I have been any braver? Such men are called "Borderers"; they come to the line, but dare not cross the spiritual Rubicon.

Here is a sample taken at random from his journal which shows the "itinerating evangelist" at work:—

Walked to Azizpur—no opening in village except for giving medicine—went away discouraged. Crossing field stopped to watch husbandmen, ploughing and sowing in one operation. Got into conversation with *Bunnia* (Hindu shopkeeper) who had been to the various shrines. I told him how ready God was to wash us clean with His Holy Spirit. The ploughers stopped and came to listen, and for half an hour I sat with them and had good opportunity of telling them simple truths. . . . On to Malikpur, where after losing way had a nice audience sitting in a shop—men right and left, boys in front. Tent on edge of canal. In evening wrote and dispatched a lot of letters.

The descriptions of his life while itinerating are graphic, and the heartfelt prayers and comments characteristic.¹ He tries to preach to Sansis (a criminal tribe). The women laugh in his face—the children, numerous as "rabbits in a warren," beg of him—the men (habitual thieves almost invariably) tell him they "never sin at all." After inspecting a small mission school he is followed by some boys who tell him they pay no attention to their own religion, but what they hear at school "*that* sticks in our hearts." He accosts a Brahman sitting in his bed in the street, reading the Shastras (Hindu scriptures), and asks him to "read a little for my own and the general benefit." But the Brahman declines, saying, "I had no lot or part in the matter"; whereon R. B. asks what is the good of having books on religion that cannot help sinners. He is present at the death of a European—"a most sad death. No friends, no hopes, no fear. He died just like an animal. After washing the corpse I went home."

¹ I fear this adjective *must* be used pretty often: but none other suggests itself—there was so much "*character*" in R. B.

The school at Madhopur, largely financed by the generous help of Capt. Sydney Long Jacob, R.E., became very attractive to him, but as he writes in the beginning of 1873 :—

Visited the school and saw all boys again after six weeks' absence. They are a very nice lot. The first two classes have written out the *Umda Qadim Naql* (the Old—lit. fine old story) in good hand for me during my absence. Felt that I was attached to them, but it won't do to stop in the station for them.

This weighing of duty against duty is one of the most difficult for the missionary who has so many diverse claims on him. R. B. laid great stress on the point of *need*. Did any one seem to need him and his help, he was ready at once to give that help—whether doing so was in itself pleasant and attractive or not.

In the course of his journeys, which were not confined to Gurdaspur district, he visited the Rev. Dr. Chatterjee, a Presbyterian clergyman in the Hoshiarpur district, east of Gurdaspur, who impressed him much with his “commanding good sense,” and, going with him into the bazaar, he says, “for three hours there was incessant inquiry and discussion—all of a very friendly and most of a very useful nature. C. was the great *guru* (spiritual guide), and I was nowhere.” At Hoshiarpur itself he compares notes with a Mohammedan convert, Inayat Masih (the favour of Christ). “I showed him the verse in the Koran about God's being a *makkar* (deceiver); he said it was of no use our objecting to anything as we understood it, but we must take their own views and interpretations and find fault with them. . . . He said that no Mohammedan could answer the question—‘What arrangement or provision for salvation is there in the Koran?’”

The receptions which R. B. met with in different places were very various. Contrary to what might perhaps be expected from the dauntless front he always showed, he felt hostility and ill-treatment with a good deal of sensitiveness as his private entries in his journal show.¹ He

¹ “One cold boy in a class chills me,” is one remark found there.

evidently thought a good deal of "first impressions" received on seeing or speaking with a stranger. He grieves over hardness, though mainly for the offender's own sake, and rejoices over any act of kindness done to him as God's messenger. Occasionally, though not very often, he met with violence—"hit on the head with a turnip," is one entry. Abuse and threats were more common—one passage with a *mohant* (head of a spiritual institution with a number of spiritual pupils called *chelas*) deserves recording with some detail:—

Walked along canal to Ghazikot bridge—saw lots of ducks. At the bridge fell in with a Brahman, who said he was sure God did not love men, for he had sought Him for twenty-four years and had never got any attention. I walked with him to Pindori, and at the end said that as long as he believed God to be the author of theft and other sins he never was likely to find Him. A good crowd walked with us, the conversation being chiefly carried on well by Philemon.¹ On the way we met a disciple of the mohant of Pindori who in his careless insolence gave us a foretaste of his teacher. The mohant treated me with great disrespect, to my face he called me "tu" ²—said my father was a *lúcha* (a low blackguard)—asked me why I had come with a beard like a horse's tail to sit and teach others—that the Bible I handed to him ought to be thrown into the well—that he would . . . (defile) it. Asked me where my *chelas* (pupils) were, and said he had lots, etc. He abused Philemon, and spoke most insolently of me in Punjabi to his attendants. I fear this was all started by his showing off his chelas; and when one came and kissed his feet and worshipped him I said it was very wrong to give divine honours to a man. He defended it by saying that the poor dupe worshipped God through him; but the man on being

¹ A good Indian evangelist, who, some two years later, brought a charge against a religious opponent for unlawfully wounding his religious feelings. The case came to me, and when I took evidence it appeared that the first count was that the opponent put a pair of shoes in front of Philemon, saying: "Your book says faith can move mountains. Move these shoes one inch by faith, and I will admit that Christianity is true." I was constrained to tell the good evangelist that though the demeanour of the accused was doubtless irritating, the argument he used was not an unfair one, and certainly would not justify a conviction. The second count, however, was more to the point: the accused had obscenely blasphemed Christ, and was fined, with a warning. The section in the Code Penal governing such cases is well drawn, but needs careful handling.

² "Tu"—"thou"—is used to the divine being; familiarly to a relative; or to an inferior (with rather the idea of reminding him of his status). "Ap," the honorific pronoun, ought to have been used.

asked disconcerted the mohant by replying: "No, great lord, you yourself are God." He said that all the English who came to see him worshipped his idols, and took off their hats to them. He mentioned Robert Egerton as having been there; but when I said I knew him, and I was sure that he did not do so, he was silent. I never was so insulted, even in the bazaars, and never was before treated by a religious leader with other than courtesy.

Robert Egerton was then Financial Commissioner of the Punjab—one of the last men ever to forget the dignity of his English heritage, still less his Christian loyalty to his Master. The mohant was of course lying baldly, and R. B. (who was a kinsman of Mr. Egerton's) took him up sharply. I have no doubt that, for the moment, he was made quite uncomfortable. He was himself, if my memory does not fail me, a *lúcha*, though there was another mohant in the western part of the district, more obnoxious still, whom R. B. used to characterize as "having committed the sin of Reuben." The local religious hierarchy at that time in Gurdaspur was not conspicuous for personal sanctity.

The greater part of the year 1873, with the exception of spells at Madhopur during part of the hot weather, was spent in almost endless journeyings in villages in the Gurdaspur district—mostly in the north-east half, but extending also into the Batala tahsil: to Hoshiarpur two or three times—on one occasion meeting with Capt. Young, D.C., an old Brighton and Lancing boy "who spoke with great interest and warmth of his satisfaction about Ghorewaha" (the Christian village settlement looked after by Mr. Chatterjee); to Amritsar and Lahore several times, looking after particular inquirers; to Narowal, where almost from the first he seems to have obtained special encouragement which eventually drew him to work in that town. This development, however, will be better traced in a separate chapter.

Meanwhile, one fact which emerges from perusal of R. B.'s journal may be noticed here, though it will receive further illustration later on. It is the deep concern,

sometimes reaching the point of keenly felt anguish, which possesses him from day to day about the progress of his work with souls. There are of course numerous variations of detail in the history of his dealings with inquirers—that would be expected from a man of his original cast of mind working on an intensely interesting problem, yet intricate as it is interesting, with a warm sympathy for human impulse and weakness. But a good many cases have features in common which may be outlined in some such way as this: he preaches in a bazaar, or visits a school, or in an apparently haphazard encounter with ignorance and hostility has the opportunity of showing some little trait of his resolute manhood and self-restraint, and after the incident is ended is going away, when some boy or youth follows him shyly—drawn, he hardly knows why, by word or appearance of the speaker. Perhaps an elder relative comes after the boy in suspicion, and pulls him back by force, which in some cases only fills him with a keener desire to establish personal intercourse with this European sahib, who is so different from any one he has ever seen. Sometimes months pass before any opportunity occurs, but when once the link of personal contact is established, the teacher strengthens the influence by plain and stirring talk followed by prayer held with the youth that he may be led of God to find the truth. This may be the only bit of intercourse possible for awhile; sometimes the boy disappears and nothing more happens to human ken, and the heart of the teacher has to bear the disappointment. But things may turn out better: the Spirit may have fixed the dart of conviction in the young hearer, and from that time forward, with ups and downs, with bright promise, and saddening doubt or sickening disappointment, the conflict of light and darkness, of error and truth, goes on, mirrored in fragmentary phrase in this heart-record of the evangelist, till, by God's mercy, conviction, and instruction, and outward opportunity, all harmonize, so that we may read the happy note ;

“ — baptized.” Not, indeed, that this is the end of the story, but it is the beginning of a new chapter in the soul's fight with self and sin, with new life and new grace, opening out new vision of God's ever present supernatural help. One or two cases are indeed found of relapse after admission to the Christian brotherhood, but only to be followed up with prayer and action till the repentant backslider is restored to grace and his place in the fold; see in particular, in Chapter XII, page 134, the story of Maya Das.

CHAPTER VII

EARLY VISITS TO NAROWAL, 1872-4

I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love. HOSEA xi. 4

NAROWAL¹ is a small town in a southern subdivision of the Sialkot district called Raya, standing a few miles north of the Ravi which here divides Sialkot from the district of Gurdaspur; Lahore is about fifty miles away. The local tradition places the first settlement some 500 years back. Some Arora Hindus, of the Multan district, were converted by a Mohammedan named Habib Ullah, and wandered eastward with him till they found a home beside "a pretty little sheet of water close to where Narowal now stands." A Jat, by name Nár Sing, joined them, and gave name to the place. The converted Aroras became Khojas (Mohammedan traders), and their head was made bazaar *chaudhri* (or head man). The *chaudhri* was entitled to a small percentage on all sales made in the bazaar, and the office continued in the same family—after the conservative fashion of India—for hundreds of years, till it came to one Hussain Bakhsh. The rapacity of the local governor of the town, representing the rajas of Rajaori in the lower hills of Jamu, who then held the place, left little for the *chaudhri* to live on, so he went to Sialkot. There he met with Mr. Fitzpatrick, the C.M.S. missionary from Amritsar, and, after instruction, went with him to that city and was there baptized as Mián Paulus—the first Christian from Narowal. After

¹ I avail myself here of information gathered together in R. Clark's "The Missions in the Punjab and Sindh," published first in 1885, a revised edition of which I drew up in 1904.

his baptism he went back to Narowal and endured bitter persecution, among other things having to buy his water for drinking and cooking purposes ; and though he owned a good many houses and shops, he had to live " in a little hut on a bit of waste land in the town." ¹ Messrs. Fitzpatrick and Strawbridge went to Narowal, and " were the first to preach the Gospel there, standing under an old banyan tree, which till recently fronted the new 'cathedral.' " After them came the Rev. J. Leighton. " He built the first mission building in Narowal, in 1859," he himself living in tents. After him, again (partly with him), Dr. Bruce " laboured in Narowal " for four years (1858-62). Thus the faithful sowing of good seed went on till in the ripeness of time R. B. came to reap. This is what he himself used to say ; but there is no need to discriminate among labourers—all of whom were blessed of God in their work, and now rejoice together over it in His immediate presence. In after years the site of the hut of Mián Paulus was given by his son Mián Sádik ²—R. B.'s friend and comrade—for a church, and there rose the first church of Narowal.

¹ " One night, after a hard day's preaching in company with a missionary, this old man Paulus was tossing on his bed till midnight. The missionary hearing through the thin partition of the tent that he rose and went out into the moonlight, got up and followed him. He followed him to the edge of a maize-field and, standing still to listen, he heard the voice of his friend raised in intercessory prayer. Paulus prayed for each of his three Mohammedan sons by name, for Narowal, and for Batala. . . . Two out of his three sons, with their wives, were the only converts Paulus lived to see in Narowal (he died in 1870). . . . It was on hearing of the baptism of Paulus's *third* son, with his wife, in 1876, that the missionary wrote the interesting account of the incident in the maize-field."—Pamphlet, " Narowal," by R. B., 1889.

² Sádik was one for whom I had a warm personal regard, both as a man and as a Christian brother. He was the second son of Mián Paulus, though the first son to be baptized. Then came Nasrat Ullah, the eldest, whom I do not remember having seen. He died of hydrophobia, showing a Christian fortitude and self-control which won admiration from all who saw him ; when he feared that his paroxysms might be coming on he asked the neighbours to tie him down tightly to his *charpoy* (bed). Another brother of Sádik's was Ali Mohammed, known before baptism as " Kupatta " (worthless or mischievous) ; after baptism he earned the name " Supatta " (good—useful). His son was Ahmad—one of the younger generation of R. B.'s spiritual children. Last of all came the youngest son Niku Shah—a man of somewhat tumultuous

We have had in Chapter V, page 47, in his own words, an account of R. B.'s first visit to Narowal in 1870. There is no record of his impressions of the place on that occasion; but on 6 Dec., 1872, when apparently he made his next visit, there is an evident reminiscence of the earlier one. "Found the boys," he writes, "all very much grown. They came up nicely. Preached in bazaar, chiefly to pupils past or present. Many of them came home with me. Prayer in the evening with Niku Shah, Supatta, Ahmad, and Ghulám Qádir. Niku Shah fed me and Ghulám Qádir. Full of thankfulness for what I heard the boys—especially Ahmad—express. Several of the boys were ridiculing G—— G—— for being a pukka Mohammedan. I stopped them, saying, that whatever we were, we should be pukka. I intreat Thy mercy, O merciful Lord, for this poor boy that he may see the right and become strong in the Lord."

The tragedy of missionary work is indicated in the manuscript note added sixteen years later, and written we may be sure, with anguish of heart: "G—— G—— is now a lying *patwari* (village accountant).—Nov. '88, R. B."

The following entries in which this interesting boy personality is mentioned become pathetic indeed—with his still distant history made known through these few curt words:—

The old *Panda* (Hindu teacher of the old fashion) brought forty boys for my inspection. I was intended to perceive that I had made a great mistake in turning him away two years ago. I examined them and gave them 1s. (rupee) for sweetmeats. Then more talk with boys and a visit to the town. Talk with the *Dak Munshi* (Post Office clerk) and *Patwari*. On return, played cricket with boys for an hour and a half. G—— G—— came up and said: "Won't you go and preach?" I said: "Yes, presently." Then at the end of

character, in whom grace had a hard struggle to win—his ambitious energy leading him into a good many faults. R. B. was his discriminating and helpful friend. I knew Sádik in 1873 or 1874 as the trusted and loyal comrade of R. B. in many a journey; and thirty years later, on revisiting India, I found him grey-headed and a faithful pastor at Ajnala. He died only a few weeks before R. B., this year. Niku Shah is still alive, though infirm.

a game, just as I was beginning another, he pulled the stumps out of the ground, saying: "Bas, bas!" (enough). The other boys, to my surprise, expressed no dissent, so I went with G—— G—— at once to the bazaar. I gave him a "book of prayers" on the way, and earnestly hope that He Who has, I believe, sent the preacher and given the hearing ear will give an understanding heart to this boy. He went away and returned several times, and finally walked home with me. I called the boys—some six—together, and . . . told them Nur Mohammed's story (see *supra*, pages 53–54). They asked me to preach in the school instead of having private prayers in the bungalow to-morrow. Somebody said there are no Christians to have worship with (the Christian head master and his family were away). G—— G——, pointing to Rahmat, said: "There is one—he is not a Mohammedan." I said: "Why is he not a Mohammedan?" G—— G—— said: "Because he knows something!"—an admission which he repented of, but which gave me a hopeful view of his heart. Last night, when I went to preach, Ghulám Qádir was following me, when Rahmat said to him: "Let the sahib go and tell the people in the bazaar what he likes, but do you stop and tell me how you became a Christian, and all about it." Ghulám Qádir said: "I am very sorry for you all that you should remain in such a state." Rahmat said: "Don't be sorry for us, we will soon get out of it."

Dec. 8.—On the whole disappointed with the day, perhaps because I had formed too high hopes. . . . Early long talk with Nasrat Ullah's lad; then breakfast from —— a bore. Then Dina Nath came—very nice, thoughtful, low-spirited lad. His parents hold him very tight, and his hair has gone quite grey.¹

Service in school. Some fifteen boys present. Spoke of the daysman and of Jesus casting out devils. Not satisfactory. Then to Nasrat Ullah's house, saw his wife and new son—a dear little *bacha* (child)—Aziz Ullah (dear to God). Had prayer there. Then home and a constant talk with boys till 4, when I went to Niku Shah's to eat what Nasrat Ullah's wife had prepared. She, he, and the three children dined on the floor. Heard Gurdit Singh, in lull of conversation, say: "Thy word is a lamp to my feet and light to my path." Coming out from dinner fell in with a blind Mohammedan lad who was at the preaching last night. Asked him what he remembered, and he most cheerfully gave me a very good account, which cheered me. Very long talk in the bazaar last night

¹ Happier days came to this boy—now a saint in glory. After great trouble, he became a Christian, and a student of theology at Lahore, and then an ordained clergyman. The highest hopes were justly entertained about his future, for alike in heart and brain (so he seemed to me) he was fitted to become a trusted leader in the Indian Church; but God took him when still a young man—a striking comment on the old heathen saying: "He whom the gods love, dies young."

—conversation chiefly with a Hindu well acquainted with elements of religion. . . . G—— G—— has been with me all day, always desiring me to speak—and indeed of many of the boys I can say that they have lost no opportunity of hearing what I had to tell them about God's will.

These two passages are worth reading over more than once. They show R. B. at work in the full fervour of ardent missionary zeal tempered by increasing experience. His personal magnetism was never greater than in these early Narowal days, while his physical frame was probably at its best. On the next day he leaves Narowal for Amritsar, marching twenty-three miles to Sangatpore, and noting that his young companion, Ahmad, was “very tired.”

December 29 finds him again on a short visit to Narowal, when he notes: “From morning till night I had the pleasure of talking to the boys—Ghaur, G—— G——, Dina Nath, and Ahmad especially. Preached twice in bazaar. Wade¹ preached at morning and evening service. Charming gathering in morning at school, and in afternoon at Sádik's house, after which we dined with him. Home, long talk with Sádik and Babu (Bhose). . . . Then long chat with Ahmad, and so to bed full of thankfulness for a happy and encouraging day.”

The next entry is on 16 April, 1873—showing the “ups and downs” of a life that is fighting for souls:—

Everything very discouraging. Ahmad gone, in despair of baptism, with his people. Niku Shah discomfited by his wife who sharply denied to Mrs. Ghose having ever heard about N.'s becoming a Christian from him; and Rahmat goes to the “masjid” for *nimáz* (prayer), and holds down his head when he sees me. In evening while at cricket, after preaching in city, Philemon came.

April 17-20.—Stayed in Narowal preaching daily with Philemon.

¹ The Rev. T. R. Wade, another apostolic worker of delightful temperament and natural heavenliness. He was at the time I first met him (only three days after this at the Barahdari in Batala, where I was then living) an attractive-looking young man, earnestness and candour written on his face. He served God faithfully for over thirty years in the Punjab, and died only a short time ago, revered and loved by all who knew him.

. . . In Mahar there are four boys—Ranja, Wadawa, Ghaur, and Chur—who are all impressed with the truth—the first is very bold. The evening I had a private walk with Rahmat and Himli, in which I pressed on him the evil of delay for Ahmad and for himself. I noticed a great change in his bearing after it. A letter came from Ahmad in Amritsar saying he would be baptized by me on arrival there. This I read to the boys and his father. The tone of the school was very good, evidently with Ahmad. This was the only comforting feature which I noticed.

The next visit is important, and the journeying to Narowal may be thought worth noting as a sample of much “hardness endured” by R. B. “on service” :—

May 5-6.—Amritsar to Narowal.—In evening set out for Sangatpore with Ghulam Qadir Shah (saw Brownlow at racquet court on the way). Slept there, very hot. Next day walked on Futttehgarh; found Philemon in street. Started at 3 for Narowal. Soon overtaken by rain and wind. Crossed the Sakki in a lull. Stayed in Ram Das half an hour and then pressed on. Wet through and through, lost way, fell down in mud. It was impossible to keep shoes on, or to walk in the roads on any terms.¹ Came to village at dark, people wanted us to stay and offered us warm clothes; but as the ferry was only one and a half miles off and I had sent word to the boatmen to stay, I went on, promising to return if as they declared I found it impossible to cross. However the rain soon abated and the wind soon dried my clothes, and after losing the way close to Narowal reached it, cased in dry mud, soon after 10. This was the counterpart of Dec. 9, the heat more than making up for my not having preached as then in reckoning the physical effort. Rahmat and Himli welcomed me, the latter embracing me.

May 7-9, '73.—Narowal.—Happy days spent in teaching the candidates—Ahmad, Rahmat, Supatta, and Ranja. Many other boys—such as Wadawa, Ghaur, Chur, Waris,² Hussain, young Dina Nath, etc.—were constantly with me. I preached daily in the city, too, but without much encouragement. One day Kishen Singh and

¹ It must be remembered that R. B. was wearing “native shoes.” The inconvenience of these for walking in mud, which on that occasion became eight or ten inches deep, was strikingly shown at the review at Delhi, January, 1886, after the camp of exercise, when many men of the native infantry marching past Lord Dufferin *lost their shoes in the mud!* (A change in “foot-wear” was made after this.) Rain had been pouring down for hours, and was still heavy, turning the whole place into slush. Lord Dufferin, it may be mentioned, sat it out on horse-back, wearing frock-coat and top hat—with no umbrella!

² This is the first reference to him, so far as I can ascertain; see *infra*, p. 78.

his mother (who abused me roundly) came and talked diffidently, but with a Christian tone. The women taught by Mrs. Ghose.

May 9.—Narowal.—Went early to see Ranja in Mahar. Found the village much excited. R. was out in a field with a vile fellow from Lahore. He came to speak and seemed very glad to see me. His mother followed and fell sobbing on my feet. I don't know what I should have done if they had not carried her away. Poor R., what between shame and love, nearly broke down. Preached to the people not well—all the boys standing aloof as if cowed, but R. taking his place by my side. After taking leave R. followed us into the fields and another long talk ensued in which he was very bold and fully determined to be baptized on Sunday. He came over to Narowal in the evening.

This reads like what might have been written by St. Paul dealing with some rustic Galatian inquirer. Let us see how Ranja's matter goes on:—

May 10.—Narowal.—Ranja visited by Ahmad and Himli in the morning, and, then firm, was carried off to Lahore in the evening. Played cricket with the boys who, like myself, were downcast about him.¹

May 11, Sunday.—Narowal.—Early with Babu Bhoose in hope of finding Ranja, to Mahar. He was too surely gone. We preached to the people who were assembled in large numbers, and returned. At 9 went to the school which was crowded. Read Litany and preached, and then baptized Ahmad, Rahmat, and Supatta. Sent for the water in Ahmad's lota by Himli's hands. I think the service was very impressive, and at least 200 people witnessed the ceremony, which was what I very much wanted. We spent a quiet day, no schoolboy venturing near the bungalow. In the evening Sádik came to the great delight of all, and we had a very nice service in which after my baptizing the four females he gave an address

¹ It will strike (and I think please) any one who is a lover of the game to see how often amid his travail for souls R. B. goes on playing cricket with his boys. It was more than a pastime with him, and certainly at times with them. On one occasion I remember his bringing over an eleven from Narowal to play a Gurdaspur eleven belonging to Dera Nanak. My sympathies were cruelly divided between my district and my religion; but eventually the visitors (most of them certainly, if not all, Christians), after a hard struggle, won, and an enthusiastic youth came rushing up to congratulate R. B. with the words: "Victory, victory—I knew we would—I prayed for it all night." This young soldier of the Cross had made top score, so his vigil had not "spoilt his eye." An urgent request was made that the Narowal banner—a red cross on white ground (if I remember rightly)—might be carried in triumph round the town of Dera Nanak; but both Church and State authorities agreed that this was not advisable.

in Punjabi. There were many a prayer and heart wish fulfilled, and Ahmad, who had made up his mind to forsake all and be baptized on the 4th, saw wife and parents and all baptized with him on the 11th. To bed very thankful and only distressed by Ranja's absence.

May 12-15.—Narowal.—Stayed to comfort and settle the converts and to encourage the boys, many of whom were taken away from school and forbidden to come to the bungalow. Constantly preached in the city. People more awake. One day went with Ghose to Raib to see Kishen Singh. The people were some of them very insolent. They threatened me and told me never to come there again. I preached, and the violence of some seemed to open the eyes of others as to where the truth lay. Gradually the boys began to return. The boy of the 4th class, Sant Ram, was sent to Pasrur to be out of danger. The Lord be with him. A poor *Mehtar* (outcaste) Suhba, who heard me preach last time I was here and was struck by my disclaiming all knowledge about God other than what He had Himself revealed, came to inquire and with wonderful seeming delight grasped the more important and salient points in the Gospel scheme. He was so delighted when I told him how the power of love to our Saviour kept Christians from sin that he threw himself at my feet and began shampooing them. He came every day to the bungalow or the school, or both, to learn. I have told Rahmat to try and teach him. But do Thou, O Saviour, touch his eyes Thyself.

Little further comment is needed on these extracts from R. B.'s journal. We are allowed to see in them a piece of the "Punjab Church in the making." Every word is full of life and thought, individualizing the missionary with his helpers and his schoolboys, one by one, through the magnetic power of their teacher, drawn on to seek the Saviour Whom he commends as much by his life as by his words. A brief sequel is needed to round off this tale of early Narowal converts. R. B. has returned to Madhopur, which is still officially his head-quarters, and on Monday, May 26, he writes :—

To my great delight Ranja and Nasrat Ullah arrived. R. very communicative. Decided to defer his baptism till Wednesday in order to give his friends time to pursue.

May 27.—Ranja's father came, but the "interview" was very dull on both sides. The father said: "Are we all going to hell? When you are a Christian, will you sit on a chair with the sahib? ¹ Has the sahib given you 2000 rupees to become a Christian?" In

¹ The right to sit on a chair in the presence of an English district officer has hitherto been a distinct mark of social rank.

evening to bazaar. Ranja's father said: "Everybody would become Christians."

May 28—Mudhopur—. . . At 7 had service, and then going to river baptized Ranja as Hamiduddin (praise of the faith). The Jacobs, Miss Fanshawe, Garstin, and Major Earle were there—not many outsiders. . . .

The next notice of Narowal is in September, 1873, and brings in mention again of Waris afterwards Warisuddin (Heir of the Faith)—one of the most interesting personalities among "the Narowal boys":—¹

September 1-6.—Narowal, where I ought to have been a month ago to protect Waris and Hussain. They are now with their parents, and I have not been able to see either of them. I preached constantly in bazaar. People sometimes very much bent on opposition. They defended lying and fornication. One day I assembled them all together in the *thána* (police station) and explained to them how by violence to Waris and Hussain and by writing a false petition they were all implicated in crime or folly. I said I gave them credit for the warmth of their affections, and therefore would say no more about it. Sant Shah came on last day and asked for baptism. I told him to learn for a month and then present himself again.

It was more than two months, however, before R. B. got back to Narowal. In the meantime he had been to Ambala, where he "married Ghulám Qádir Shah to Rahil" (Rachel), and where "Dyál Singh, whom I did not even know as an inquirer, asked for baptism; but as his father was away, and had entrusted him to a friend, Imamuddin's care, I told him it could not take place without his father's knowledge. This distressed him greatly, and, as I was going away, he asked me, with tears in his eyes, whether I would answer for his salvation if in consequence of my refusal he died unbaptized." R. B. was not well at this time—the heat and hard work had tired him. From Ambala he went up to Dalhousie for a few days with Capt. Marsh, a Christian friend. He stayed a few hours with us in Gurdaspur on the way. But taking as it were only one long cool breath at Dalhousie, he "rushed through to Lahore" to meet his only sister and help her to settle in her new home there with her husband, Mr. Ulick Burke,

¹ See his story in his own words, p. 78.

a barrister. The days were full of burden in his travail for souls—Waris, Sant Shah, Dyál Singh, and several others were, humanly speaking, looking to him—and his health was not good. Yet he went on. On November 9, he baptized Dyál Singh at Madhopur with full knowledge of his father. He writes of this lad: “His joy was very great, and I trust his blessing will be eternal. His earnestness never flags. He told me that he used always to pray as a little boy that God would keep him alive. To-day, he said that at the time of his baptism he realized God and nothing else. He asked to be allowed to accompany Niku Shah to Pathankot on the camel to-morrow. I said: ‘You will die of shaking; but never mind, we will bury you carefully.’ He said: ‘Never mind, I am ready to die at any time now’—meaning as I am a baptized Christian.”

On November 20 he got back to Narowal:—

Lived in Sádík’s house in the city. Taught in school, preached, and got boys together by football, etc. Waris came on the 25th, answered plainly that he was a Christian and would certainly be baptized. The boys by degrees gathered round. Miran Bakhsh, to my great delight, expressed himself equally firm; and Ahmad Bakhsh, his father, seemed influenced partly by the Gospel, partly by his son, and partly by B. N. Ghose’s character, to turn to Christ.

On November 27 is this striking entry: foreboding trouble with Dyál Singh, but joy hereafter with Sant Shah:—

Rode over to Gugomal to see whether Dyál Singh’s mother was ill or not. Found him there. Long talk with the father in son’s presence. Boy professed himself firm, but his looks made me anxious. He had been led away from Amritsar by his father. Came home with a very heavy heart. Long journey thirty-two miles, and not well. In boat, crossing river at night, found Sant Shah waiting for me. He is an extraordinary boy. Says he will be baptized, and that everybody calls him a Christian. On the other hand, he knows nothing more than the outline of the Gospel and a negative creed arising from disapprobation of Mohamed. Said that in answer to his friends’ reproaches he replies: “Mohamed was an idolater, and left it for something better; I am a follower of Mohamed, and will leave him if I find something better still.” We prayed together in a ploughed field. He was much afraid of being seen with me, and his crossing the river was a bold step. Promised to come if he possibly could to Narowal.

On Advent Sunday, November 30, Narowal, he writes :—

Himli received baptism in the bungalow. Besides our own Christians, Gyan Singh, Ahmad Bakhsh, and Basant Singh from Derah were present. Mangal Singh and wife were there too, so we had a good gathering. . . . In evening after dinner all assembled for singing. Basant Singh took a packet of candles with him so as to strike a light and read unseen.

R. B.'s particular care of different inquirers in different stages will be noted. December 3, Narowal, has this entry :—

Day of prayer. I fear I failed to interest the Christians in it, but I look for a blessing to follow. Waris came in evening—very firm and cheerful—says all his efforts with Hussain are in vain. Told me that he always goes up to the top of the house for prayer in the evening.

Dec. 10.—*Narowal—Dharmkot.*—After school set out with Basant Singh on camel. Left *Sawál-Jawáb* (Question and Answer Catechism) for Sant Shah at Miadi. B. S. shot some wild-fowl.¹ In Dharmkot met Kurban² and Ahsan Ali, who are to go with me to Lahore, but were ashamed to be seen leaving Narowal in my company. Went to bazaar at dusk and had a good audience till late.

With the following characteristic sally, the entries about Narowal in the earlier stage come to a close :—

Feb. 11, 1874.—*Manga—Dodha—Narowal.*—Rain threatening, mud prevailing. In Bura Dalla visited school; in Dodha ditto, and preached in bazaar—not so bad as last year, though some were extremely noisy. One Hindu came before all the school and said: "I want to be a Christian, I am a Sansi. What will you give me to live upon?" I told him to catch a jackal for my camel as she was stiff, and I would give him 4 annas to start with.³ Called

¹ Some note seems required about R. B.'s love of sport—and its relation to missionary work. When he was at work, and among Hindus—to whom the killing of birds would be distasteful—he did not shoot; when he was among Mohammedans and Sikhs, who have no such prejudice, he allowed himself to shoot. Here he is shown taking a Sikh villager (apparently) on his camel for a ride, and his gun is also lent to give interest to the youth.

² R. B. was somewhat inconsistent in his spelling of this name. The point is that the letter it began with is an Arabic K, denoted in Hunterian spelling by Ḳ with a dot underneath. R. B. rather preferred Q, which to me is wrong. But it is a trifling matter.

³ No doubt R. B. meant to "answer a fool according to his folly"; but there was something more. The idea of catching a jackal was put before the Sansi to show that Christianity was not intended for "slackers." The jackal

at Chandowal, no Wáris. Reached Narowal in good time and measured new site for church, with which all the Christians are delighted. Had a splendid chance with *kunj* (kind of crane), but cap missed fire three times.

This is the last entry in that part of his journal. I think he had by this time all but settled in Narowal, being drawn to the town by the evident leading of God. I trust that the reader, in spite of the unfamiliarity of the names, will have realized the marvellous facts of spiritual life—of the same kind as narrated in the Acts of the Apostles—which were beginning to happen in this far-off and obscure little Punjab town. For the sake of those who do not understand how educational work can properly form part of a missionary programme it may be recorded that the nucleus of all the happy and successful work at Narowal was the mission school. In fact R. B., writing home a little later than this, says: “The mission at Narowal consists simply of an Anglo-vernacular school, with an average attendance of some seventy boys. The head master and a junior teacher are Christians, and they labour well to make known the truth in school and out.” The so-called “secular” instruction—thanks almost entirely to the excellent head master—was good, and it was permeated through and through with living Christian truth.¹ Mr. Ghose was indeed a fellow worker worthy of being associated with R. B.; and the combination was blessed of God, to the illumination of many young Indian lives. If R. B. had even thus early succumbed to fever, or had been drowned in one of the rivers he made so light of crossing, he would have left behind him a record of striking missionary incisiveness and have started influences on immortal souls which can never perish. But he had much farther to go, and much more to do.

would want a lot of catching, and its use when caught would be that the skin stripped from the body yet warm should be wrapped round the stiff body of the camel. One of the homely prescriptions of country-side therapeutics.

¹ Jalál or Jellaluddin, now a Naib tahsildar, was a Narowal boy, and a good example of the sound start given in education at the mission school: see his letter, p. 131.

CHAPTER VIII

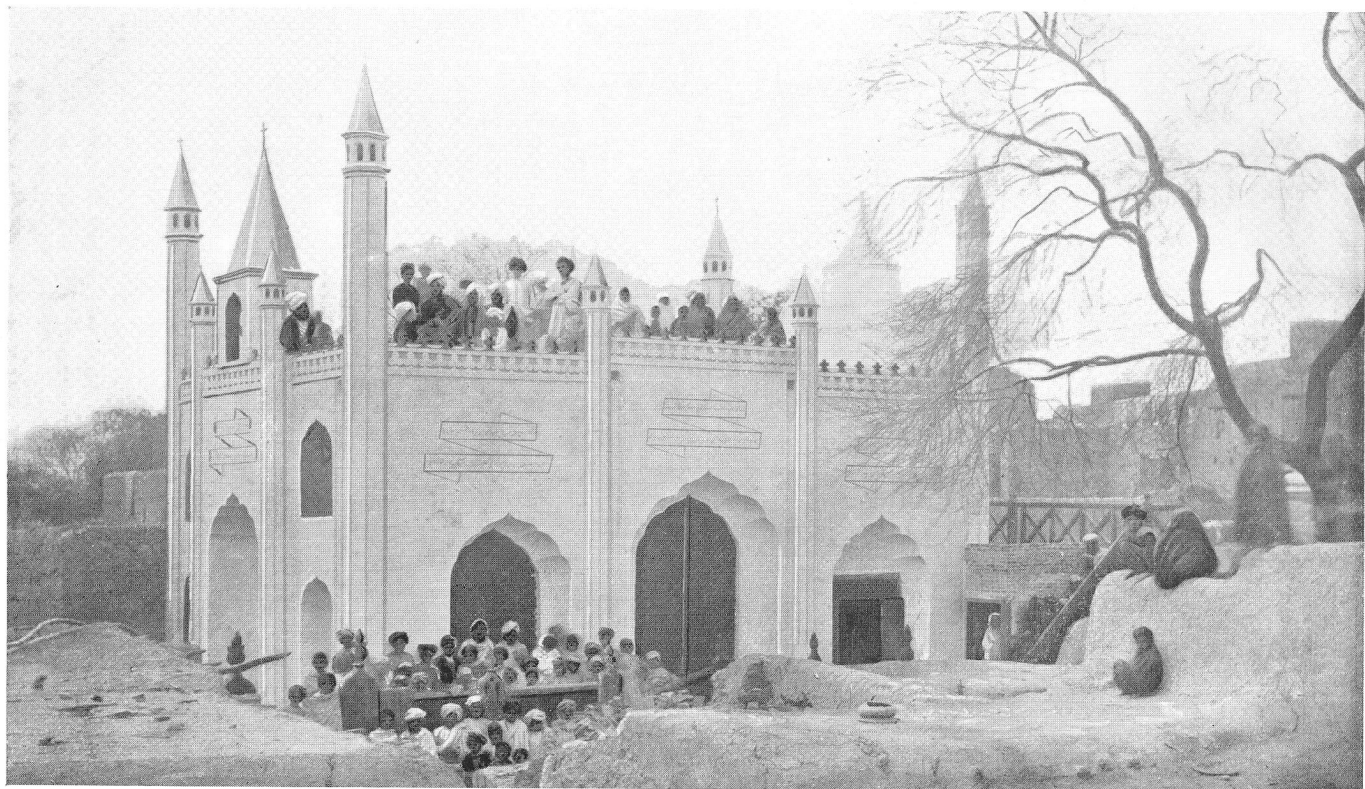
NAROWAL, HOME, AND NAROWAL AGAIN—TYPHOID FEVER, 1874-7

The real courage of the missionary is in the mixture of mental and moral daring with which he faces his great idea itself. A man dares to believe, in spite of all discouragement, in spite of all the brutishness and hateful life of men, in spite of retarded civilization and continual outbreaks of the power of evil, that man is still the child of God, and that the way is wide open for every man to come to his Father, and that the Christ Who has redeemed us to the Father must ultimately claim the whole world for His own. That is the bravest thing a reasonable man can do, thoroughly to believe that and to take, one's whole life and consecrate it to that truth.

PHILLIPS BROOKS

BEREFT of the help of the journal, we cannot trace R. B.'s movements in detail during the remaining part of 1874. His head-quarters were at Narowal; but he moved about from time to time to Lahore, Amritsar, Gurdaspur, etc. The following extract from a letter to me, dated 10 May, 1874, will explain itself:—

It is well that you did not try to get me, for I was at Lahore that day, and strange to say at the very hour you were laying your little one in the grave, I was reading the service over Harrison's child's corpse—little did I think how precious those words of hope and triumph would be to me soon, as taken for the sure pledge of my little godson's safety. How unexpected the welcome which such little ones will receive to their Saviour's bosom! We have believed in His unbounded love which comes over mountains to His beloved, and so we *expect* fullness of joy at His right hand; but how wonderful that the first intelligence which your son exercises should be in such a scene of blessedness! . . . I baptized another Narowal boy



NAROWAL CHURCH, 1874

last week : a very childlike faith he has. I am very glad that little Reynell had something to give to the Church on earth, as all he was is now given to the Church in heaven.

One thing that happened in 1874 was the building of the first Narowal church. Reference was made at the end of the last chapter to the measurement for its site, and construction of the building went on under R. B.'s personal and active superintendence throughout the latter part of the year. He built, in his time, three churches : two at Narowal and one at Clarkabad ; but this one which he began with, as it were a "prentice hand," certainly cost him much labour. Yet the toil was not in vain : he not only got his building, but he was able in the course of the work to give lessons of various kinds to his neighbours, Christian and non-Christian. The dignity of manual labour is a lesson not yet learnt in India, and it must have been an instructive as well as surprising sight to the people of the town to see that the "Padri Sahib"—though as they knew devoted to heavenly things—could spare so much thought and care to earthly matters as to be earnest in seeing that his masons and labourers did their work thoroughly and well, and, enforcing precept by example, to handle tools and bricks himself. These bricks were made by men new to the task, who learnt with and under R. B. The occupation of brickmaker was in a way forced upon him, as he writes at the time :—

My Mohammedan neighbours could not square it with their consciences to sell me bricks for so unholy a purpose at less than treble their value. I have taken the contract for five years¹. The work is under Christian management, and the trade on Christian principles, and I have the pleasure of seeing, in the increasing adornment of their shops and houses during my absence, a proof that the inhabitants of Narowal appreciate good cheap bricks at a fixed price, if they do not altogether approve of the means by which they are supplied.

As a brother missionary recently wrote to me, "he was not particularly a business-man," but his "common

¹ For the town sweepings, which gave him the fuel for his brick-kiln.

sense and patience" and Englishman's doggedness carried him through this and many other difficulties. The church was opened at the end of the year, when some English friends from neighbouring districts were present, as well as some forty Indian Christians from Amritsar, Sialkot, and Ghorewaha (Hoshiarpur). Side by side with his church-building in the material sense went on his building of the spiritual Church of Narowal. There are no statistics available to show exactly how many souls came out to own Christ as their Saviour and Master during 1874 and the years immediately following, but they made a band large enough to rejoice the heart of him who was God's instrument in calling them to Himself.¹ Some special record must be made of two cases—those of "Waris" and "Prithu," or, giving them the honourable titles by which they have been since known, the Rev. Warisuddin and Dr. Dina Nath Prithu Datta. I had hoped to find space to print in full their own stories, kindly written for this book; but I must abridge, though as far as possible the freshness of the originals will be preserved. Chronologically, Waris leads slightly, though he and Prithu were almost like twin brothers when they first came to England in 1875 with R. B. Waris writes thus:—

I was reading in the Narowal mission school in 1873, when I decided to be a Christian; my people took me away by force. Mr. Bateman, who was living in Madhopur, heard that and moved from there² and made Narowal his head-quarters. He lived in a mud house; he used to put on a turban and wear Indian shoes; he made himself an Indian so that he may win Indians to Christ.

I was an inquirer in those days. I used to go and see him now and then; he used to read the Word of God with me and had prayers. I often met him in the Narowal bazaar. Mr. Bateman had told me never to salaam him, neither ever talk to him, so that people may not know that I had any connexion with him. He had told me once that I should touch my ear and pass by, which meant that I am firm in my faith.

As I had refused to be baptized in 1873, Mr. Bateman said I must

¹ In one report R. B. refers to a set alphabetically—A to L.

² Waris's trouble was not the sole cause of the move, but no doubt it largely influenced R. B.

wait one more year. It was in August, 1874, when he decided that I should come out. He got the Superintendent of Police to be at Narowal at that time so that the people may not trouble me as they did in 1873. Mr. Bateman and the police officer called all the leading men, both Hindus and Mohammedans. I was asked to stand before them and publicly confess Christ, which I did; then Mr. Bateman gave me a tumbler of water and asked me to drink that water, which I did; so the people believed my religion was spoiled, and they left me. Mr. Bateman took me to the Deputy Commissioner of Sialkot. When we were going to Sialkot, we had to cross a river, which was over-flooded, Mr. Bateman and the police officer helped me in crossing. Mr. Bateman said that if I was drowned it will have a bad effect on heathens, so he was very careful for me.

On our returning from Sialkot I rode with Mr. Bateman on his camel, and then we slept in a manger in the jungle; then Mr. Bateman told me that Lord Jesus when He was born was placed in a manger. He baptized me in the Narowal school building, for there was no church there in August, 1874.¹ The reason of his baptizing me before my people was that in future I won't have any difficulty in confessing Christ before them. After my baptism, he took me to Ambala and placed me in the school which was in 32nd Regt.

Mr. Bateman was in Amritsar, and he wrote to me that when the Ambala train reaches Amritsar in the morning he remembers me and prays for me. When he was building the first Narowal church he asked me to choose a verse from the Bible and send it to him, and he will put it in the building.

Dr. Datta was one of the Narowal schoolboys. His father took him away so that he may not be a Christian; his father took him to Lahore, and he was reading in the government school. I was reading in the Amritsar mission school; Mr. Bateman sent me to Lahore, and said go and *shikar karo* (hunt up) that boy. Dr. Datta came out on the 20th of January, 1875. Mr. Bateman came to receive him, he was taken to Amritsar and baptized the same day.

Mr. Bateman took Dr. Datta and myself to England; the reason of his taking us was that our people may not take us back. We were both homesick at Aden, and he took great pain to comfort us. He kept us with his brother, Mr. John Bateman, in Brightlingsea, Essex. When he heard us speaking in Punjabi, he separated us so that we may learn English.

This idea of getting one boy or youth to look after another, even though the "hunter" be only one stage ahead of the "hunted," was a principle which R. B. used

¹ " 'For two years this has been my desire,' was his answer when formally asked if he would be baptized"—R. B.'s journal.

in several cases, and is based on sound spiritual psychology. It excites the human interest of the employé, keeps him from morbid introspection, and, by giving him an opportunity of active confession, strengthens his faith. The five months' seniority in the Christian Church was not, I think, afterwards remembered on either side.

Something of Prithu's story has already been told in Dr. Stock's "History of the C.M.S.," vol. iii., p. 146. Prithu himself writes :—

I was one of those who were removed by their parents in 1873 or 1874 from the Narowal mission school, because just at that time some conversions took place from the school. My father took me to Lahore and left me there with my aunt ; but as at the time there was no idea or any fear of my becoming a Christian, no objection was made by anybody to my joining the late Dr. Forman's school in Rangmahal. Here I went on learning and loving Christianity, like other boys, and learnt to sing Christian hymns.

It was during this time of my life, when Mr. Bateman paid a visit to the Rangmahal school, that I recognized him as our Narowal Padri Sahib ; and as it was recess-time, and I was walking about in the large quadrangle of the school when Mr. Bateman entered it in company with the late Mr. Charles Newton, I went up to them in haste and, touching Mr. Bateman with the hand, I paid him my salaams. He was surprised at these tokens of affection from a boy, whom he might have seen at Narowal among the crowd, but never known ; but this he did not let out to me, and received me quite lovingly, and took down a mental note about me. I recognized him by his white pagri and his long sandy red beard, as well as by his loving, sympathetic, and smiling face. There could be no mistake about that. Henceforth, I became an object of his prayers.

My parents found out at Lahore that my tendencies were strongly Christian ; so I was removed from this school and sent to the government Anglo-vernacular school. During this time, Hamid and Rahmat (Messrs. Sálik and Waiz) were studying at the Lahore medical school and living in the "Mahá Singh Ká Bágh." They came to know of my whereabouts through Mr. Bateman, and befriended me and encouraged me to learn more of Christianity. Then came the summer vacations, during which we all went back to Narowal ; and, on the way at Amritsar, these friends took me to see Mr. Bateman at Mr. Clark's house. This was my second intercourse with him. Finally, after reaching Narowal, I visited him almost daily at his Indian home—a part of Mian Nasrat Ullah's house inside the town. At this time Mr. Bateman was very much pre-

occupied about Hassan and Waris's case, who somehow had been carried away by their parents from the mission compound and thus prevented from being baptized. I offered to help Mr. Bateman, and used to carry his messages to Waris, and this I did for as long as I was at Narowal; and used to ask him to brave up and come out along with me and be baptized. But I was soon carried away by my father from Narowal to the houses of my relations here and there all over the country, just to get me ridiculed by them for wishing to become a Christian. During these trips also, Mr. Bateman managed to send his lieutenants to see me and to give me his message, which was the same what he had taught me at Narowal during my daily visits to him: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life." He also wrote a letter by post to my father and comforted him about me. It was on this occasion that I managed to draw, in a corner of the envelope of my father's letter to Mr. Bateman, a small tiny head with a stick in the ear¹; and Mr. Bateman knew by this little picture that God was keeping me faithful. But further trials made me resolve not to receive baptism until I was a man and my parents were dead and gone. . . . Having made up my mind thus, I gave a promise to my parents that I was not going to become a Christian *now*. I meant it as a Jesuit—shame on me for this—but I had no better light in my soul then. And as a further result of this I wrote the same to Mr. Bateman, and requested him not to write to me any more, nor try to see me anywhere. But he did not give me up. He sent letters first through an old Hindu friend, and lastly through "Bhais Waris, and Ahmad"—the former by now had been baptized, and looked so happy that I felt quite ashamed of myself for having made the opposite resolution to what I had previously tried to urge and impress upon him at Narowal. Furthermore, just at this time I got very ill with high fever, so much so that I felt I was dying—and that, too, without having received the baptism of Christ my Lord. I prayed, and resolved that if I became well, I would at once go and ask for baptism from Mr. Bateman. God cured me and enabled me to keep to my last resolution. I wrote to Mr. Bateman, who promptly came over from Amritsar, saw me, and the next day I accompanied him to Amritsar and was there baptized the same day in the afternoon. My parents of course became very much upset, and some friends put them up to sue Mr. Bateman in the courts for "abducting a minor"; and in order to give support to this charge, they reduced my age by two to three years by getting the family pandit to tamper with my horoscope.

¹ I would have had a facsimile made of this for insertion here, but the "ear" is too small really for effective show: It required the love of a "Paul" to find out what "Timothy" had written, though once found the marks are indubitable though "tiny."

The judge examined me and found that I was precocious enough to decide for myself; and that I had not been abducted; and he would have given me liberty to choose for myself between Mr. Bateman and my parents but there was no need for him to do so: because at his warning them my parents withdrew the charge of abduction. During all this trial Mr. Bateman did not allow himself at all to be ruffled in his temper, but throughout treated my father with sympathy. He knew and felt that all that my father was doing was through intense parental agony of soul coupled with intense ignorance.

From this time onward, Mr. Bateman's treatment of me and Waris as sons was never abated, in spite of our faults and waywardness. Then very soon after my baptism he was ordered home to England on account of his health. When our parents heard of this, they rejoiced: for this circumstance made another plan loom before their minds to rescue us from Mr. Bateman's "clutches" (for they thought we were bewitched by him), their plan being to seduce us home and then to go away with us into Kashmir territory; there to make us renounce our new faith, or turn us into imbeciles somehow rather than let us continue being Christians. Mr. Bateman got wind of this and decided that Waris and I should accompany him to England: this meant his going as a deck passenger or in the 2nd class; but he put up with this also. This arrangement was a special favour of God to us both (Waris and me), for it brought us into touch with such Christians that we felt that we had been transported into heaven itself. It strengthened our faith and made it deep-rooted at once almost.

His one longing desire was that Waris should become a merchant and I a padri; but somehow, it has come about to pass somewhat differently. Brother Waris is already a priest in full holy orders and I am still outside the pale. But even this did not detract from his love for me. He has died happy with regard to Warisuddin; about me he must know by now in heaven why it did not please the Lord to make me into a Church minister also. We praise God for this His servant's exemplary Christian life, which to us his sons was always a special source of blessings: and will now be an inspiration to the end of our lives, till we all meet again at our blessed Jesu's feet.¹

¹ It may be added that "Waris" is now a faithful and honoured clergyman working as he has for years in the toilsome sphere of the "Bar" among the Christians of the poorer classes; while Dr. Datta, who obtained the gold medal of his University of Edinburgh for a post-graduate thesis on plague and its treatment, has been a District Civil Surgeon in government employ for many years. He has lately retired on pension, and hopes to give his remaining time to direct missionary work as a doctor.

These cases have been quoted at some length as striking examples of what the Gospel of Jesus Christ can do for Indians as much as for Englishmen. But they are only two out of many that might be narrated if there were space. Enough however has been said, I trust, to show that these early years at Narowal were brightened by the presence of a glad young cohort of Christian youths, coming out one by one, or two together, and confessing Christ with great courage. It was the collective effect of these conversions that became the magnet for numbers of the "depressed" or "outcaste" classes in the succeeding years—to draw them toward the religion that made men so good.

At the same time there were disappointments. I have already drawn attention to the fact that light means shadow, and that rejection of truth is found alongside of its acceptance. Here is a document which, given without names, is a valuable contribution to the inner spiritual history of the time—a letter from one who has accepted the light to a youth of his own age who, alas! has refused it: in spirit it takes us back to the earliest time of Christian apologetics:—

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I hope to go to Narowal soon, but the prospect of going there gives me no pleasure because you, my dear brother, leaving the straight path have turned back again: that is, you have left the way of God and followed the way of the Devil—as it is written in the "Pilgrim's Progress" that Pliable went with Christian to the Slough of Despond and when he saw misery went back again, so have you done, and now you revile the Lord Christ. I am very much grieved that you knowingly do this. You know quite well what used to go on last year, how gracious God was, and yet you have now wilfully chosen the service of Satan. Tell me, brother, what good you have seen in Mohammedanism that you should have chosen it—only this that my father will weep and my mother will weep if I am a Christian. Well, but tell me how you will answer God. Will He let you off on such grounds? Never, but will punish you with eternal wrath. So, dear brother, you should consider and turn towards God: do not be caught in the Devil's net: you tell people that you were the Devil's servant before and now you are on the straight road. You

may say this to others, but you cannot say it to me, because you know that what we got last year we got by prayer. You know how every morning we prayed in Makhan Shah's grove, and by what winding paths and with what difficulties we used to go to the mission house and at night to the bridge, and you know what we used to talk about then. Did we do evil? Have you more understanding now than you had then? Why do you say: "I was bad before, now I am good"? Brother, consider and turn to the Lord! What more shall I write?—I am always praying that God would be with you and deliver you from Satan's bondage. I am greatly distressed that you showed me the way I should walk in, you lighted *my* lamp, and your own lamp is gone out. You are aware that you are trusting one who never said, "Whosoever believeth on me shall be saved." You know what righteousness goes on in the shops of Narowal, and you can well judge whether it is good or bad. For instance, once when I was sitting in your shop I said that it was very wrong to tell a lie. You answered that without lying we could not make a living. Your father came in and said the same thing as you did. Good; now judge whether this is the "straight road" to heaven or hell.

On 19 Feb., 1875, there is an isolated entry at Kadian worth noting: "Nihal Singh said: 'We are tender and the Christian religion is a naked sword, we cannot bear it. We have got many benefits from the British rule—rail and telegraphs, and learning—but we have not got the real thing yet.' *I have pain but no relief from it yet.*" On this there is the sad entry written 17 Feb., 1905: "After many days of acute pain went into Amritsar and had my right ear lanced (inside) at hospital. Ought to have stayed several days for dressing of wound, but the relief obtained was so great that I went on toward Gagomal. The wound never was properly joined, and the flesh and skin hardened into a lump which increased and blocked the ear very gradually so that now I am completely deaf on that (right) side."

This explains the painful (though not fatal) malady which was so heroically endured for several years before his death. It is futile to lament, and worse to blame his regardlessness of self. That summer he spent at home on his first furlough, which characteristically he shortened to less

than half the usual time. There is no record of his doings in England, though he must have gladdened his mother and father with his matured and proved Christian power and manhood. His thirty-fifth birthday saw him start again for India and Narowal, where he continued his vigorous and fruitful work with widening success, his name and personality becoming better known to thousands of Punjabis. About this time (R. B. himself dates it "*circa*. 1877") came the incident which is here told in his own words, which in places seem to echo even now his very voice¹ :—

Among my pupils in Narowal school was a young Mohammedan very bitterly opposed to Christianity; indeed he left my school in order to avoid the contamination thereof, but as I was a doctor as well as schoolmaster he ventured to come to me from time to time for the cure of his eyes. I did all I could for him and then said that he must go to Lahore where I would show him to a real doctor, I being only a quack. It was arranged that we should go on a certain date; he was to meet me the first stage out and he did so at night, I having promised him a ride on the camel for the rest of the journey. At the appointed time he came bringing a cousin with him, a stranger to me, who was evidently in very bad health. I asked him who this was and why he brought him. He explained that suspicion would attach to himself if it became known that he went to Lahore with me, and therefore he had brought his cousin who was a reliable Mohammedan to bear witness if any question arose as to the real object of his joining forces with me. I expressed astonishment that so ardent a Mohammedan as he was should need any corroboration. However, I received the young man and gave him and my pupil a mat to sleep on under my bed in my tiny tent. In the middle of the night I heard my pupil saying to his cousin while he poked him in the ribs: "Get up, Qurban, get up; the cocks are crowing, prayer is better than sleep."² Qurban grunted in reply and both went to sleep again. Later on when the cocks really did begin to crow the disturbance was renewed and Qurban was again urged to pray on the ground that the sun was now "spear high" in the sky. On this they got up and went out of the tent and I renewed my slumbers. When I was up and dressed I went out of the tent and found the two youths sitting on the village well.

¹ Autobiographical Notes, third instalment.

² See entry 10 Dec., 1873, in journal, p. 74 *supra* and note. The word is the same as "Corban" in the New Testament, and means sacrifice.

After ordinary salutations and oriental questionings I inquired whether they had said their prayers. "Yes," said my pupil, "we have," with an emphasis on the "we" intended to differentiate between Moslems and Christians. I asked: "Do you not ask God's forgiveness for the lies you told in inciting your cousin to prayer?" "What lies?" said he. I pointed out the chronological inexactitude he had been guilty of. I left him somewhat crestfallen and returned to my tent. When ready to start I called the youths and said to my pupil: "You have got bad eyes but good legs, whereas your cousin is unfit to travel"; so I put the sick youth on the saddle behind me and off we went leaving my pupil to follow on foot, as seemed fair in the circumstances. Thus Qurban and I had two days' journey together alone. I naturally was very sorry for him, and we rode slowly and I talked to him of his health and gave him my opinion about it. From this we passed to more important matters. I told him the message of salvation through Christ, an entirely new subject to him, opening as we went along the remedy for the sting of death. By the time we got to Lahore I had an earnest inquirer after salvation in the saddle behind me.

Of course it was essential that my pupil should know nothing about this as he would have given up all thought of continuing his journey had he suspected what was going on in his cousin's mind. When we got to Lahore I told my friend the doctor (a member of the C.M.S. Committee out there) about the matter and begged him to give me some medicine for Qurban after treating the eyes of the other lad. He did so, telling me at the same time that Qurban's case was hopeless.

I took them both to Amritsar and a friend gave me a room and another for the lads. I proposed to stop there some time in order to carry on the teaching of Qurban. This, however, had to be done without the knowledge of his cousin, and the wisdom of the serpent on my part was somewhat taxed in providing messages for the one which would send him away while I talked to the other.

On the second day I got an urgent message from Narowal that the government Inspector was coming on the following day, and that he was an Hindu. My school therefore would suffer if I was not at hand to see fair play. Thirty miles and a couple of rivers separated me from Narowal, so I had to set out at once. I sent off my pupil on a message in order to get rid of him, and told Qurban that I should be back in two days. He at once said: "Who then will teach me?" I told him that the great teacher was the Holy Spirit, and gave him a Bible to use. He accepted it gladly and put it under his pillow and lay back on it, but immediately sat up again saying: "This will not do, sir; it is too fat and my cousin will be sure to see it." So I gave him a paper bound copy of the Psalms. He inquired what the book was, and when I told him he said: "That will

do, as the Psalms come from God." I was just leaving him when with a changed and anxious countenance he pulled out the little book saying: "This is the right size, but can I find Christ in the Psalms?" I turned down two or three pages in which he could find Christ and left him satisfied. I have never seen him since.

When I returned from my journey, I found both beds empty and not a trace of the young men left. Our host could tell me nothing of their departure or the reason of it. About a month afterwards I saw a sad procession bearing Qurban's corpse for interment in a Mohammedan graveyard. It was not for months afterwards that I discovered what had happened. It seems that Qurban in his cousin's absence had been slaking his thirst from the Psalms, and in the comfort he found there had fallen asleep before hiding away his book. His companion returned, and seeing the book awakened the sleeper and demanded what it was and where he got it from and why. He told him that I had given it him because he wanted it and because he believed in Jesus. That was enough. There and then he was routed out of bed and taken back to Narowal. Three years afterwards my pupil was a Christian.¹ In three years more one day he brought me what looked like a parcel wrapped in cloth, and said: "My father, this is your grandson, will you baptize him and give him a name?" I immediately used the text, which I do not yet understand, and said: "Yes, I will baptize him for the dead." That parcel is now a father himself, and his name is Qurban, for can I doubt that the dead lad's confession of faith was accepted before God, and that though unbaptized that poor body will take part in the first resurrection, though it lies in a Mohammedan graveyard?²

This same year, 1877, saw him prostrated with typhoid fever. He tells his mother about it in three letters—June to July—from which I make the following extracts:—

I had a terrible ride from Narowal on the 10th of April.³ I rested four days in Amritsar and on the 14th went on rather wearily through Lahore to Clarkabad. I did not dine in Lahore because I heard that a friend of mine was encamped close to Raiwind (the Clarkabad Station then), and I knew he would want me to dine and sleep with him. I reached the place where he was

¹ Now the Rev. Canon Ihsan Ullah, in the diocese of Lahore.

² Cf. the saying (author unknown) that "many a Christian will at the Resurrection come forth from a Mohammedan grave."

³ This must have been the occasion (see *supra*, p. 24) when, having fallen asleep in the saddle, he was knocked off his horse by a bough of a tree hanging over the road.

to be, very weary indeed. To my horror he had changed his plans and would not be there for four days, so I had to get an ekka and travel along a rough road, reaching Clarkabad, with every bone aching, at 10 P.M. Not expected, no bed, dinner, or even tea to be had. So far preparation had been made for me that the rats which swarmed in the hut I occupy had been poisoned a few days before, and in the heat they had become terribly offensive; but I had such a cold that I did not smell or even *feel* it—as the Scotch say—and for two days I lived and ate and drank in this stench. I think that I got poisoned, though effects did not appear then.

On April 27, however, he became obviously unwell and started to Lahore to consult Dr. Scriven. The journey made him worse. When he reached the doctor's house in an ekka, he found a bed ready for him, and the doctor when he returned from his rounds forbade him to go on till he was better—knowing what this meant, as he had guessed the disease from what R. B. had written to him. Such is the Christian hospitality of a good Civil Surgeon in India.

By God's blessing on Dr. Scriven's skilful care R. B.; who was rather reproved by his doctor when he told him that "his lungs, heart, and bowels had never made a mistake in their lives to back him up," came through the fell disease without complications and was sent away to the hills to recuperate—though, as he wrote, he "grudged these long visits to the hills exceedingly." We must break the sequence of events here to explain the reason of his journey to Clarkabad and what came of it. This will conveniently begin a new chapter.

CHAPTER IX

CLARKABAD—MARRIAGE—SECOND FURLOUGH—NAROWAL— KASHMIR, 1876-85

In this work-a-day world, the best reward for good work done is the power of doing more, and doing it better.

IN a country like India, where nine-tenths of the people live in villages, and the mainstay of life is agriculture, a very strong inclination possesses most missionaries to see their converts quietly and industriously earning their livelihood as labourers on the soil, and if possible peasant-proprietors. My own experience in India as a Revenue Officer leads me to sympathize keenly with this desire, which on the whole I believe sound. But there are many difficulties which those who have not had practical handling of the problems connected with the subject can hardly realize, and Clarkabad, though speaking generally it has done well, has had a good many "ups and downs" in its somewhat chequered history. It belongs to our present purpose to deal briefly with only the earlier days of the village settlement. Through the sympathetic consideration of the Government of the Punjab, a lease of land somewhat exceeding 2000 acres was given to four influential Indian Christians about the year 1868. The main condition was that within ten years—i.e. by 1878—the village should be so far brought under cultivation, and should have such a resident body of cultivators, sufficient in number and agricultural effectiveness, that Government might consider the place settled enough to bear a reasonable revenue assessment to be engaged

for by a suitable body of responsible cultivators. At the beginning of 1876, with the end of the ten years drawing near, this condition had not been fulfilled by the lessees; and they helplessly admitted their inability to fulfil it—they could not get men to come and settle in the “village” as cultivators. As a matter of missionary policy the matter was urgent, and the local authorities as represented by Mr. Clark, the Secretary, turned to R. B. to see if he could not by his known personality and energy save the land to the Mission. Government on learning what was being proposed consented to renew the lease provisionally, and R. B. set himself to deal with the matter. At first he made short visits to Clarkabad, but later he found he must lengthen his stay there, and between the years 1876 and 1881 he was much engaged in the affairs of the village.¹ The place is situated on the Bari Doab Canal in the lower part of its course, about three miles from Raiwind, the junction of the Lahore Multan, and the Lahore Firozpur, Sirsa, and Rewari lines of railway. When R. B. engaged in the work, there was not—so wrote Robert Clark—one native Christian in it; but the magic of R. B.’s name drew many applicants, most of them non-Christian—the first baptism in Clarkabad took place in November, 1876, the next rather more than a year after. Then things moved more quickly, and in the next eleven years, nearly 300 persons were baptized. The dominant difficulty was to make sure that the immigrants were, or were willing to become, Christians at heart, and not merely persons seeking social uplift or advantage; and in working at this problem R. B. spared neither his body nor mind. No amount of physical toil was too great, no mental strain too exciting for him to undertake, provided that the result might conduce to the building up of the spiritual temple

¹ The name was given while Mr. Clark was home on furlough. It is the easiest-sounding name, except perhaps Lyallpur, of all the hybrid concoctions of names of Englishmen with Indian suffixes; cf. Edwardesabad (Bannu), Montgomerywala, Batemanabad.



CLARKABAD CHURCH, 1876-7

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of his Master in the congregation of Clarkabad. And he had something of a reward: he placed the village in the way of making a good start physically as well as spiritually. As an emblem of such well-being of course he must have a church, and accordingly in the midst of the flat and open country of that neighbourhood there arose the fair and heart-uplifting spire of the Clarkabad church (see illustration facing this page).¹ On this building, as at Narowal, R. B. worked as supervising mason, and he also wrote the "illuminated" text on the outside front.²

For several years after this, when back at Narowal, R. B. felt that he might have to shoulder the burden of Clarkabad in an emergency. It is part of the reward of the specially effective man that many turn to him for help in their own tasks, and R. B., if he could possibly give help, always gave it.

In the hot weather of 1878 he took a band of young Christians, students, and others into Kangra, using the time both for spiritual teaching and at the same time for healthy exercise and hardening of their bodies by climbing mountains. The following letter written to an old friend in England gives a glimpse into this life together with a reference to an interesting personage who always showed his best side to R. B. :—

Dharmsala,
13:9:'78.

MY DEAR —

. . . I have had a party of ten Christians with me, and we have been travelling over hills and dales of a size that European

¹ I had just bared my head at the sight of it on the occasion of my first visit to Clarkabad when he and some of his boys rushed out of their hiding-place on the route with shouts of welcome—an incident not soon to be forgotten. My little bit of help was given in drawing up a set of village revenue accounts, which on revisiting India more than twenty years after (in 1904) I found still in use.

² When he asked one of his Christian helpers what he thought of it, the loyal but truthful answer was received: "Sahib, it is good since you wrote it, but it is not like the writing of a (professional) fine-writer."

³ This friend, while these sheets are passing through the press, has had his home-call, and is now *with R. B.* in the presence of their common Master.

sightseers can form no conception of. We have just come over a pass 15,000 feet high. The delight of the boys in it and in the little frozen lakes at the top was most amusing. At the very top were most beautiful flowers wherever the snow had melted. . . . I have been collecting flowers of most exquisite kinds. On the top of one hill, 10,000 feet, I gathered without moving from the spot sixteen different kinds of flowers, and one of my boys (Prithu) from within about fifty yards of the same spot brought me forty-two different blossoms in his hands. No dreams of flowery prairies or fairy lands ever brought me near the lovely reality of the beauty of the carpeting of these almost untrodden mountains. I met an old lady who said (when I was remarking on the fact that nobody got any pleasure out of this profusion of loveliness) that she thought that angels delighted to look into the arcana of God's works in nature, as well as of grace. A very nice remark. . . .

I had a very great friend—an outsider—i.e. one who made no profession of Christianity—who was going home in July and begged and besought me to go with him, offering to take care of me *en route*. I have just heard that he caught a cold in the Red Sea and died at Venice on August 6. Such a splendid fellow he was, and one whom I quite hoped to see a magnificent Christian some day. I feel his death more than I have felt anything since dear L—— was dropped into the bay of Bengal. He was exactly our age. His name was F—— H——.

The happy gathering at Kapurthala in the Christmas week of 1878 has already been mentioned in Chapter III, page 25. It was there that my wife and I were introduced to R. B.'s future wife. Daughter of a distinguished Indian civilian on the Bombay side, Helen Mary Melvill was married to Rowland Bateman at Baroda on 25 Nov., 1879. The married life which began so happily was clouded over before long by Mrs. Bateman's ill-health. R. B. himself was invalided home in 1881, and that gave them some happy days together in England. When he returned to India in 1884, she was obliged to remain behind, but came out next year to him to share his always hard life. I find this little cameo of description in one of his reports, 15 April, 1886:—

After visiting the boys' school [this was somewhere in Kangra where he itinerated for a brief time] I got hold of a young teacher who is just leaving us and made a last and I fear a fruitless appeal to his conscience and understanding. Five years ago he was a promising engineer and on the very threshold of the Door of Life.

Now he has relapsed into vulgar idolatry, and comes to school with idol marks upon his forehead which I had once hoped to sign with the Sign of the Cross. Saddened I went to the girls' school, where my wife was giving a singing lesson. "Far, far, away" ("dur, dur hai dur") was what fell on my ear, and as I stood and listened I could not help reflecting how very "far, far away" from any happy land the surroundings of those young lives would keep them.

I quote the passage primarily as giving, so far as I know, the last record of Mrs. Bateman's being able to work in India. She had soon after to give up the unavailing struggle and to return to England, where she lived with her three, and latterly two, children, till her death in 1896. I am anticipating chronology here, but it is best to deal as a whole with a matter which caused great grief to both: to her because she longed deeply, as I know, to be a help and no hindrance to her husband in his work; to him because, apart from the tearing of heart-strings through separation, the loss of a helpmeet in his work was a deep disappointment and searching discipline. "I prayed first for a good missionary, next for a good wife," he said to me once.¹

To return now to the chronological course of events in 1877. By the autumn he was ready for work again, and in his itineration was accompanied by the Rev. H. U. (afterward Dr.) Weitbrecht, a new and very valuable addition to the Society's staff of missionaries in the Punjab. From his memorial notice which appeared in the same number of the "C.M. Review" with mine, I take some interesting points:—

At that time Bateman had a long auburn beard, and told me how once going into a village he met a pleasant-looking Moham-

¹ It must be remembered that for the married Englishman in India, this spectre of separation from wife or family, or from both, has ever to be faced. Many a civilian has to labour on alone for years in order that the claims of his service may be fully met. So that a missionary in accepting loneliness for himself and (what he knows and feels to be harder) for his wife, is doing only what the layman often does. This is not said with any view of minimizing the sacrifice which R. B. made, but as enforcing a point sometimes lost sight of when arm-chair criticism attacks a missionary for being "hard on his own people."

medan with whom he exchanged a kindly greeting. The man took hold of his beard¹ with the words: "Brother, glory be to Allah thy beard is the very colour of the Prophet's."

And again:—

At that time it was much more difficult to get an audience for preaching in the towns and villages, and very often an opponent would plant himself in front of the preacher, and pronounce a long and abusive harangue. To meet this, Bateman acquired the art of knitting, and always had a stocking with him, at which he would work while the vituperation lasted, putting it by to resume discourse when the opponent's breath or language failed.

After his marriage in 1879 there is nothing that calls for special record in a biography like this, which can deal only with salient events, till R. B. was invalided home early in 1881. The particular reason for this temporary separation from work which became dearer to him every year is not to be ascertained, but we may take it for granted that he had overdrawn on the magnificent bank of his constitutional strength. One of the facts brought home by a study of his life in this aspect is that though physically efficient as a general rule, and always ready to act as efficient on an emergency which seemed brought in his way by duty, he did from time to time suffer much more than would have been supposed by strangers or casual acquaintances. I must confess to some surprise at finding that he was not nearly so "always fit" as I had imagined him to be. He went through a good deal of fever: in fact his system was pretty full of malaria for many years, but this he would regard as an ordinary incident of an Indian working life. At any rate, he had to come home this time for somewhat lengthy repairs. Part of the time he spent with his elder brother John in a pleasant and novel trip to the Argentine in South America. A longer period (January, 1882 to July, 1883) was spent in taking temporary charge of Nonnington parish² in Kent, where his friend Mr. Plumtre

¹ Cf. the less complimentary description used by the mohant of Pindori; see *supra*, p. 60.

² I remember going round the village once with him, and hearing him talk to the children in school, and to some parishioners he met in the street. I

lived, and where we paid him a pleasant visit. Toward the end of 1882, I find from his deputation book that he had begun the work, which he did so abundantly and efficiently, of pleading for the Society throughout the country. This, however, will be best dealt with when we come to the special chapter on his deputation work. In 1884 he was again ready to start Eastward Ho!—Mrs. Bateman having to stay behind. This explains the Committee's reference in their farewell address to the loneliness of this stage of his enterprise. He left England on October 15. It is worth while to quote part of the letter of instructions (given to every individual missionary) which denoted with more or less particularity the line of work which the Committee wished the outgoing worker to pursue. This document has become of less importance of late years owing to the decentralizing reform which leaves the particular station of any missionary to the discretion of the local governing body in each Mission. This in itself is a wise change, as the more free we can leave the workers in the field to govern themselves the better. Still, the line of a man like R. B. would always be known, and kept free from interference except under the direst emergency.

After some words of sympathy mixed with warning about "a continuing weak state of health," the Secretaries go on to say: "The Committee are only too thankful to think of your being once again in the Mission," but they entreat him "to the utmost" to take care of his health. Then expressing their sense of the importance of his itinerating work, they say: "The Committee would rejoice to think of some young native Christians being led out into such itinerating work, and being taught it under your guidance and leadership." The document ends

remarked on the facility he showed. "Oh, I can do this sort of thing," he answered, "I don't call this brain work!" He used to laugh at himself as having "Punjab head"—a kind of brain-fag induced by excessive work in torrid heat—but he varied much from time to time. His mind so dominated his body that, just when he might have been expected to collapse physically, his will asserted its power, enabling him to go on working in a really wonderful manner.

with a prayer for God's blessing "on those dear ones whom you leave behind you." It is good to remember that R. B. drew several younger Indian Christians into the hard service of tent and road which he had so emphatically made his own, and thus he lives in their feet and voices.

He returned to Narowal and spent the cold weather in his usual multiplicity of labours: itineration, superintendence of agents, personal dealings with men of all kinds, attendance at Conference (which he sometimes grudged when talk became long), a general widening of horizons, and deepening of responsibilities. The spring of 1885 found him rather worked out, so that he was not rebellious when reminded that the home Committee meant him to spend the hot weather away from the plains. His own account is as follows: "I went up to Kashmir in charge of Mrs. Maconachie and two boys and Fred Weitbrecht. I was out of health myself and sent to the hills. Walked up from Gujrat 150 miles to Srinagar. Settled Mrs. Maconachie and the boys and went out itinerating with Dr. McCulloch who was then helping Dr. A. Neve."

This short entry covers a time which will never be forgotten by any of those he thus escorted like a veritable Greatheart in charge of feeble pilgrims.¹ But he refers to it mainly to get on to his experience of the terrible

¹ One or two incidents may be briefly transcribed from a diary kept of the journey:—

"The next thing was the boys rushing into my room, calling out: 'Mother, Mr. Bateman is washing outside at the well,' and then giving a minute description of the performance. . . ." Again: "We were sitting in the veranda (at Thanna Mandi) having breakfast when the *khidmatgar* (table-servant) came running in at one end, pointing to the other and saying there was a mad dog coming along toward us. I pushed the boys into a room, and went in with them, shutting the doors. We soon heard Mr. Bateman's gun, and came out to find it dead close by—he very seldom misses a shot. . . ."

The boys were instructed in the merits of two medicines, which were to be considered sufficient for all hurts—viz. "Vaseline" and "Never-mind." In the absence of the first, the second would help without fail. The lesson is still remembered. His method with boys was almost unfailing in developing unselfishness and manly self-restraint, and was shown even in trifles. When discussing a possible climb up Killan from Gulmarg, he said: "Of course I couldn't take a boy who wanted sugar for his porridge." The sugar, it need hardly be said, was cheerfully given up.

earthquake which occurred that year in Kashmir only a few days after the arrival of the party at Srinagar the capital. He goes on :—

We steered to the west towards Baramula—he [Dr. McCulloch] with medicines and I with books (to sell). . . . Passing out of the city by the riverside we came to the Sikh barracks, where were some 200 fine young mercenaries from the Punjab, rejoicing in their youth and comfortable quarters—we could not but admire their spirit and physique. . . . Our tents got behind, and we reached a village for the night where I was delighted to see a small well-built government silk mill, and at once said to my companion : “ We will spend the night here, and never mind about our tents,” but found him resolute in opposition. He had been there before and had found the place full of rats. I tried to convince him that rats were better than rain. Our wet tents were put up outside, and we spent most of the night in reading to one another, as conditions were too uncomfortable for sleep. Towards morning the earthquake came on. . . . Neither of us could get out of bed, the oscillations were so great that they rendered our efforts futile. We soon realized what had happened, hearing the exceeding bitter cry of the survivors in the village. . . . Meanwhile they began to dig graves . . . and we thanked God for preservation, when on going out we saw the silk mill entirely destroyed. There was not one stone left on another, and but for my friend’s fear of rats we should both have found our graves there. . . . We thought it better to go back to Srinagar ; as we entered the city it was pitiable to see rows and rows of corpses of young soldiers, whom we had seen yesterday, laid out for burning by the riverside. . . . Most of the Kashmiris, as is usual, had taken their *kangris* (charcoal fire-baskets) to bed with them, and hundreds of them were horribly burnt in the morning.

After ascertaining that the party he had brought up to Kashmir were safe and unharmed R. B. went out on tour in the western part of the valley with the doctors ; he estimated the number of deaths caused in that district as hardly less than 8000. One passage may be quoted as showing the suffering and loss among the villages : “ Close by was a woman with an infant at her breast, and her arm badly broken. Her husband had escaped, but the sensitive fellow had fled from the horrors that surrounded him. I tried to persuade her to come with me, but she could not walk. All the beds had been smashed, so there was nothing to carry her upon. All the horses had been killed, so she could not ride ; and at last when I

proposed to see her safe to hospital on a cow that was standing near, she said, 'Alas, sir, that cow has a broken leg.'

In a letter written to his mother in July of this year he says: "The smell of a battle-field could have few ingredients to add to that of a Kashmiri village during the last six weeks. It is more than six weeks since the first overwhelming shock occurred, and shocks have continued ever since. At twelve to-day I was walking alone near the bank of the Jhelam when such a shock came that I might well have been thrown into the water."

Kashmir, which is certainly one of the fairest countries in the world in the way of scenery, suffers much from the dread trio of calamities—cholera, floods, and earthquake; but 31 May, 1885, must always be a black day in her history.

As I had been "dressed in a little brief authority"¹ in Kashmir it was my privilege to take my party down by the Maharaja's private road to Jamu, thence on to Sialkot where the party divided, R. B. and I going across the district to Narowal, and thence on to Batala. It was a memorable trip: we had one pony, which we rode by turns for an hour each, though R. B. was always trying to stretch my time and minimize his own. I gained additional opportunities of observing his methods of getting into touch with people. I recall particularly one afternoon his conversation with an old Sikh sitting on his charpoy in the village of Vila Teja. The man struck me as knowing more of the truth than he was willing to act upon, and the talk was punctuated by the sound of chopping millet-stalks for fodder proceeding from behind a reed screen a few yards away. The person using the chopper we never saw then, but some years later he met R. B. in the Jhang Bar as a believing catechumen, who traced the beginning of good things for his soul to the conversation overheard in Vila Teja in the intervals of his chopping up the fodder. "The Kingdom of heaven cometh not with observation."

¹ The Maharaja died while I was up on leave, and the Resident had orders to go down to Jamu, making over charge at Srinagar to the "senior" civilian on the spot. I was the *only* one, so became "Resident" for about a month!



R. B., 1878

To face p. 98

CHAPTER X

NAROWAL—THREE VISITS TO ENGLAND—BEGINNING OF
“ OUTCASTE ” WORK — LAST YEARS AT NAROWAL,
1886-97

Not stirring words nor gallant deeds alone,
Plain patient work fulfilled that length of life ;
Duty, not glory—service, not a throne
Inspired his effort, set for him the strife.

CLOUGH

What is it you wish—
That I should lay aside my heart's desire,
Abandon the sole ends for which I live,
Reject God's great commission, and so die ?

BROWNING

THE best way to look at the eleven long and busy years dealt with in this chapter is to visualize Narowal with its growing Christian Church as R. B.'s head-quarters, with excursions for itinerating work and visits to Clarkabad ; while the whole horizon of missionary politics is becoming greatly extended by the momentous fact which then began to assert itself, and has become the most important feature of Punjab church history—namely, the gradual drawing of the outcaste classes to Christianity.

Space does not allow the full discussion of this great subject in a work like this ; but some general statements may be made for the use of the reader, giving broadly the result arrived at by missionaries on the spot, as well as laymen, qualified by special knowledge and personal Indian experience to speak on the subject. By

“outcastes” is meant all those classes to whom orthodox Hinduism denies any spiritual consideration or hope—they are “untouchables.” The rationalistic sect of Hindus, called Āryas, who use their religion considerably for political purposes, have begun to attempt social amelioration of the outcastes to prevent them from becoming Christians—but this, it must be affirmed persistently, can be only at the expense of Arya orthodoxy.

The “outcaste” movement toward Christianity is largely social in its origin. It must be admitted that most of the “inquirers”—at least in the earlier days of the movement—were actuated to a large extent by the hope of obtaining better social status as Christians than they had as heathen. For one thing, it was hoped that as Christians they would be exempt from the forced labour which Hindu or Mohammedan villagers think themselves entitled to take from outcastes.

Granting this mixture of motives as a powerful agent in drawing these “lowest classes” to Christ, it must with equal force and clearness be put forth as incontrovertible fact that, after making all necessary deductions for failures, there is abundant proof of the working of the Holy Spirit among these “pariahs,” producing spiritual results which to unprejudiced observers are marvellous: in other words, the “regeneration” of numbers of these “depressed classes,” and their consequent spiritual uplift, are indubitable and blessed facts which cannot fairly be questioned, and which open up vistas of illimitable spiritual progress to millions of human beings who have been down-trodden and tyrannized over for centuries. The intellectual results are hardly less astonishing than the spiritual.

Another fact which controverts emphatically the fancies of some theorists is that evangelization of the “outcaste” classes does not deter the educated classes from becoming “inquirers”: on the contrary the spectacle of the changes, physical, intellectual, and moral, wrought by conversion to Christianity among the “pariahs”

has in many places stimulated religious inquiry among "caste" neighbours.

The numbers of these "depressed classes" through the whole of India are estimated at not less than fifty millions—they form about one-sixth of the entire population. In the Punjab the proportion would not widely differ from this. It must be remembered that at the old census times, these "untouchables" were almost universally reckoned as Hindus. At the last census there was the curious experience of "pariahs" in some cases returning themselves as Christians, because they were willing to be instructed and baptized though no teachers were as yet available.

This new work, which had previously been indicated as possible by the fact of individual inquirers coming to missionaries, began to open out before R. B. early in 1886. Dr. Weitbrecht, who was perhaps the pioneer missionary of the C.M.S. in this work, has stated that when, on 9 March, 1885, R. B. and he were camping together at Fatehgarh the heads of the "Chuhra"¹ community came to ask to be taught the Gospel, and given a school. There was some hesitation among the C.M.S. men in following the lead given by the American United Presbyterians who by this time were fully committed to work among the "depressed classes"; but it became realized that God was certainly bringing the work to all missionaries, and in obedience to this leading, measures must be taken for deliberate advance in the new path. In October, 1885, fourteen "Chuhras" were baptized by Dr. Weitbrecht at Fatehgarh, and Bateman and I were present at the function on our way from Sialkot to Batala—as already noticed in the last chapter. Further, in the church council held at Narowal in February, 1886, it was formally resolved that no difference could be recognized in religious matters on account

¹ There are a good many names for the depressed classes in various parts of India—this word "Chuhra" is perhaps the most common in the Punjab.

of caste or want of caste, but that "Mehtars" (another name for the "Chuhras") should give up eating unclean food, and further that Mehtar converts should not intermarry with non-Christian Mehtars. The social side of these regulations is obvious, but in working they assumed a real religious importance.

Passing on now to 1888, I give some extracts from the journal, which begins again on the last day of October of that year:—

Nov. 6, 1888.—Narowal.—At prayers in morning delighted to see as I thought the Ghulabdasi (Mohammedan fakir) of yesterday, Ilahi Bakhsh, come in and sit down, but it was another man like him. Have felt disappointed all day, for as I read and explained Ps. v. I had him in my mind. To school for one and a half hours. Magic lantern getting ready for evening. Then to cricket. Useful display of m. lantern; a couple of hundred of people listened, and there was none of the misery of holding a *tamasha* (a ceremonial show). Henry¹ on the Brazen Serpent was first rate. Wrote Montgomery offering 50 rupees above the highest local bid for the old Thana (police station building). I propose to have a school for poor Christians in it, but feel benumbed by the constant increase of the U.P. influence round me. I cannot fight them, for they are soldiers of the Cross, but still I feel that their line of battle is very crooked.

The "Montgomery" mentioned here is Capt. (now Col.) J. A. L. Montgomery, son of Sir Robert, then Deputy Commissioner of Sialkot district, in which Narowal lies. He was a righteous and consistent friend of the Mission, showing his personal sympathy from time to time, and yet always the fair-minded and loyal officer of Government. This matter of controversy with the "United Presbyterians" must have some brief mention here—for first it was a great grief and trouble for the time to R. B.; secondly, it shows his character under severe strain, which

¹ Henry Martyn Clark, an Afghan boy adopted as son by Robert Clark, educated as a doctor in Scotland, and at that time working as a successful medical missionary at Amritsar. He had come out on a flying visit in connexion with the severe illness of one of the missionary ladies, Miss Rainsford, whose temperature R. B. notes had been up to 106·6° F. Dr. Clark was a fine speaker in English as well as Punjabi.

he bore well (I am not concerned to prove that he was entirely blameless, though it is not easy to see where he was in fault); and lastly, because in the end proof is given that Christian workers when they have a controversy will find peaceful solution of their difficulties if both sides receive discipline from the Master. The matter was a serious one; the "U.P.s," as they were familiarly called, had led the way in operations among the outcastes, and in doing this had invaded a good many of the villages which had previously been understood (though perhaps rather vaguely) to belong to the sphere of the C.M.S. Then Indian agents by repeating things said, or perhaps even things not said, made more mischief, and the trouble was aggravated by the fact that in a good many cases the rite of baptism had been administered without sufficient instruction. Further references will appear to the subject. Meanwhile, on November 12 and 13, R. B. is at Ajnala, and makes the following entry:—

Holy Communion early. The Bishop [the late Bishop Matthews] left for Amritsar directly after service. An interesting incident occurred. I never remember the like. I was penned up after communicating between the wall and old Wasáwa Dás. He would not go. At last he said, "When is the collection?" I said there would be none, as the Bishop was in a hurry and the congregation had dispersed. He showed me some money rolled up in his scarf and said it was the Lord's and he could not take it away. So I fetched him the alms-bag. He called others back who wanted to give. Men and women came, and the bag was filled chiefly with copper. Net result of the old man's scrupulous almsgiving was 26 rupees.

Work among the "depressed classes" must bring at times sharp discouragement, and R. B. received some at this period. His exercise of discipline would seem to have been firm as well as loving, and there is no doubt that among the poor people who learnt to know and love him he had great *rob* (prestige); and so with ups and downs, with joy and sorrow by times in the great heart of the missionary, the work goes on, and the Church is multiplied.

On 1 Jan., 1889, he is at Sialkot and meets the

U.P. missionaries. One "said he would fight, but (like myself) I see he does not know how." He goes on: "In trembling to meet the U.P.'s by agreement and lay my case before them, which I did after tennis and dinner: they were very civil. Only Dr. Martin opposed, and that very slightly. Missed train, etc." Then on January 11 there comes the happy sequel: "To Lahore where I found McKee. . . . He told me that all his brethren felt that the Mission were wrong in occupying Narowal and would withdraw. This is very good, but oh! what a cure of souls it will throw on me! I reckon that there will be at least 2000, which is exactly the number I left behind in Keswick twenty years ago. It will be impossible even to know them all by sight."

On February 13 there is this characteristic note: "Dr. Hutcheson, Nathu Mal, and Weitbrecht arrived for the *mela* (Christian social gathering)—cricket in evening. I am not endued with brains for making arrangements. We had nice prayer meeting, but everything else was slipshod."

Dr. Weitbrecht's companionship he notes several times with warm appreciation. No man was ever more generous in feeling towards co-workers, which partly explains their warmth towards him.

He made a short visit home this year, on account of his wife; returning to Narowal in November when he notes welcome help derived from another young colleague, F. Lawrence, whom he one day would help signally in his turn. The record of the journal again closes, and this time finally. In 1890 he again came to England in the hot weather to be with his family a short time at Brightlingsea, and once more for the same reason in 1893.¹ These journeys to and from England were managed most economically, once or twice at least entailing a deck passage.²

¹ During part of the year 1891 he helped the work at Batala, during the absence of a missionary who had to go home with a sick wife.

² It must have been on one of these passages to or from England that all unknowing he left his mark on a good fellow whom I met afterwards on a

But this was not a great matter to R. B., whose main burden was to discharge to the full, so far as in him lay, his duties alike to his family and his calling. In 1893, too, was built the second and much larger church at Narowal, notable because it showed the growth of the congregation, but also for the style of its architecture, which was well suited to the climate and the people. The body of the church itself it is best to consider as the chancel: there is a "coign of vantage" for speaking from at the "west-end" corner, as we should think of it (though local necessities of site made it at approximately the east end), whence folding doors start to go right across that end of the building. When these doors are shut, with a smaller door in them to serve as an exit, the edifice is more or less like an ordinary church. But when the doors are drawn back to the side, then the preacher standing at the inside corner of the church can command not only those who are sitting inside, but also a crowd of about 1000 (as I have myself seen) sitting in the "Court of the Gentiles"—a courtyard with a covered "colonnade" running round three sides, the fourth being the "west-end" of the church. The colonnade opens on the inside to the courtyard, but is closed to the outside by a solid wall. For its purposes the building "shines in the beauty of use." An appropriate tablet on one of the inner walls tells that the whole expense of the "Cathedral of Narowal" was borne by a lady of Wales—Mrs. Llewellyn.

In October, 1895, R. B. paid a short visit to Kashmir again in our company: he needed change and rest, for in the earlier part of the season while busy amid the many activities of his position at Narowal, now assuming an

ship going home. He was telling his experience on board another ship where several passengers concurred in casting ribald ridicule on missionaries generally and their message. Whereupon my good friend, who was obviously no great speaker, as he himself said, intervened to give this witness: "I don't know much about missionaries, but as long as they are like a man called Bateman, whom I once met coming from India, I shall always stick up for them." He attempted no further argument, but he had given his witness—the kind of utterance that cannot fail entirely to influence. "We speak that we do know."

almost patriarchal character as to prestige and authority, he had sustained two grievous blows in the deaths of his mother and his younger son. The following letter speaks of the woe in the father's heart, rendered more acute by thought of the lonely mother at home, herself in feeble health:—

Narowal,
17:7:'95.

ALAS, MY BROTHER,

Our dear little Robin is gone, and oh what a far-reaching blank he has left! Alas for the poor Mother worn with three or four weeks' incessant nursing, and now the one little life that shared her home has left it. I confess I feel very much crushed till I look up, and try to realize what the welcome is like which he has already received. . . . Oh dear, I do want help. The natives have found out my loss, and come and sit, poor things, with the idea of comforting me, and I can find no words to use that do not choke me in the utterance. I shall look forward more than ever to seeing you. My dear Mother's death a few weeks ago was a sore trouble and this on the top of it shows me that what I took for iron within me is clay.

Ever your affect^e. Friend,
R. B.

His mother died of bronchitis on May 4, at Worthing. God was indeed purifying his saint by fire.

Coming back to Narowal from Kashmir he had the comfort of welcoming two younger missionaries, E. A. Causton and H. F. Rowlands. The latter especially became a helpful and ever willing assistant, and inspired by R. B.'s example and influence developed into a most promising missionary. Alas! he died in the earthquake catastrophe at Kangra on 4 April, 1905.¹ R. B. wrote of him, "Rowlands is A 1," and any one who saw him, even for a short time, would say this.

¹ During the lifetime of R. B. the Punjab sustained grievous loss in the early deaths of three missionaries, each excellent in their way: J. W. Knott, Fellow of Brasenose, described as one of the most remarkable men ever on the Society's roll, died at Peshawar, 1870; H. F. Wright, of Christ Church, Oxford, died at Gurdaspur, 1894 (I saw him die); and H. F. Rowlands. The careers of all promised priceless things.

Here is part of a letter written to one of the most faithful and respected of his missionary colleagues, dated 11 Feb., 1896, which refers to some matters here noticed:—

MY DEAR SHIRREFF,

Your brotherly letter was much more pleasure and comfort to me than I have given you any direct ground for supposing. I was and am still sore stricken, both in my own heart and in respect of the whole family economy which was strained and unbalanced even when we had that little life as an anchorage for the solitary Mother. It is impossible but to rejoice in the perfection given to the little earthly life. The lad had learned the sweetness of reciprocal love on earth and thus come to value the assurance of the divine love. He had tasted the true sweetness of both worlds and was just beginning to enjoy the pleasures of childhood—swimming, skating, and riding a bicycle—and was taken away from them all before either their unsatisfactoriness or their danger was ascertained. . . . But the Mother and I have very deep scars on our hearts still.

I cared not to come home at the time, and even now that I am coming within a year of my proposed retirement I have not that comfortable assurance that I am acting honourably by my missionary vocation, without which life in England ought to be much more intolerable to me at fifty-five than it was to our dear Bishop at sixty-five. . . . Another brother of Rev. Dina Nath's, a bachelor of thirty-two years, a lovely character, is drawing near to the Font, already openly confessing his Saviour. Dear old Amba Bhagat died in Mr. Singh's charge last week. I never knew a man in any land more absolutely respected and trusted than that holy old barber. I have got a first rate youngster here now in the shape of Rowlands. Just *the* sort of man. Causton was not strong enough, he reminded me of you, for he could not pump the blood to the end of his toes.

In 1895, my diary of that year¹ shows that on February 8 (the day that the Lieutenant-Governor left the Gurdaspur district) my wife and I rode over to Narowal and slept at Bateman's house in the Jhanda. This was a native building inside the town, which he had bought and adapted for residence in semi-native fashion. He preferred it to living in the mission bungalow outside the town, as it made him more accessible to the people who were wont

¹ When I left India all my diaries previous to 1895 were destroyed.

to come to him at any hour, without ceremony. R. B. very largely, even while living "in town," kept up the freedom from stated programme which he enjoyed when on itineration. I was with him on two other days in that month, and again in August in the rains, when going round the Lahore division (as Acting Commissioner), I spent a week-end with him, and he then came with me as far as Chak Ram Das in the Amritsar district.

In 1896 the same record shows that he came to Gurdaspur on June 12 (about 11 A.M. in an ekka) to say good-bye on my leaving India. Together we visited the local agency of the Salvation Army, and I was struck with his spirit of charity in talking with the workers, though, as I knew, considerable trouble had been caused him in his work in the Shakargarh sub-division of my district, Gurdaspur, by the undesirable operations of persons of the same religious agency. He came with me to Amritsar that night, and we spent the next day there with our common friend, H. G. Grey, and in the evening I started south *en route* for England, little knowing the blow that was soon to come on him. His wife died at Brightlingsea on 12 Nov., 1896.

The stricken man now felt that he must come home at least for a while to see after his motherless children, and accordingly in March, 1897, he left Narowal. The leave-taking from the many spiritual children God had given him during over twenty years of travail of soul was sad for all concerned. It was no doubt the thought of many, possibly of himself, that India would not see him again; so the words of affectionate farewell spoken by a representative gathering of the Narowal Church and embodied, as is the Indian custom, in an illuminated address, have a special pathos. I quote some of the more important parts:—

. . . By your instrumentality, God has been pleased to reveal Himself as the Forgiver of sin, and the Friend and Saviour of the lost, to many a son of this dark and benighted land.

When you came to Narowal there were not even half a dozen

Christians here. The name of Christ was known to but very few, but now your unwearied and faithful ministry of more than a quarter of a century has swelled the number of the believers to some 1500 souls. The cathedral that has been built by the means entrusted to you by a widow lady of England, is filled with Christian worshippers every Sunday . . . The simplicity of your life, the firmness of purpose which nothing, not even the death of dear and near ones could alter, your high sense of duty, and above all your unwearied labours to propagate the Gospel, have made your name a household word among the Indian Christians of the Punjab.

Permit us now to express the heart sorrow which we cannot but feel while bidding you good-bye. Who is there in this large assembly that will not miss your dear face when you sail for home? We shall never forget the deep lessons of Christianity which you have been giving us day by day, both by precept and example. We will not ask you to remember us, for we know that it is impossible for you to forget Narowal and its Christians. We know that though absent in body you will be present with us in spirit.

R. B. made suitable reply to such a farewell with some effort, putting a brave face on his trouble which his hearers knew of, and commending them all to the grace of God which was able to build them up. And so he left the place which will ever, as long as Christian tradition holds in the Punjab, be associated with his name.

CHAPTER XI

HOME—CANADA—THE INDIAN AFTERMATH—LAST DAYS IN
INDIA, 1897—1902

Trial ever consecrates the cup
Wherefrom we pour the sacrificial wine.

LOWELL

But when I met him, he was still the same,
The quiet, happy face that lighted up
As from a sunshine in the heart within,
Rejoicing whomsoever looked on it,
But far more whomsoever it looked on.

“UGO BASSI”—MRS. HAMILTON KING.

ROWLAND BATEMAN, then, came home in the spring of 1897. Parts of two letters written on board ship will give as much perhaps as is right for general readers to be told about the state of mind of a Christian man who has lately lost his wife under painful conditions. He had acted in what seemed the right way, but it was an added grief that he was not with her at the last. It should be remembered that for twelve months or more he had intended coming home in 1897, possibly for good. Let no one dare to criticize his conduct who has not made a real effort—few can make it successfully—to appreciate his spiritual values, and understand the passionate strength of the tie between the man and his work for God in the mission field. The first letter is to myself:—

ss. “China,” Mediterranean,
24 March, '97.

.....
I am walking along on deeply shaded ground, and do not yet know the least what is before me. I am not anxious and not unhappy, only grave and dubious, and that state of mind prevents my getting up any *pace* such as is required, elsewhere than in bicycle riding, for steadiness and comfort in getting over the ground.

The news reached me just a day too late to enable me to reach home in time for the Christmas holidays. Had it been otherwise I should probably have made a rush which afterwards I should have regretted and been ashamed of. Apart from the bad form of leaving one's work higgledy piggledy in nobody's hands, it is evident that Narowal bereaved of Miss Catchpool¹ needed me at least as much as my own desolated home.

As soon as I saw that I could not make a home for the children at Christmas I decided to make Easter my objective, and to try to wind up my work which was to have ceased in May, by the middle of March. To this end, I stopped all private correspondence except with and about the children, and set to work to finish off translations, cathedral, and village visitation before I left. . . . The stunning loss of Miss Catchpool naturally made the people, and especially the womenfolk, cling more to me as their only old way-mark. . . . Talking of fellow passengers imagine my delight at Aden when I found Jim Montgomery's Bishop brother, wife, and six children, where a Bishop ought to be, at my end of the ship. He is a delightful man and knows you and me "quite well" he says. Bless old Jim. . . .

The second is to the faithful missionary colleague mentioned in the last chapter:—

Mediterranean,
March 27, '97.

DEAR SHIRREFF,

I shall not be content to thank you when I see you (as I hope soon to do) for your kind note of sympathy four months old but as fresh as ever. I see, or think I see, heartrending reasons sometimes for the calamities which have befallen me on the family side. They are of a nature that it is difficult to speak of even to those who, like you, have had to hold the balance between what will look like trusting God to look after one's children, and doing one's own duty by them. I find European opinion is as strongly in favour of the latter as native opinion plumps for the former. What is one to do? Wait and see, I suppose. At present it looks to me darker and darker. Here is my great reason for coming home gone, in fact my very home is gone; and yet I am leaving my work sooner than I had meant to do. If they feared who entered into the cloud when on the Mount with their Lord, how much more when one cannot escape the fear that the cloud is of one's own seeking down in the valley where one need not have gone.

¹ A consecrated and capable worker among the women of Narowal, whose death just before this was a loss only second to that caused by R. B.'s departure. He had the deepest respect for her as a missionary and as a woman. See farther on here.

It must be a dull and callous heart who cannot understand something of the travail of soul indicated here. Not without good reason have these intimate letters been quoted; but we have looked upon one of God's saints in a crucial trouble, and let us pass on softly.

His time in England was at first taken up mainly in looking after his children and doing deputation work for the Society, more or less in spite of the doctors.¹

He wanted much to come and pay us a visit in Canada, and this eventually became possible; for on 22 Aug., 1898, we were able to welcome him to Burnt River, Ontario, where we were then all of us living on my son's farm.² He brought his son Jack with him and remained till 11 Jan., 1899, when he returned to England. During that time there were many "larx," to use his own word, including a notable shooting expedition to the lakes north of Minden, wherein nine deer fell to the guns of the party, the maximum number allowed by law *per capita*. The Sunday services were held amid rough camp surroundings, and R. B. took occasion to baptize several children of a settler who had not seen a clergyman for years, so that his visit is probably remembered still. From time to time he went about taking services and giving addresses; once, as noticed later on, at Port Hope and Reaboro' (see page 148), but also in a good many other places. He became popular at once with the Canadians, and was able to help more than one of his neighbours in the best of all ways. One lighter incident may be told. A clergyman whom he had met at some conference asked

¹ I fear he often incurred the charge of obstinate optimism about himself, but his hopefulness was not seldom shown by the sequel to be well founded. The mind is a large factor in such matters.

² It is of course not pertinent to this book to explain how an Anglo-Indian came to live three years with his family on a Canadian farm. The reader, however, will perhaps accept the assurance that the circumstances were not discreditable, while to all the members of our "Pentagon" (temporarily enlarged as here described to a Heptagon) this experience of "simple life" will always remain an inspiring memory.

him to come and preach for him, and R. B. accordingly on the day fixed "boarded the car" going north. "Where for, Sir?" asked the smart conductor coming round to give tickets (as is the custom) on the car. "Well," said R. B., "that's exactly what I don't know, but" (disregarding the look of the man as if he had met with an escaped lunatic) "I hope you will be able to help me; all I know is that the name is something like Kissimouth." "Oh, you mean 'Kinmount,'" said the other. "No, I don't," replied R. B. imperturbably; "I know it wasn't that: but I'll tell you how to manage it: wait till I see my man who invited me up—he's sure to come to the station, and then you can give me a ticket to that place." The Canadian saw that R. B. was not "pulling his leg," and let the matter pass. When they reached "Essonville," there was the good clergyman: R. B. got his ticket, and parted from the conductor on fair terms. "Not such a bad shot either at the name," commented R. B. in telling the story.

He left Burnt River in splendid health; work on farm and in bush had done him great good. But on his way to New York to his steamer he had a somewhat lengthy talk with a chance acquaintance, who at the end said he would not "ask him in" as they were only just getting over influenza. The disease seized R. B. in a virulent form and he had a miserable voyage, so that when he reached England the doctors not only forbade his going out at once to India, as he had intended, but gave him quite a bad mark as to his physical condition. However, making a compromise in his own way, he did deputation work during 1899, and in the autumn started Eastward Ho! once more.

"The Weitbrecht family and I," writes the Rev. J. R. Fellowes "were waiting for luncheon to be announced when there burst in upon us a venerable-looking clergyman waving a dilapidated clerical hat, and calling out with evident triumph: 'I've done the Medical Board! I've done the Medical Board!' This delightfully unconventional person was then introduced

to me as Mr. Rowland Bateman of the Punjab, and it was explained that he was on sick leave, and that he had at last, in spite of adverse medical opinion, either persuaded or coerced the authorities at Salisbury Square to allow him to return to his beloved Jhang Bar. . . . Mr. Bateman and I travelled to India on the same boat. On board I acted as his 'fag,' as far as he would allow me, taking particular care of his spectacles, and sometimes of his pipe and tobacco pouch."

When R. B. reached the Punjab in the autumn of 1899 he found that things had moved on in the two and half years since he left Narowal. There had been great development in the irrigation from the Chenab Canal, a number of new villages had been settled by immigrants from the east, and a Christian village had been started at Montgomerywala in the middle of the Jhang Bar. Obviously the hardest work in the whole of the Punjab Mission would be the tending and shepherding of the Christian converts scattered up and down the vast tract of country newly opened up; obviously, too, this work would be attempted by R. B. It seemed to him an urgent duty, and he quietly took to it, putting aside the affectionate solicitations of Indian friends to return to Narowal. His old scene of work he was content to leave in other hands that he knew to be capable. The letter here given shows that his buoyancy of spirit has not been lost: the consecration service mentioned is that of Rev. G. A. Lefroy, Head of the Cambridge Mission to Delhi, who became third Bishop of Lahore in succession to Bishop Matthew:—

Clarkabad,

14:11: '99.

DEAR OLD BOY,

Didn't your letter catch me bang on the top of a bale of cotton in the Bar! and wasn't I glad to get it? You bet. . . .

I have had quite an ideal journey through the C.M.S. part of the Bar, almost wholly on foot and without a *khānsaman* (cook-butler), sleeping under "van" bushes, and eating *dāl* (lentils), condensed milk, and biscuits—blistered my feet, but had admirable wakings and sleepings—found a few of the scattered sheep. Did

not go to Montgomerywala, but sent to say that I was passing it by because I was old, and heard that there was quarrelling and iniquity going on, and that I hated such things. So they sent out a *lambardar* (headman) on a *sowari unt* (riding-camel) to pursue me and bring me in dead or alive. He caught me seven miles off, but I was obdurate, saying that I would come back before Christmas if I heard of peace suitable to the occasion. I saw everybody in a great crowd at Lahore, and did not get the best possible chance of speaking to anybody. I was carried off forcibly from the vestry, after the consecration service, by Sádik who had not got me outside the cathedral compound when he broke down in sobs beseeching me not to leave my sheep in the wilderness of Narowal—not to go to the Bar—and *not* to do just what it seemed best, and still seems best to do. . . . I found about a dozen outlying sheep and lambs. But on my tour day by day I was more conscious than perhaps ever before of the gracious answer to intercessory prayer. . . .

Love to you all
Great and small. (Poetry.)

The next letter is from the Jhang Bar itself, 3 Jan., 1900. From Sayadwala (see Map 2) he writes :—

Sayadwala is an old town and *thana* (police station). District populous, close to Ravi. I doubt whether even a stray missionary has ever been here before. It is no man's land. . . . I want to throw a streak of Gospel light right across from Clarkabad to Jhang, and I am working towards a temporary base at Clarkabad. . . .

I have been in Montgomerywala for Christmas. They want a lot of help, poor things—more than we can give them. Think of the others scattered everywhere—have not seen a “padri” some of them for six years, and have forgotten their half-digested lessons—need a dozen good teachers and I have not one for them and I won't take other people's. . . . I got a loving Christmas letter from Prithu offering me 10,000 rupees, more than half his savings, if I would build myself a good house in Montgomerywala. Of course I declined, but something will come of it, and in the way of tonic something has come already. . . .

Again he writes : “You always like to hear about Waris, and he will not be the less interesting to you when I tell you that I have applied for him to be my personal assistant here. I am in a larger and yet a tighter place than I have been in for years.”

His life, indeed, at this time was very full and vigorous

while his letters to me were so frequent that I have more facts than I can possibly record. The reader must note carefully the *samples* of fact I can find room for, and try to fill up the details of the successive months in his own imagination. The "aftermath" of Indian work reaped by him in these years was a very fruitful one. Meanwhile he continues *more suo*:—

April 12, 1900,
Mont^a.¹

Losing is a very serious item in costs. What can one do without a memory or anything of the material nature of pigeon-holes? Some trees under which one camps are very convenient and lend themselves to suggestions of hat pegs, umbrella stands, and *almirahs* (wardrobes), and one feels quite happy in the perfect trim all around. Next morning one has forgotten where what was, and next night it is another tree, whose branches and owl-holes are differently arranged. . . .

I came in from camp last week with an outrageous bad cold all over me, the result of having summer garments and lending Guilford² my umbrella (he had lumbago to start with) for a long march, which was in rain and a Takht Sulaimani wind.³ . . .

On 1 June, 1900, he made a formal report to the secretary of the Mission at Lahore, the Rev. P. Ireland Jones, on the work in the Jhang Bar, its needs and prospects. A few facts may be given, as succinctly as possible:—

1. The part of the Bar worked by the C.M.S. is roughly 1500 sq. miles—with 750 villages, probably in the near future 1000.

2. Christians (in half this tract) live in seventy odd villages; in the other half there are at least twenty-five villages with some Christians.

3. Nearly half these Christians are from the neighbourhood of Narowal; many of them have been baptized by the U.P. missionaries and know hardly anything, but are willing and eager to be taught. Altogether there are about 1700.

¹ His effective but rather cryptic abbreviation of Montgomerywala—"far too long a name to write," as he said.

² A tardy appearance in this book of one of the most notable missionary personalities in the Punjab. He has been doing steadily fine work for many years at Tarn Taran (see p. 13) among the Sikhs, and was one of R. B.'s intimate friends (see also *infra*, p. 163 for juvenile "larx" shared with him).

³ Coming from the north-west and cold.

4. Many have been in the Bar from three to seven years and have married there, but there has been no Christian minister to marry them. There is no C.M.S. agent in the district but myself—no church, schoolroom, or place of public Christian assembly under a roof.

5. Skirmishers from the Salvation Army have also appeared. I do not make out that they are sent by authority, but they cause trouble, and so increase our difficulties. They absent themselves from worship, and when our bell rings set to work with drums and "bhajans," and so attract and intercept ordinary worshippers.

6. The cultivators chosen by Govt. to settle here are picked men from among the most enterprising of the classes to which they belong. Their independence of thought and action distinguish them and make them better hearers than those left behind.

7. The Christians are, and are likely for some years to be, very migratory.¹

He then makes detailed suggestions as to carrying out the work of shepherding and supervising the large number of people already Christians, and of evangelizing others who may be looked on as likely to become inquirers. The report is distinctly able, showing grip of facts and lucid expression of ideas. It was a big scheme, and he was able to make a start in furthering it.

Here is an endorsement on a circular sent from the C.M.S. office, 16 May, 1900, announcing death of Robert Clark at Kasauli, the same day. It came to me as a letter:—

DEAR OLD BOY,

This is a blow to us. His work was done, and he had earned his rest. "Forty-nine years" of patient continuance in well-doing in the Punjab. In its mass it is *magnum et mirabile opus*. In its details it was a constant inspiration to prompt action and whole-hearted service. . . . You know, I suppose, that Mr. Wood, a very able and excellent addition to C.M.S. staff, was thrown from his horse three weeks ago and sustained severe concussion of skull.

¹ In a letter written to me about this time he explains this: "As the Christian labourers do their work of clearing off the stumps and sandheaps, and making the land level and irrigable, they are sent about their business elsewhere. A landowner promises half-crop for labour, and as soon as he has got his crop he offers that land to somebody else at one-third produce rent, and that somebody else is *his bhai* (kinsman)—not yours or mine. So the evicted 'brother' looks out for more land to cultivate, and, so to speak, 'stumps' the country wherever he goes. He generally goes to the more recently allotted parts, of course, and that means he travels south-west and comes within our sphere of influence."

It is a great mercy that he seems likely to be spared. I am so far superstitious that I badly want later news of him than this (an intimation from the Sec.) gives, for two nights ago in a dream I distinctly saw him looking down on me and Waris from another world much higher up. I am exceedingly well, thank you. Have had my thermometer up to 109, and no punkah, and am perfectly fit doing all my work on foot.

Even R. B.'s dreams were not always true prophecies—for Mr. Wood, thank God, is still with us. But what a tough old sexagenarian is writing: in this year in nine and a half months he had walked 2386 miles—about sixty-two miles a week straight on!

In another letter he recounts an incident which “might have given him,” as he said, “his death of cold, but didn't”—

Last evening I could not help laughing in my misery when I contrasted myself in a ditch with you on your byk. It was thus: I was trudging along the canal bank to take service in a village four miles from the *chauki* (rest-house) I am putting up in. I had got within $\frac{1}{2}$ mile of my destination with my bag to use as a pillow, and my books and biscuits in it, when suddenly I was overtaken in an ink-black dust-storm. There was no bush to fly to, and so I lay down in a ditch in the open—I intended to have called it a dyk so as to suggest a rhyme for byk. It was dry and about a foot deep. I lay along it face down, covering my head with a towel. There I lay half an hour. It was absolutely ink-dark. I was soon covered, and buried partly, in sand, and was rejoicing that there was no sense of suffocation such as one reads of, and that there was no chance of rain being mingled with the dust, and I thought of you and all sorts of friends everywhere and how they would laugh if they knew my plight. Then a little light appeared and I rejoiced. Then the rain, and I despaired. It was coming from the very direction in which I wanted to go. I tried to rush it, but it was of no use. The wind took me off my feet and hurried me headlong across the greasy plain. In a flash of lightning I saw a bush, and it was on my lee; so just as I reached it I put my helm about and got hold of it and cuddled myself up, wet thro' and thro' of course and pierced with showery cold. There I lay in the narrow port when suddenly another barque twice my size hove to just as I had done. It was a great big Jat out in search of his boy. It was no use shouting: the wind and rain soon drowned all sounds but their own. At last I got awfully sorry for myself. The Jat could not even attempt to pilot me to his village—so I determined to give up service and

under close reef to let myself go in the storm. That I did, and it carried me to the canal, whose steep bank brought me up, and I ran before that wind more than three miles, and I am none the worse !

He got Waris as his assistant, and, not long after, Mr. Holden came out, and worked devotedly with him, continuing to "hold the fort" for several years after R. B. left.¹ The chief places of encamping or resting in were—when the missionary did not sleep under a tree—roughly built houses, of a half-native style, in Toba Tek Singh, Gojra, Samundari, Isanagari (as he proposed at first should be the name, but it was changed to Batemanabad²), and Montgomerywala, with occasional visits to Clarkabad. As time went on and the year changed to 1901 he showed no diminution of vigour, travelling about even in the hot season, and maintaining, as he said, better health than most of his brother missionaries elsewhere. It is interesting to find from entries made in a quaint red book entitled, in the vernacular lettering, "Gentleman Diari," with vernacular entries for the days, but written up in English, among all sorts of brief notes about his pastoral and inspection work, that he made some attempt to keep up his general reading. One book specially may be mentioned, the life of G. J. Romanes, whose history—and in particular his eventual return to Christian faith—interested him deeply.³ Never

¹ Thus brief must be the notice of work done for the Master which R. B. highly valued, and more than once praised to me. A mistake, by the way, has been made in print with reference to Canon Ali Bakhsh, who was prepared for baptism and baptized by Mr. Holden, and not by R. B. No one would have regretted the error more than R. B. himself.

² "You may take my name in vain," he said at last, "but don't take that of my Master! You are not worthy of it."

³ At the end of the "Diari" he has copied out twenty-four lines of a poem, previously unknown to me. I give the first stanza:—

Amen! Now lettest Thou, Thy servant, Lord,
Depart in peace according to Thy Word.
Altho' mine eyes may not have fully seen
Thy great salvation, yet enough has been,
Enough of sorrow, and enough of sight,
To show the way from darkness into light;
And Thou hast brought me thro' a wilderness of pain
To love the sorest paths, if surest they attain.

was he braver, never more cheery, never more inspiring to those who came into contact with him than during 1901, his last year in India.¹ It was in March, 1901, that he was attacked by dacoits, and the story sent home by him in a private letter was printed in the July "C.M. Gleaner" of that year. I give it here in a slightly abbreviated form :—

I have had a great escape, not from plague, pestilence, or famine, which have claimed so many victims of late, and are claiming them still, but from the hands of dacoits.² It was on Saturday, March 16.

I had done all my day's work and part of my march when I came to a halt for breakfast at midday. It was very hot and I was tired, so after the camels had gone on I sat still reading, resting, smoking, and darning stockings till the sun had lost his fierceness. Then I started off on a nine-mile walk towards a Christian settlement which I have with difficulty saved from being called Bateman-abad, where I was to hold services next day, Sunday.

A little way off my road there is a low-lying ground which is used by two canals as an escape for surplus water. It is forest and abounds in wild animals, birds, beasts, and reptiles, as well as men. At this time of year it is nearly dry, so as the evening air was refreshing I decided to take a cast across it and see what fauna and flora I could, rejoining my road at dark. All went well. I saw enough of deer and wild fowl to long for my gun, and had several times thought how in case I were attacked by man or beast I would impale my assailant on a stiff little ferruled stick that I carried. You are sure to lose, not *waste*, time if you mean to observe nature as you walk the earth. It was quite dark when, star-guided, I regained the road.

I had hardly done so when a tall fellow rose from behind a bush close to me and in reply to my question, "Who are you?" raised a bludgeon with his right and took the defensive with his left arm. He was on rising ground, and his stick was long as well as stout. There was no obvious way of inconveniencing him with my shorter weapon, and I had hardly time to put it to the guard when two other men of my own size were upon me. One, lifting me off the ground

¹ An amusing story belongs to this period. R. B. and a brother missionary, Mr. H., had gone, early in the morning, to bathe in the canal which flows by Clarkabad. Coming back in jacket and pyjamas, they found themselves face to face with two ladies of the Mission, going to their morning work. Some men might have been nonplussed, but R. B. was equal to the occasion. With a sweeping bow, sun-hat in hand, he said: "I hope, ladies, you will excuse Mr. H.'s costume!"

² Dacoits are highway robbers who work in gangs: they should be at least *five* in number to qualify as "dacoits."

from behind, threw me with as little ceremony and as much skill as a sheep-shearer throws a yearling.

I went through a quick succession of experiences, but cannot give a very lucid account of them, because I was partly stunned by the violence of my fall. My chief sensation was one of choking, for one of the men had me by the throat, another had his knee on my chest, while the third was tearing at my collar to get my clothes open. They seemed to be stripping me entirely of life and garments ; and as I regained my wits I reflected that perhaps they meant to strangle me and throw my naked corpse, as corpses are thrown, into the canal.

However, I lay still, and soon found that there was hope for my property as well as for myself. Evidently the unlettered ruffians did not know their way about European clothing. They did not know that trouser pockets had been invented, and had not found mine though they lay straight in front of them. But then it was dark ; and my trouser pockets are extra deep ones, so, in the scuffle, their contents had swung them round under my thighs, and there my wealth lay—a purse of about fifty paper rupees in the right and a bag of twelve in cash in the left.

Meanwhile they were feeling all over my ribs and neck and loins and upper garments for the hidden treasures that they sought. They were muttering in thieves' language—strange, oh how strange ! to me—words whose tone conveyed disgust and disappointment to my dust-filled ears, but encouragement to my mind. I knew my watch was gone, for I had felt the snap of the chain, my coat and waistcoat pockets were emptied, and my satchel was at their mercy. All this I knew, but now it flashed upon me that they had not yet found my trouser pockets, and that I might save something more than wreckage yet. So as they pulled me about in their persistent search I so manœuvred as to keep both purse and money-bag between myself and my sandy bed. My hopes rose still higher when they began searching my neck and ears and waistband again for jewels and coin ; because they do know that Englishmen do not wear necklaces and ear-rings, and it was therefore plain that they thought they were robbing a fellow countryman.

And now the grip on my throat relaxed and I began to hope that I should once more take an active part in the society I happened to be in, so I gurgled out that I wished to live and that I should be glad of my liberty when they had taken what else they wanted. But they expressed no sympathy whatever with my aspirations. On the contrary, they set to work feeling me all over once more, grumbling and growling, while I did all I unostentatiously could do to keep my trouser pockets sandwiched between my thighs and my bedding.

Unfortunately before starting I had put my spectacles by for

the day in one of the aforesaid deep trouser pockets, as they have a knack of dropping out of their ordinary nest in my coat. Being there, do what I would, the spectacle case kept exuding from one end or the other of the sandwich much as a bit of gristle would do from two tightly pressed pieces of a beef and ham sandwich.

One of the thieves detected the end of it, pulled it and money-bag from under my thigh, struck it with his open hand, saying, "What is this?" It answered the question and so saved itself and its companion. It lay across the twelve rupees as he struck it, and gave such a sonorous empty sound that the man was quite content with the explanation that it was my spectacles (the grammar is quite correct, for in Punjabi they are singular not plural); and I remember reflecting that I was justified in not telling him what was underneath that made the case so noisy.

Now they let me sit up and released my throat, evidently quite puzzled. My aim now was to get away, for my change of attitude made it impossible to hide my purse. I therefore used my vocal chords to wire (I use the word in its metallic sense) along them a question which I have often found a poser when anything very iniquitous has been done.

"Tell me," I said, "under the rules of what society, secular or religious, it is permitted to stop an old fakir on the road and break his bones and strangle him in the dark?" I said nothing about robbery, nor hinted my nationality to them.

"You a fakir?" said my tall assailant.

"Yes," said I, putting my beard in his face as he bent over me, "and if you want to know my age, look at the colour of this."

Without another word he gave me back my watch; and he restored pencils and a few other futilities.

I did not say "Thank you," for that is not the custom out here. On the contrary, I acted the correct Punjabi part by at once complaining that he had not given me back my keys.

Ethically correct, it was a strategical blunder, and might have led to serious consequences, for the keys were in the same trouser pocket as my purse, and I did not know it. It would have been only natural therefore if hearing of keys he had searched me again to see what else he had missed, and so had discovered my purse. Perhaps he thought his fellows had them. I saw my danger and tried to avert it by rather crossly demanding my walking-stick. This request was so manifestly naïve that they let me go as they complied with it; and the last I saw of them, as I backed respectfully away into the darkness, was that they were on their knees searching the scene of our struggle for coins or jewels which they had not found elsewhere, and which might, with the keys I spoke of, be still available.

I hastened off to the house of a canal officer two miles away. He was expecting to see me next morning, when I was to baptize his

child, but was not prepared at that time of night for a call from a man that had fallen among thieves. He soon overhauled me and fed and congratulated me. The police are on the track. I expect good will come of it if only in waking up the police. But then, if the fellows are caught, what could I say in a police court to the detriment of men who, though circumstantial evidence is against them, yet undoubtedly did give a gold watch unasked to a traveller in distress?

I have great reason to thank God, and I do thank Him, for my escape.

The rest of the year passed in hard work done in hard conditions; but so far as I gather his health was fairly good (he declared that Canada had really set him up in spite of the influenza episode). But the feeling came to him that he ought to come home in 1902, though he still hoped to return. The two following letters which tell of an interesting "case" also indicate the trouble which the thought of leaving the work caused him:—

Dec. 5 (I think) [sic],

1901.

I promised myself an hour at least to write to you and yours tho' I have nothing to say that speech either fully or exactly transmits. But to go into the thick of things (which always seem to be the things of the moment) let me tell you that I am driven into a corner this morning by the most painful and delightful of compression. I have been with some of the Lahore Divinity Students to act Aaron and Hur to a young Moses of eighteen years—a Khoja of Narowal whose long history beginning at Medina I cannot tell you to-day—and he has just come out clear of mother's and father's entreaties and threats and declared that he will be a Christian. I have been angling for him ever since he was two years old when his father, an old pupil, cousin of Waris, put him into my arms proudly, and I told him that I should keep the boy and try and make him a Christian. So off and on it has been going on with the father's knowledge all these years, and this hour the bud has burst, and the beauty and sweet perfume of the opening flower almost robs me even of the thought of wishing you and yours the fullest measure of Christmas blessedness. . . . I came in from Clarkabad after my monthly visit, and by appointment brought in from Toba Tek Singh the young Khoja aforesaid to have it out with his parents before his baptism. Oh dear, how acutely I am beginning to feel the pangs of dissolution. I buoy myself up with the hopes of return—happily the work is supported on more certain eventualities. My passage is taken (deck) by an Austrian Lloyd's boat leaving Karachi about March 17. . . . The Bishop comes down to the Bar, Jan. 4-10. On the 10th conference opens with a sermon from Allnutt—dear old

Allnutt. On the "blessed 11th"¹ I shall be in need of your fraternal remembrances especially as I am going to conduct a Quiet Day on 12th. I who can't endure quiet in its ordinary sense and who am such a 'bus driver myself, how can I profitably teach others on such an occasion? Happily the teaching need not be mine though the sound of it passes thro' my lips.

It is sad to have to record the sequel, but truth is the best teacher :—

18 : 12 : '01.

I am cut to the heart by the loss last week of a most promising young Khoja from Narowal. He had witnessed well before his friends and parents. They left him, making no secret that they should go to a well-known fakir near Narowal and get him to help by *jádu* (magic) and restore the young man to Islam. Sure enough at the very time they would get to the fakir their son began to have a sort of fits—could not sleep or even lie down—tossed off his clothes in the cold, and behaved as one possessed, and rushed off to make his submission to—what?

It is awfully hard to face the partings here. Were I ill or incapacitated I should not mind, but there is a looking-back-from-the-plough note in the music I have to face. However, things are improving, thank God, among the people.

So once more R. B. left his beloved work and turned his face toward England. He came home, as indicated above, by an Austrian Lloyd boat, taking a deck passage. This was the impression made by him on a fellow passenger, Miss Pope, a missionary lady of the S.P.G., who has kindly given us a brief picture of him :—

Mr. Bateman was a deck passenger, desiring to "suffer hardness" by sea as well as by land. He slept in his chair and got his meals at the sailors' galley, remarking that the food was quite as good as he was accustomed to, only the time varied, so that he was sometimes an hour too early, or too late. We all respected, nay, revered, him; got him to play games with us. . . . On Sundays he ministered to us, and on Easter Day, as senior clergyman on board, he celebrated for us. . . . My last vision of Mr. B. was in the train over the St. Gotthard about April 5. Snow was still low down, but glorious sunshine. He was literally weeping for joy at the beauty of the views—surpassing anything he had ever seen in the Himalayas.

¹ Then "Punjab day," in the C.M.S. prayer cycle—now it is the 14th day of the month.

CHAPTER XII

A " FISHER OF MEN "—LIVING EPISTLES

The men who met him rounded on their heels
And wondered after him, because his face
Shone like the countenance of a priest of old
Against the flame about a sacrifice
Kindled by fire from heaven.

TENNYSON

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost beings rolls."

LONGFELLOW

ONE characteristic of this biography may have already been noticed: there are no long letters elucidating Christian doctrine, or enforcing Christian life, or discussing at length the application of Christian principles to social or political problems. Every now and then in R. B.'s numerous replies to correspondents there appears in an incidental fashion some pithy remark embodying his opinion or conviction on a religious point; but the matter is dealt with but briefly, and the reason is plain. His life was (unless he was actually laid up with sickness, and it took a good deal to keep him in bed) mainly spent in action. In the course of his evangelistic work in India he travelled many thousands of miles, mostly on foot, or on the back of a camel—and a camel, though he has considerable merits, is not an animal of great speed; so that excursions on camel-back take time, and when his rider is a person who hardly likes to pass any human being without seeking to taste somewhat of his humanity, such

travelling is apt to become slow indeed, and to take up many hours of the working day, long though it be. R. B., then, had scant time to develop as a writing prophet. It is a pity perhaps that he had not; the comparatively few letters given here will establish the fact that he could write interestingly, in a forcible and racy style. But the explanation is that instead of writing (though he kept up a large private correspondence with friends) he spent much of his time in speaking. He spoke with many, and often for long. He thus "wrote" himself into the hearts of those with whom he talked, and their lives show the results. He might have justly said, like St. Paul, to his spiritual children, "Ye are my epistles," and though he was not given to talking in this way about himself the fact remains: there are many "epistles"—living epistles of R. B. in the Punjab to-day. Bishop Durrant, writing in the "Lahore Diocesan Magazine" with that touch of intimate sympathy which marks (if a layman may so speak of a bishop) a kindred spirit, says:—

No one could go up and down the Punjab for three years as a bishop has to do without realizing to some extent what a great heroic figure he was. Constantly, when I have met some outstanding Indian Christian and asked about him, I have been told, "Oh yes, he was one of Rowland Bateman's converts."¹ His marvellous knowledge of the language, his amazing feats of exertion and endurance, his adventures by flood and field as he went about his Master's business, would make a fascinating biography. Whether such will be written I do not know; but whether it is or not, the name of Rowland Bateman will not soon be forgotten in our diocese, and now that he has "joined the choir invisible" he lives again in lives made better by his presence.

Many of these adventures must remain unknown—he

¹ The Bishop, of course, repeats this as a phrase used to him by his informant. Neither he, I am sure, nor R. B. would use it in any other way than as a faulty but convenient abbreviation. No true missionary ever thinks of any persons as "his converts": the work, as R. B. used constantly to say, wherever it has power, draws that power from the Holy Spirit. The Indian phrase—or at least one often used in the vernacular—is "son" (lit. "little child"), and "spiritual sonship" was always recognized by R. B. and those who were his sons in the Faith.

spoke of them so rarely and incidentally that it is impossible to give a complete narrative of them. This much, however, may be said: in considering any account given here of things done by R. B. the reader may be sure that the narrative is a bare minimum; generally speaking, if all the details could be known there would be something, perhaps much, to add. Similarly, many of the "living epistles" can never be read by human eye: their histories are unknown or known only in fragments. But some are known, and the plain unvarnished account of a few of them may prove inspiring. Here, too, when he is leaving India finally (though he did not admit it to himself) seems a fit time to give it. First, however, something must be said about his methods of doing his divinely commissioned work, which was never out of mind no matter where or in what circumstances he found himself. The reader of the foregoing pages will have already gathered some particulars. One of his gifts was, so to speak, an insatiable sociability—a faculty which I have sometimes called Socratic, in that, as is said of Socrates, he "talked to all comers, questioning them about their affairs, about the processes of their several occupations, about their notions of morality; in a word, about familiar matters in which they might be expected to take an interest." Socratic, too, he was in the way he tried to elicit moral lessons by question and answer, and in using the broad humour of humanity in illustration or in enforcing a point. But all such talk was with a purpose—that of "spying out the land," as he would say, so as to "get a shot in" somewhere. His manner in doing this was so manly, and simple, and engaging, that offence was not easily taken, and his great-hearted optimism enabled him to meet non-Christians with cordiality, even though he knew they might soon turn against him in bitter abuse.¹ This was not the outcome

¹ The malignancy as well as absurd misunderstanding which at times inspires scandal and vituperation in heathen minds is difficult for those reared in a Christian atmosphere to realize. One instance, amusing even in the darkness of the misapprehension which made it possible, is told by

of a slack good nature: it was the humanness of his sympathy with and comprehension of men as men. As he went on in years doubtless his experience widened, and his knowledge of Indians and their motives in action deepened, but the fresh human charity and outgoing hopefulness were conspicuous from first to last. I remember once in Narowal, as we were going about the town, I was struck with the cordiality with which all the townspeople seemed to greet him and his more than equal return made in kind; and, further, as I expressed it to him, I did not see any difference in his treatment of Christians, and those who were not Christians. "Why should I make any, my dear fellow?" answered he. "If a man is not a Christian to-day—he may become one to-morrow!" On that very walk he pointed out to me a spot where, he told me as he came by, once in earlier days, a woman had caught up her little child who was enjoying himself in the gutter, with the exclamation, "*Shaitán aya*" (Satan has come), and hurried off with him so as to prevent R. B. from working him harm with his "evil eye."

When he had, so to speak, established communication with his hearer's mind his ways of developing interest, and changing it into a better interest in the things of heaven, were manifold, and chosen with adroitness. With boys, his special quarry, he had a hundred points of touch, and he used every qualification he possessed, and through all intercourse, though his magnetism was attractive, he preserved the attitude of authority. Yet the point which helped perhaps more than anything was his quiet reality and naturalness. His love of sport was also invaluable: *shikár* (hunt) was quite a common name for his efforts

R. B. himself: "I was charged with idolatry of the bottle, and with burning candles in the worship of it. An eye-witness was produced to prove the accusation. It turned out that he had looked through the window of a rest-house at night and seen the mission party on their knees round a table, in the middle of which for want of a candlestick an empty treacle bottle had been placed, with a candle in its neck. This scene the observer described as showing the real relation of Christians to brandy."

to bring some unwilling or apathetic soul to the light, and all the metaphors of sport might be used to describe such attempts. One example has already been given of this (see page 123), and it is typical.

Last but not least, in following up the soul for which he was in travail, no toil, or danger, or want of food or sleep, daunted him. There was for him at the time one thing to be done, and all his powers, physical as well as spiritual, were put to the stretch in its accomplishment.

I must risk the chance of criticism by repeating once more the story of my own first coming into touch with R. B. It has often been told on public platforms, and has recently been recorded in the " fragmentary tribute " written after his death for the " C.M. Review " ; but it must have a place here, as it well shows, to my thinking, how R. B.'s influence sometimes acted on men—it cannot be said unconsciously on his part, but without any special or deliberate effort. I went out to India in 1871 a believer in Jesus Christ as my Saviour, and possessed with a strong conviction of the necessity of showing my colours, but almost entirely ignorant of the work of foreign missions, and, as I see now, with my mind inert as to the absolute obligation incumbent on every Christian man, if he is to be consistent, heartily to support them.

It must have been about March or the beginning of April, 1872, that I received a kind invitation from Mr. Keene, the C.M.S. missionary at Amritsar, to attend a Bible reading. I went, not because at the time I honestly liked it, but because I was ashamed not to like it, and having been asked, ashamed not to go. So I went, arriving rather late and found the company all sitting in their places. I made for what looked like the quietest corner, and found R. B. there already. He pushed his Bible over to me to share, but said nothing. I remained quiet, but from time to time glanced sidewise at his face with its broad open forehead, and strong reddish beard, and decided in my own mind that I quite liked him—before he had even

opened his mouth to me. I noticed that he said very little in the meeting, but after it finished we spoke together for a minute or so, and he asked me to come and see him at St. John's College when I came to Lahore. I did, and thus began a friendship which first brought me a personal and ever deepening interest in missions. In my case it was much more the man himself that drew me than anything he said: it was character which made itself felt at once on meeting him, and this without any effort, almost without recognition on his part. As a fact, there is no mention in his journal of his having met me on that occasion. The first time my name occurs it comes in later in the year as that of one of his acquaintances. It was the combination of obviously capable manliness with real but unobtrusive spirituality that made such an impression on me—an impression which has ever grown in strength through all the years of our intimate friendship.

The story of the *do-paisa wala* (two-farthings) child, which I gave in the same article, has a pathetic appropriateness here, as while it shows the effective "fisher" at work, it supplies an instance of the disappointments in spiritual labour which he, hopeful and successful though he so often was, had, like all other missionaries, to encounter at times and painfully to sustain. He was on his way from Gurdaspur to Amritsar, enjoying the unusual luxury (provided for him) of a stage carriage (*dāk gāri*). At Batala, when the horses were being changed, a little all but naked urchin came begging to the door of the carriage. R. B. gave him three paisa (about $\frac{3}{4}$ d.), telling him to go and "fill his stomach" (homely native idiom)—the child disappeared. An unusual delay in changing horses enabled him to return to the scene, holding out one paisa to R. B. "Why do you bring it back?" "Because I filled my stomach with two," was the reply. This unexpected honesty from such a quarter took the missionary's heart. "Who is he—has he no father or mother, or any one to look after him?" "No one," said the bystanders;

" he is an orphan and *láváris* (belonging to no one)." " Will you come with me and let me look after you ? " The child first looked at him—how well I know what he saw in that face at such a moment—and then, with a child's instinctive appraisal of goodness and love, just nodded his head. Then and there R. B., taking action *more suo* on the moment, wrapped him up in a blanket he had over his knees, put him on the front seat inside his *gári*, and took him away to Clarkabad to be trained amid Christian surroundings. We used to ask after the " do-paisa wala " child, and for some time there was good news—he was kindly treated, his nature was opening out : he was, we may reverently hope, " growing in favour with God and man." Then came black tidings ; he had been kidnapped from the Christian settlement, and in spite of R. B.'s efforts, nothing was ever heard of him again—he was sucked back somewhere into the dark whirlpool of heathen life.

Another case to illustrate R. B.'s fishing for men who become in truth his living epistles is that of Jaláluddin Ambar, Naib Tahsildar, in government service. He writes :—

I got his [R. B.'s] acquaintance when I was about 10 or 11 years of age, and I remember how his personality was taken to be as a magic or charm for other men, specially boys and young men, to be attracted to Christ. . . . Rustic boys like myself and comparatively advanced ones of the cities and towns always seemed to be pre-impressed from their hearsay knowledge of him that his acquaintance was sure to affect them in one way or the other to change their views of Christ and Christianity. He knew his game. He would use appropriate means for reaching different men of different stages of society. Village simple folks could intelligently learn from him truths of religion by means of pictures, while an affectionate well-reasoned discourse would not be kept back by him when coming into contact with literate or a bit educated men. He was truly a fisher of souls, and I remember well that one of his " hobbies " was fishing ! His life in those days was an organized plan for bringing young men to Christ. Youth was his special field, and it is surprising indeed how with a *shikári's* (hunter's) eye he could discern in young men raw material to work up for Christ. The house master, Narowal, told me that one day Mr. Bateman and he were having a chat. On seeing me pass by Mr. B. said to him : " This boy is to become a

servant of Christ one day." This was at the time when I was a Mohammedan and had not till then come under any tangible Christian influence. . . . No mean proportion of the men, who are heads of families now and in one capacity or other form the backbone of the Christian community in the Punjab, come out of Narowal and its villages. In places where Mr. B. happened to tread his foot one comes across men who were attracted by him in short and temporary excursions. . . . I remember when the Narowal "cathedral" church (the second) was carried on, he would spend two or three hours in the morning there. Sometime with the masons, with chisel in his hand, now with the coolies, with a *kassi* (kind of hoe), again with the carpenter—back home after breakfast on his office table, with generally no punkah in summer or fire in winter: do this till four or later, and again to the church building work, or to some village for holding service or teaching Christians, and all this with all the attendant duties of carrying on daily and Sunday services and the looking after Christians and their families and daily visits to schools. His lamp was burning till 12 at night or later. Very often after dinner he got hold of men knowing English to help him in translating Gospels or Psalms into Punjabi. . . . He was accessible at all times: in his case the knocking of the door was always accompanied with the opening of it. No exceptions to this rule. The young and the old found him his friend. . . . I do not know of any other missionary in the Punjab who has attracted so many youths to Christ as the Rev. Rowland Bateman. . . . It is thought now that a missionary's work in this country is of management. . . . A French, a Bateman, is considered not to meet the up-to-date want; but this is wrong. India needs them more to-day, just as it needed them very much in their own time.

I am sorry that I cannot find space for more of this interesting and thoughtful testimony—a justification by itself of the general method of R. B.'s work.¹

As to his accessibility, here is a bit from Wárisuddin's story:—

I went to see him one day in Narowal, and knocked at his door:

¹ While this is passing through the press, I have identified the writer with "Jalál," the name written on an envelope in R. B.'s handwriting, containing letters from the same youth dated '97, '99, and '13. All are interesting, but one little bit has an association (see p. 7) which compels record here. "Jalál" writes in 1899: "I have had no letter from you since you been away but a P.C. from Aden, the words of which I shall never forget. For they were a practical proof of your love to me. I thank you for your P.C. of prayer.—God may keep you as the apple of His eye."

there was no answer. I did that three times and got no answer. I opened the door, and went in, and he was there. I told him I knocked his door three times, and he gave no answer. He said, " Why did you knock?—you ought to have come in without knocking. My house is opened to every one: they can come at any time."

The same valuable witness gives us one or two other interesting points :—

He was very fond of little children. He used to take sweets in his pocket and gave it to the children: they used to call him Baba (grandfather).

Again :—

When I was in England in 1875, Mr. B. wished me to go in a coal-pit, but I would not go: I was afraid. When I was in England again in 1908, I reminded him that, and I said, " Now I am going to obey you after thirty-three years," and I went into the pit 1500 feet deep in Biddulph. He was pleased to see that I repented after thirty-three years!

A moving story is furnished by another living epistle, the Rev. Wadhawa Mall, the faithful and efficient pastor of Asrapur (Bahrwal), the Christian settlement begun by Mr. Perkins, already referred to on page 25.

Wadhawa Mall calls R. B. a " great heavenly hunter " (almost adopting the Bible phrase, " a mighty hunter before the Lord " !), and says: " If any youth from any reason had gone away, who not yet had come to baptism, he never gave up going after him; and in trying to save that soul he would use wonderful labour and love, not thinking of his own health and toil as much as about saving others." His own story (abridged) is that he and several other boys used to go to the Narowal mission school from villages near by. He had a friend (now a respected minister in the United Presbyterian mission), and they two in their youthful talk agreed both of them to become Christians. Hamiduddin, his friend, carried out his part, but Wadhawa Mall was afraid. He saw the affliction and anguish which his friend had to go through—his parents treated him as if he were dead. Meanwhile

Wadhawa's friends suspected him of intending to become a Christian; he was taken from school and sent away to a distant part. But he writes:—

God was with me, and let my mind have no rest. The burden of my sins grew heavy, and the fear of death was always before me with the thought should death come to-day, what will be my state? Mr. Bateman never forgot me in his prayers; indeed he himself came to a place near by, whence my beloved Sálík came to me at midnight and early the next morning took me to Mr. Bateman. After a while I returned to my village, and Mr. Bateman came to Narowal. He called me to him through a boy, and we went off that night. When we came to a river where there was no boat Mr. Bateman took us up behind him, one at a time, on a horse which a friend had sent for him. Next day he baptized me. I had to go through the same trouble with my parents and family as Sálík had. No mortal strength could bear it: it was the power of the Holy Spirit—a great miracle. Fifteen months later, after wonderful fashion, God brought my wife to my way of thinking, and Mr. Bateman gladly baptized her. . . . Mr. Bateman is not dead, but is alive. His dear image is before our eyes, and with him are very many fellow servants, friends, and little children, all Punjabis.

The story of Maya Das is more or less known. In Bishop French's life, vol. i., p. 269, a good deal is told; but rather strangely, one of the moving incidents in which R. B. comes in, is omitted. The statement there is simply that he openly apostatized. The Rev. Dr. Hooper, the veteran missionary, who has sent me an interesting account of his memories of R. B., supplements this as follows:—

Knowing his wife to be a bigoted Hindu, he unhappily told her nothing of his change of views; but after his baptism it could not be concealed from her, and it put her into a fury. For three days he endured her storming, her refusal to cook his food, her threatening to throw herself down a well, and in other ways her making his life unbearable; when, pressed sorely, and weak in the faith as he was, he consented to abjure Christ, and (outwardly) return to the fold of Hinduism. So she made a great feast for the Brahmans, and he had to give them much money; but even that, they said, did not suffice to wash away the sin of apostasy: he must make a pilgrimage to Hardwar, and there wash it away in the Ganges. So he went there, and came back a miserably dejected man.

The rest of the story is given nearly verbatim from an

account written by Maya Das himself in Hindustani, taking up the tale after his public apostasy :—

After doing worship, etc. (at the Ganges), my Hindu wife came back to me, but even then my spirit found no rest. I was like a strayed sheep that, separated from its own dear fold, wanders hither and thither. I remained thus for some months ; one day when I was sitting hopeless in thought, suddenly there came to me a strange voice, saying : " To-morrow or never," which seized me as meaning : " To-morrow, return with true heart to Christ, or you will be dead for ever." I became afraid, and said to myself : " Yes, certainly to-morrow, I will go." I went out of the town to a lonely place and there prayed with tears to God to give me grace and power to confess openly my sin before Him and my fellow men. . . . But God had prepared a special means of saving me. After much effort and entreaty many friends had become hopeless about me, but the much beloved and revered Padri Bateman sahib had not even now let me go, though in those days I would not meet any Christian. Padri Bateman sahib continually sent me letters, and eventually I promised him that I would see him. So in the hot weather, starting from Ludhiana on a camel at midnight, this dear sahib came to me. When we met, he embraced me, and we both shed tears, and prayed to God, and from that time came a change of heart.

I myself knew Maya Das as a simple-hearted, manly Christian, and a capable administrator with initiative and self-resourcefulness, and recognized widely in the Punjab as incorruptibly honest. After a long career of honourable service he died, leaving behind him a name which brings glory to his Master. Few more touching incidents in missionary history can be cited than this meeting of R. B. with the sheep he had sought so long and so far. There is a speaking relic of that crucial time—an envelope, addressed in R. B.'s hand and registered, to " Munshi Maya Das, Firozpur," with the endorsement : " If the addressee cannot be found, this letter is to be returned to the writer, Rev. R. Bateman, Lahore, and not to be opened." Then close beneath, the statement by the Postmaster of Firozpur : " The addressee has gone on a pilgrimage to ' Gungajee ' (i.e. ' the holy Ganges ')—letter returned." This of course meant public apostasy. On the face there are two brief entries : " Alas ! Alas ! R. B.

Just received 5/10/'71 "; and then again a retrospective thanksgiving, "Glory, glory! Saved, saved! 28/10/'79."

Again it must be said only examples of R. B.'s work in this way can be given here; the last instance must rest on my own memory of what he himself (fortunately) told me in an unguarded moment. I have a half-recollection of hearing the story from some one else, too, in a fuller and more enthusiastic form, but according to rule I keep to the minimum. It was in 1890. He came back one night to Brightlingsea from a C.M.S. meeting at Colchester, or somewhere not far from it. He looked tired, and I said: "Good meeting?" "Oh yes, but I had a regular facer." "How was that?" "Well, I said my say, and then they said to me: 'There's an Indian here who might speak a bit.' I said, 'Of course, let him talk.' So a young Indian got up and spoke quite well, then at the end he said: 'There's something personal I should like to add. Some years ago when I was an undergraduate at Oxford, my scout came in and said: "There's a gentleman asking for you, sir." "For me?" I said; "It can't be for me; I don't know any one here." "Well," he said, "the gentleman asked for the Indian gentleman." "Show him up, then." And a gentleman came in, saying: "I heard you were from India, and so am I, and I ventured to come in to call on you." He sat down and we talked a while, and then when he was going he said: "Shall we have a little prayer together?" I said: "You forget I am not a Christian." "Well," said he, "let us pray that you may become one," and we knelt down, and he prayed. Then we shook hands, and he went away and I have never seen him again till this evening,—and there he is!" pointing to me. I had clean forgot the fellow!" Some time afterwards I was asking him about this story. "How did you get hold of that?" he said. "Why, you told me!" "But how could I tell you that story?" "Well, perhaps because you were tired, and it slipped out; anyhow, I am glad you *did* tell me"—and

so I think will be the reader. Strong men are sometimes most fascinating when they are not quite so self-repressing as usual.¹

One more little incident shall close the chapter—and may I introduce it by referring to the fact that in most districts in which I served in the Punjab there will be found a name of some Englishman of bygone days who did long and good service to his generation there, whose name in an Indianized form is still as a household word? As a young officer, I can remember an old Sikh telling me as we rode along: "Hádson sahib (Hodson) pitched his tent here, and said, 'We will have breakfast, and then we will take the fort (pointing to an old site on a hill).'" So in other parts of the country "Lik sahib" (Lake), "Hoosely sahib" (Ousely), "Oliver sahib," and "Parkins sahib" (Perkins)—all had their names preserved with something of a mythic halo. And so in different association (but not, let us hope, in a wholly different way) Rowland Bateman will remain a memory in the Christian Church of the mid-Punjab. As a fellow worker writes: "His name will always be a household word in the Punjab. Once, as I passed a bridge, a Punjabi pointed it out to me, saying, '*Bateman sahib had slept under it in his wanderings.*'" Such memories doubtless remain in many Indian minds.

¹ Let me add that I have tried to obtain other evidence to corroborate or improve my version of the tale; but twenty-six years is a long time, and I have failed. Should the Indian Christian himself see this and write to me about it I should be sincerely grateful.

CHAPTER XIII

DEPUTATION WORK, SERMONS, AND ADDRESSES

The Lord's messenger in the Lord's message.—HAGGAI i. 13.

THE last chapter dealt mainly, though not exclusively, with work in India. The present chapter will deal mainly, but not exclusively, with work at home in England; and the overlapping in each case is the natural outcome of R. B.'s character. A man like this is always a "fisher of men" whether in the mission field or pleading for mission work in England. As will be seen from at least one instance given here, the man himself was felt more than his voice was heard; and the charm of his personality appealing to both men and women in different ways, and founded on his lion-like courage and devotion to the cause of his Master, moved the hearts of hearers to new vision of Christian life and service for themselves, while drawing out their generous gifts to strangers far away who are waiting for a chance to learn about Christ. Wherever R. B. went he brought with him spiritual health and vigour.

It must be remembered that ordinarily a missionary comes home only because he needs rest and change, and also it may be—though this is often forgotten—"feeding up." Certainly in the case of R. B., who habitually lived a Spartan life when at work, an improvement in diet whenever he could be prevailed upon to lend himself to it did him good. But for most missionary workers rest and change are more important even than extra food,

and these R. B. seemed to find in doing what is technically known as "deputation work"—which strictly speaking means representing the missionary society in the way of pleading for missions. I will not stay to enforce the truth—which is plain if we take time to consider it—that much of this work, if the Church were what it ought to be, or even if the clergy of England what they ought to be, would be needless. No pleading for funds should be required as part of a missionary's deputation work. His plain and truthful tale of what the Lord has done through him, when "rehearsed" to keen and faithful listeners, should of itself prove an irresistible appeal; and this was always R. B.'s aim in his deputation work. He carried his hearers to the mission field; he made them understand his surroundings; by a few graphic intensely human touches he put them in living relation to Indian hearts, which in spite of all differences of birth, and race, and circumstances of life, he showed to be fundamentally akin to hearts in England. Having laid this foundation of community of nature and sensibility he told the story of the Gospel coming to such dimly illumined lives, of the way in which it draws them to Christ; of His power in transforming the characters of men and women in India just as much as in England. The difficulty, the urgency, and the splendour of the evangelist's work were all brought home, and while the hearer could not but love the speaker, it was plain that the speaker himself had forgotten his own personality, and was thinking only of his Master and his Master's work.

Of this long labour of love, beside the occasional notes given by friends which are sometimes very illuminating, we have a regular and characteristic record kept by himself—a manuscript book in which, under the alphabetical arrangement of the names of the places, he seems to have entered brief but incisive notes of every visit paid by him while doing deputation work in England (once in Scotland) and Ireland. There are no entries

for Canada, where he spoke about a score of times in the autumn of 1898. The book is an old memorandum book, with his name and date, 1856—when he was at Brighton College. There are indeed Greek and Latin words (fragments of early studies) entered at the head of the pages under each letter—or many of them—and then begins his record, full of abbreviations, and so curt in reference that only he himself could recognize the full meaning in some cases—though I knew most of them. He always gives the date, and the line of talk and immediate subject. Often specifies name of clergyman who asked him to the place. Generally, not always, the character of the meeting—“warm,” “cold,” and so on; and often notices whether there are young people present. Occasionally he gives brief and not always complimentary references to incidents or persons hindering the success of the meeting; on the other hand noticing anything specially good done or said by others. After long study of this record—which of course must be treated as confidential as regards much of its contents—I get a fresh and warm stirring up of the heart consequent on a new realization of the energy, devotion, and fiery consecration of the man to his task. He was just the same in England as in India—his zeal really consumed him. And yet, there is no doubt, that strenuous as was the toil of deputation work it was welcome to him in that it helped to ease the ache of his heart to be back in the mission field. This heartache must be remembered as always present with him in England; otherwise his movements and sometimes his words will be misunderstood.

The earliest record given of his “deputation” work is November, 1882, at Pateley Bridge—north-west of Harrogate in Yorkshire. I can hardly believe that he did nothing at all in 1875, when home for some months. He had his two spiritual sons Waris and Prithu with him,¹ and surely

¹ Cf. his story of the Dera Ismail Khan catechist, who valued his presence at the preaching in the bazaar, and the explanation of such value; see p. 40 *ante*.

the overflowing heart must have found some utterance. However, supposing he began speaking in 1882, he went on, intermittently of course, till February, 1915, at Stockport.¹

He records visits to 414 separate places : many of them he visited twice or thrice, and, in a few cases, even oftener. Many visits meant two or three sermons or addresses, so that we have in this unpretentious record a reminder of at least 1000 speakings for his Lord.

In 1882, though undoubtedly needing a rest, he was in the full flush of manhood and vigour. By 1915 (only thirteen months before his death) he had come within the grip of two incurable ailments, and must at times have been in actual physical pain while speaking. One of the last occasions that he pleaded for the C.M.S. was at Bucknall, in January, 1914, when he notes having had "an excellent meeting of about fifty intelligent men." It was from this place that he received in September, 1915, the following notable letter, parts of which may be quoted :—

I have been so very sorry to hear of your serious illness. You must have suffered terribly. But I never met any one with such wonderful, cheerful, patient courage as you have. I can never forget your arranging a C.M.S. cinematograph meeting in Victoria Hall, Hanley, when you looked like a wounded soldier, with your head bound up after an operation ! I shall never forget the thrilling account of your missionary experiences which you gave to our men. One of them, a policeman, said he could not take his eyes off you, and that you brought tears to his eyes.

The times when being at home from India he was available for deputation, so far as can be traced from this note book, are from November, 1882, to September, 1884 ; July to September, 1890 ; July, 1893, to September, 1894 ; June, 1897, to July, 1898 ; March to September, 1899 ; and from April, 1902, onwards. Examination of other records shows how closely he pressed his dates of departure and arrival.

¹ The very last occasion of his speaking on "deputation" was in March, 1915, at Trentham (see p. 187) ; but I find no record of this in his book.

Two specimen notes may be given in full, filling out abbreviations :—

- (i) Frant. 13. 7. '84.—Sunday.—Fawkes, Vicar. Exod. xii. 26. What mean ye? We mean obedience, v. 27—gratitude, xiii. 8. Feast *and* bitter herbs.
In afternoon baptized Edward Charles Powell, and Annie Fry.
Sunday Evening. Luke xix. 34, 35. Traced the Lord's progress in the mission fields lately—longer garments.
- (ii) Basildon. 6. 11. '03.—Schoolroom on the hill.—Collett, Rector. Very good full room, lots of young men. Dera Ismail Khan fully answering questions how money was spent.

The same place has an even better record sixteen months later: "On hill, terrible stormy night—splendid room-ful, especially young men. Dina Nath Prithu story, having recovered his letter lost for two years."

The young Indian Christian whose name appears here is the one whose story is told with those of other converts in Chapter XII. He was one of Bateman's best loved friends, and has helped me with information as to parts of the Punjab chronicle.

Other names, a pretty long list, are found in various notes throughout the book: one or other of them being the peg on which with earnestness, pathos, humour, tenderness, and eloquence, formed and fed by natural feeling and warmth of heart, he pressed home the glorious facts of the human drama in the mission field; the all but insuperable difficulties, the superhuman power and attraction of the Holy Spirit; the struggles of the human heart coming within the range of the truth, but held back by weakness, by the human ties of family and relatives, the longings of the flesh for worldly ease and comfort; the drawings of the Saviour's love felt with increasing cogency; then the final triumph of God's love, yielded to, fully embraced, and adopted as rule of life. Numbers who heard him have testified to the great influence and compelling power of his addresses; but it was not only the man's language, as already noticed, that moved his

hearers, it was the man himself, vivifying every word he said by his forceful and speaking personality. The Minute of the C.M.S. Committee, passed on hearing of his death, may be quoted here :—

As a platform speaker he was in his best days inimitable ; he mingled humour with the most affecting pathos, and not a few owe to some missionary story told by him their first glimpse of what it might be for them to realize, as the speaker evidently did, the full claims of the Lord that bought them.

He did a great deal of his deputation work in England on his cycle, and at times had much to do to keep his appointments. One incident may be given nearly in his own words :—

“ Did you ever go to O. ? ”

“ Yes, on a cycling tour, and had tea there.”

“ Well, I had tea there once, too, and left my bicycle outside. After tea I came out, and saw a boy in the distance just going round a corner. I thought nothing of this, and started, wheeling my cycle up the rather long hill on my way to ——. When I was going to get on at the top of the hill I found a puncture, evidently made by my vanishing boy. I didn't care to come back into O. again so I went on wheeling the bike to the next village. Near the entrance I came on a nice villa-like house with a young lady bringing her bicycle out of the gate. I ventured to ask her where was the best place to get a puncture mended. She smiled and said : ‘ I am the only person in the village who knows anything about mending a puncture, but I shall be very glad to do yours if you will let me.’ I protested, she was just going out for her own ride, and I couldn't think, etc. She persisted, so I brought my bike into the garden. Presently out came the lady of the house and on learning who I was became friendly at once and offered hospitality for the night. I thanked her but said I must get on as I had an engagement at —— next morning to preach. So after patching up the bike, I went off. However, the puncture broke out again and I walked by the side of the wheel, nearly eleven miles, but I reached my place in time.”

Another incident something like this happened during his stay in Ontario, Canada, in 1898. He was coming by train from Peterborough to Lindsay, and was expected to get out at a small station, Reaboro', where the trains stopped only on word given to the conductor on the car. Bateman did not know this, or, having been told, forgot it,

and so the train hurried through Reaboro', with friends waiting to receive him on the platform, to Lindsay where of course he learnt his mistake. Some men might have given up the engagement altogether, others would have hired a "rig" and driven to Reaboro', but our friend faced the situation in his own way. He looked in at a house where he had been hospitably received once before, got a Canadian apple from the kind and sympathetic hostess and putting it in his pocket he trudged the five miles to Reaboro' on foot along the railway track, covering the distance within the hour, and reaching the place of meeting just in time. "I ate the apple on the platform," he added; "what could be better?"

Readers of Dr. Stock's inspiring "History of the C.M.S." may remember a passage in the third volume which speaks of two speakers (one being Dr. Stock himself) returning depressed to London from a meeting at Eastbourne, where they "were conscious of being dull and cold themselves." Yet at that meeting, it was afterwards learnt, James Hannington received his marching orders for the foreign field. There is no known instance of similar consequence following on meetings where Bateman spoke; but the consciousness of dullness, feebleness, coldness, which is referred to in the passage cited was present with Bateman in not a few instances. "Attentive audience to dull address" is a very characteristic note. "Very small dull meeting"—"Evening meeting, wet blanket." "Ran over whole field in a general scrambling way"—"Garden-meeting indoors, rushed away as soon as I had done, having fever. Afterwards heard that people were interested and collected £11." "Room cram full of Bible classes, very informal. Num. xiii. 33—poor—very tired"—are some entries which show that the brave cheerfulness which, more than anything else, might be taken as characterizing his demeanour—worn so naturally that it might almost seem instinctive—had to be maintained at times with an effort. The last

citation from the Old Testament I find repeated in the entry Bridgwater on 20 : 2 : 1898 : "Grasshoppers, parallel between task of Ancient and Modern Israel. Fortresses of Hinduism, Mohammedanism, and Buddhism—all are yielding converts. The Lord *does* go before his people."

This is specially interesting because I have a note in my Bible opposite this text, "Bateman, Port Hope (Ontario), 1898," and I recall the graphic vividness with which, speaking on the same platform as myself, he treated the subject. How the missionary working, as he often does, alone, or with only one or two human helpers, has to attack "the vast fortress of Hinduism, an immense building of apparently huge strength, and affording few if any loopholes through which an arrow-shot may find entrance ; and yet God does enable us to make a hit here and there, and trophies of His grace are won.¹ Another text, which till recently I did not know had been used more than once by him in deputation work, is St. Luke xix. 33, 34—"Why loose ye the colt ?" He began thus a sermon at Sialkot in 1885, seizing the attention and surely the heart at once: "A very proper question. Here was a stranger, apparently without any right, taking away a man's property, and the neighbours naturally concerned asked the question. So with us missionaries ; we come in among the people, loosing the bonds of family and custom ; we are strangers seeking as it were young colts—children and youths—that belong to fathers and mothers. What right have we to do so ? We can give only the answer that the

¹ I am grateful to a new friend, the Rev. J. R. Fellowes (no helper in a work like this can be thought of as a stranger), for a valuable addition to this comment. As a young missionary, he asked R. B. what he considered to be the main difference between Hinduism and Mohammedanism from an evangelistic point of view. His reply was—"Imagine that you are setting out to attack two forts : one of them is bristling with armed men on all sides, ready to receive your attack, and there appears to be little chance of getting near the fort—that is Mohammedanism. On the other fort there is not a man to be seen, all is quiet and peaceful, and it seems quite a simple matter to walk in and take the fort, until you try and find out your mistake—that is Hinduism."

Apostles were told to give : ' The Lord '—the paramount owner of all property—' hath need of him.'"¹

I find now in these notes that he dealt with this text in its double aspect—the question and the answer.

The man who is pleading the cause of foreign missions on deputation work sometimes does work outside the church or hall of meeting which cannot be done inside. The vigilant soldier of the Cross looks out for intercourse with individuals, and R. B. was always on the alert. Not that he ever appeared to be "angling" for men : it was rather his natural demeanour—human, sympathetic, responsive and yet winsomely aggressive—which was so attractive, especially perhaps to young men. Others, however, felt drawn toward him, and through him to his work. The following extract from a letter lately received will afford an instance of this, for which humble thanks may be given to God : it speaks for itself : " I only knew the Revd. Rowland Bateman as a visitor to the house where I was a servant, in London. He was then a missionary, so it is many years ago, but a man we could never forget. No pen can describe his saintly character : I have never met any one like him, and I mourn his loss greatly. I enclose £1 to the C.M.S. in memory of the Rev. Rowland Bateman."

In addition to the two striking missionary texts already quoted, I may note from a list of over fifty others used by him one or two which seem unusual and thus likely to arrest attention of hearers. Psalm cvii. 20 : " He sent His word " ; the same Psalm, verses 1, 2, 3—" The redeemed of the Lord." Psalm xlv. 10 : " Forget also thy own people." Acts xiv. 28 : " Abode long time." Psalm cxlviii. 12 : " Both young men, and maidens, old men and children." 1 Kings xx. 11 : " Harness." Psalm xx. 5 : " Banners." On the subject of his ordinary sermons as distinguished from

¹ Quoted from myself in May number of "C.M. Review," 1916, "A fragmentary tribute," which needs revision in one or two phrases.

those specially missionary, I have nothing to add to what I said in the article already referred to and which I quote here :—

So far as I can judge, he was more effective in Punjabi even than in his mother tongue. He spoke Punjabi more “like a native” than almost any man I can recall. . . . In English sermons he had a style of his own—he was fond of metaphor and allegory. He would take hold of a most unlikely seeming figure, which you rebelliously would wish he hadn’t thought of, and then go on with it in detail working like a sculptor with hammer and chisel, until by very persistence he had driven home the comparison he wanted to make, converting you more or less to the view that there was spiritual insight leading him throughout. Thus much for the more dubious parts : at times he rose to real eloquence, expressing lofty truth ; his voice generally unmusical, took on a sonorous vibration inspiring in itself, his face assumed a rapt expression of mingled fire and serenity (“the sea of glass” *in petto*), and you felt that he was, for the time at least, emphatically “the Lord’s messenger in the Lord’s message.” Yet for some English congregations he was not seldom too long.

We may conveniently close this chapter with some notes (necessarily much abbreviated) of an address given in 1874, which have been very kindly supplied to me by Rev. D. Harford :—

We have strong evidence in the mission field that the Word of God has not lost its powers. His power is still to salvation in all countries. The four quarterings on His Banner of Love are the evangelistic, educational, literary, and medical. . . . I have learned now that it is well to extol each line, but not to the exclusion of the other ways. All are fitting instruments for the Master’s use though the shapes of the vessels are different. But at the time I began work—I got puzzled. I was going as a messenger from home to speak to different peoples—how should I speak, all are so different . . . [showing the captious criticism from non-Christians that meets the evangelist.] . . . I begin again, choosing St. Luke xv. and begin to read : “A certain man had two sons.” “Hold !” cries out a man, . . . “We must know what was the name of the man who had two sons ?” “Oh,” said I, “the book doesn’t say. I don’t know.” “Don’t know ! Here is a man come all this way to teach us and he doesn’t know the name of the man he is reading about. Go back to your own parish.”

Educational [tells the story given on p. 43 of the prophet without honour in his own country].

Literary.—You are told nothing is needed but the Word of God. . . . You get portions and go to a fair—there you read a passage and invite buyers and they come—some listen, some laugh, some abuse. One wants a whole Gospel; you are delighted. He pays 2*d.*, and you pray that the Word may be blessed. He only takes it to tear it in halves before your face. Another buys one, he wraps his wares in it.

Medical.—Here, too, how real and practical are the difficulties. A man comes to you with a toothache. Are you to preach to him first or cure him first? . . . You go in for one and all these methods alone and come out, saying: “Woe is me, surely I have spent my strength in vain.” . . . The object the missionary has in view is utterly beyond his unaided power, and only to be attained by His power Who says: “Before they call I will answer.” Now I will tell you my first bit of comfort [tells the story of Mr. Mortlock Brown’s boots, see p. 46, and contrasts the present state of things]. It was not the work of Mr. Brown, but the work of the blessed Word of the living God by all the methods 1, 2, 3, and 4. . . . Going back to the school I left in tears (in Dera Ismail Khan) I see my chair occupied by a young Indian Christian gentleman, educated there and one of my boys. . . . Once I tried myself a little medical work, and set up as an oculist, having instruction from an able doctor as to a few general rules and medicines. One day a little lad came to me with bad eyes [tells the story of Ihsan and Kurbán, see p. 85], . . . and now this Ihsan, the boy brought in by the grace of God, occupies my pulpit and makes my holiday a happy one, and shows me the power of my Lord. . . . Never let us give up hope. We work and we pray, and so do you. It is all one work. The Lord works there, and He works here too. According to his promise He is always with us to the end of the age. Go on diligently. The victory is in His hand. . . .

The above, when supplemented by the stories referred to, will give a fair presentation of R. B.’s method in platform addresses. His spiritual virility is manifest throughout, as well as the pathos and humour of his stories, together with the two leading facts of missionary work which he so often enforced—the weakness of the human instrument as against the opposing powers of evil, and the unsearchable riches and power of Christ working with His servants.

This is the key-note of all modern missionary success, the same great lesson which St. Paul with all his gifts of heart and brain was divinely taught—that God’s strength is made perfect in human weakness.

CHAPTER XIV

R. B. AS HE APPEARED TO HIS FRIENDS

Give me a heart that beats
In all its pulses with the common heart
Of human kind, which the same things make glad—
The same make sorry ! . . .
A man; and claiming fellowship with men.

TRENCH

If in the paths of the world
Stones might have wounded thy feet
Toil or dejection have tried
Thy spirit, of that we saw
Nothing—to us thou wast still
Cheerful, and hopeful, and firm !
Therefore to thee it was given
Many to save with thyself ;
And, at the end of thy day,
O faithful Shepherd ! to come,
Bringing thy sheep in thy hand.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

AFTER tracing the history of R. B.'s life up to the point where he took his last leave of his beloved Punjab, we have given some special consideration to his methods and character as evangelist, and details have been supplied of his work as remembrancer of missionary work to his countrymen at home. We shall be working on the same plane of thought if we try to gather up some additional data toward a complete study of his character by using, so far as we have them, letters to and from his friends other than those which seemed naturally to take their place in the consecutive chronicle of his Indian life,

and also reminiscences of his friends so far as they have been kindly supplied to me, and have not already been used. It is true that his life at home lasted for thirteen years after his return from India, and that during that period up to within a few months of his death he was busily at work—work which in a way rounded off his previous career in the mission field. But for clearness and right balance of view, I think it will be well to give here a presentation of the man as he appeared to his friends, treating that subject as a whole, including, where necessary, reference to the post-mission period. This procedure will involve, it is true, what R. B. himself (see story of Kurban, page 85) calls a “chronological inexactitude,” but the dramatic unity of presentation is of more importance than mere historical order of events. The man as he was in himself will be the subject of this, which will be a long chapter; the succeeding chapters will show how on him, being what he was, fell the “blows of fate,” which seemed but as the loving discipline of God.

The facts now recorded will bear useful comparison with the impressions stated in Chapter III dealing with his personality, and may be regarded in some measure as independent evidence, for not a few have come to me since that chapter was written. Precedence in this matter must without hesitation be given to the testimony of Bishop French, five letters from whom R. B. preserved (with others he thought important) till his death. Four of them will be found in the second volume of Mr. Birks’s biography, and I do not think it necessary to give them all here in full, but they have considerable importance as testifying to the relation at once intimate and loving, and yet free and recognizing mutual independence, and to a small though distinct difference on some points of churchmanship, which existed between the two friends. French was fifteen years senior to Bateman, and superior to him in scholarship and ecclesiastical knowledge. His personal holiness, and his consecrated devotion to his

Lord, have perhaps never been surpassed. R. B., in one of his early journals, notes self-reproachfully: "Noticed that F.'s presence restrains loose conversation while mine does not.¹ Oh, to receive power to cast out devils," and more than once elsewhere pays loving tribute to F.'s character as a saint. Again French was R. B.'s bishop, and this in a real and manly way was recognized with loyal deference. But on the other hand French recognized the force of character as well as the spiritual power possessed by R. B., and in the ultimate analysis I seem to find traces, in their intercourse, of occasional turning on F.'s part for counsel to the friend whom he recognizes as in some matters stronger and wiser than himself. Thus the story of their friendship is mainly "give and take." An interesting incident given by Mr. Birks in a note in his first volume is worth transcribing:—

French had no idea of nursing, though his sympathy was comforting; and he became helpless when he himself was ailing. . . . Bateman was ill of fever in his early days, and rather wandering.² He told French that he was making progress with the language, and found comfort in using it in prayer. A few days afterwards, when he was better, French said: "Do you know what you told me the other day? You said that you found comfort in Hindustani prayers! I knew the little progress you had made in learning, and I felt sure you must be off your head, and so I sent for the doctor"!

Of a troublesome student from Delhi at the St. John's Divinity School, F. writes: "He told me such a tissue of stories yesterday that I was obliged to send him away for three months to Amritsar to see if good Mr. Bateman could make anything of him, and put him to trial, and by teaching him be the means of ripening his Christian character." I am sorry not to be able to trace the experience

¹ I give this because I am certain that R. B. when he wrote it—a young man among young men—referred to some fact; but at all events later he certainly made his own "atmosphere."

² Bateman, though possessed of no special knowledge, was a good helper in the sickroom; quiet, resourceful, and sympathetic, he had also the use of his hands.

of this untruthful youth with "good Mr. Bateman"; it was sure to be breezy and we may hope profitable.

In another letter Bishop French refers to him as "our most apostolic missionary, Mr. Bateman," and in the letter partly quoted by Mr. Birks of 22 Aug., 1886, there is a further passage which shows incidentally, among other things, the gentle touch of episcopal guidance as to the administration of Holy Communion. He says:—

I fear I shall be too late to get a peep at you at Dharmsala. I thank you so much for the measure of help you promise there. It will be invaluable; especially if you can give them *one* Sunday *morning* Holy Communion. Else they will perhaps justly grumble; and have one evening Communion, with the Bishop's sanction; if you please tell them so. I do not know where the dreadful Romanism you speak of, prayer for the dead, etc., is preached or practised in this diocese. I have not heard of such.

It is interesting, surely, to know that in the year 1886 Bishop French, who has sometimes been called a High Churchman, spoke of prayers for the dead as "dreadful Romanism." In September, 1887, the Bishop makes it known privately to trusted friends that his resignation of the Lahore Diocese has been accepted, and "that the arch-deacon (the Ven. H. J. Matthew) has accepted the episcopate after long hesitation, and I fear with much reluctance." He goes on to say: "I beg my friends as much as possible to refrain from mentioning it in letter, but rather to pray that pardoning grace may rest on him who retires (through no longer being equal to the weight of the office, and the intricacy and variety of its duties), and that sustaining and establishing grace may rest on him who undertakes the burden in his place."

R. B. replies to this apostolic utterance as no other man in the diocese could:—

Dharmsala,
22 Sept., '87.

I am sure that you have done right. Ever since I saw you here last year I have longed, in spite of my love for you as my bishop, that you would speedily lay aside a burden that was too great for you. You were nearly dead, and did not seem to know it, and that,

in the midst of arduous physical and spiritual labours, you should have half a dozen letters at a time about T.A. (travelling allowance) made me very sad for you.

French's answer to this is so beautiful, and so completes the picture I have tried to sketch of the relation between the two men, that it must be given nearly entire :—

Batala,

24 Oct., 1887.

I was much affected, beloved brother in Christ, by your loving letter received on Friday last as I passed through Lahore between two journeys. None I have received has touched me so much. I *must* feel, however, that I am tenfold more indebted to you for what God's grace has enabled you to teach us by way of example, than you can possibly be to me for my poor scattered and imperfect efforts in the missionary field. Nevertheless I cannot fail to be cheered and encouraged and quickened in my thanksgivings to Him "Who counted me worthy, putting me into the ministry," by the assurance that I have been in the *least* helpful to one whom I so truly and deeply love and honour, though our minds are in some ways differently constituted, and diversity of experience, as well as of the posts we have been called upon to occupy, sometimes causes our lines of action to diverge. Perplexed and embarrassed sorely, I must confess to have been of late amid "the things that are shaken" in Churches as well as States, as distinguished from "the Kingdom which cannot be moved," "the Kingdom of God which is within us," and my comfort is to feel that the Spirit that dwelleth in us is the Spirit of counsel and strength as well as of love and peace, and also to seek for that simplicity and singleness of godly sincerity which the great apostle so loved to cultivate, and felt a ground of assurance in the consciousness that in that simplicity his life was lived and his work was done. May our gracious Saviour bless and reward you for all the comfort you have ministered to me. I am in trouble about an ordination of two candidates, in which Lefroy is unable to help me through fever, and their being so short-handed, and also Shirreff is away, and I am terribly deserted. Can you give me a sermon on Sunday next in the cathedral bearing on the ordination subject and the ministry of the Word and the Kingdom generally. . . . We will have a bed ready for you in house or tent as we can manage it best with so crowded a house. I shall be alone—Gray at Meeanmeer.¹ Don't forget to pray for me in this trying epoch of my life's history.

¹ The Rev. Spence Gray, an earnest and spiritually minded chaplain of Lahore, who took the trouble to come out (with considerable trouble "to the flesh") to Narowal for the opening of "the cathedral."

The fifth letter I have referred to does not seem to have been quoted by Mr. Birks ; it contains matter germane to a biography of French, hardly so to that of R. B., but there is a tender reference at the beginning to the severe illness of a child (who happily recovered), and, at the end, with a sweetness which this saint constantly showed to his friend, he says : “ I dare not write on more, but I thank you heartily for all your love and sympathy to the very last—spite of often feeling you ought to differ on some questions.”

And now the two friends have met again in the presence of Him Who was of both the beloved Master. Both were wanted in the Punjab, different as they were in many things—and the names and the work of both abide.

From Bishop French we turn to Bishop Matthew—a very different person, but also a man of God, strong in some qualities in which his predecessor was weak. To the student of the history of episcopacy in North India there comes an inspiring conviction of God’s merciful providence in His having given the see of Lahore, in its first four bishops, men differing sharply in temperament and individuality, but all of them of the same high type of spiritual power, each bringing blessing to the flock to whom in the divine administration of the Indian Church he was called to be an “ ensample.”¹ Bishop Matthew easily recognized the individuality and character of R. B. The following letter was written when R. B., in circumstances already described, was coming home in 1897 :—

Multan,

8 March, 1897.

MY DEAR BATEMAN,

Thank you for your very kind letter which has told me what I did not like to ask, but was most anxious to know—that you have

¹ It was Bishop Matthew who on his first visit to Narowal was met at the River Ravi by a triumphal procession of Indian Christians with a beautifully worked banner bearing the text : “ Neither as being lords over God’s heritage, but being ensamples to the flock.” There was no *malice prepense*—the Indians had taken the verse from the inscription placed over the door in the vestry of Narowal church, an instruction for “ the minister.” Bishop Matthew enjoyed the unconscious humour of the thing.

not given up the hope of being able to return to work in this diocese and, I should hope, in your own Narowal. You have indeed my tenderest sympathies and prayers in this sad homegoing, but I think you and dear Jack will cheer each other, and the time will come when he will feel with you that you are wanted in Narowal and that no other place can be to you what that, through God's blessing, has become.

It is difficult for me to write a "chit" because I have somewhat the feeling I had when Bishop French insisted on my giving him a license to minister at Muscat, or, at least, if I were to allow my pen to write all it would, you would be the first to cry out—"Stop!" That you may be long spared to your own children, and the children of your home, and also to the large spiritual family who call you "father" in the Punjab—is by none, I hope, desired more earnestly than by—

Your affectionate friend and brother,

HENRY J. LAHORE.

The "chit" given is as follows: it would not be easy to say more in such brief space, in quiet, strong, words:—

The Rev. Rowland Bateman of the Church Missionary Society, who is leaving the Punjab on furlough to England, has served in the diocese of Lahore ever since it became a diocese, and before that time also. In case he should be seeking parochial work at home I write these lines to certify that he is free from reproach in doctrine and in life, is deserving of all confidence, and will carry the spirit of the Good Shepherd into any care of souls committed to him.

HENRY J. LAHORE.

We have seen how on his return to India R. B. was able to be present at the consecration of Bishop Lefroy, who succeeded Bishop Matthew at Lahore. The new bishop had for some twenty years been working in the Cambridge Mission to Delhi and knew R. B. well. I have only one letter from him here, but it lets us see how things stood between them¹:—

Killiney,

24 Sept., '04.

MY DEAR BATEMAN,

It was very good of you writing to me, and very pleasant to have the sense of a little renewed touch with you even if through

¹ Having enjoyed the privilege and blessing of Bishop Lefroy's friendship ever since he began work at Delhi in 1878, and knowing much of his mind, I am able personally to say that R. B. (with whose temperament as a man he had keen sympathy) was in his eyes a very dear and honoured fellow worker.

the unsatisfactory media of paper and pen. Yes I can well believe that it's "weary work" at home, at any rate I know it would be a sore thing for me not to be going back to the East with its mystery and fascination. But if God's work for you at present lies here that's all there is to be said in the matter—only I do wish you could come back with me! I start next week, picking up the "Arabia" on Friday at Marseilles. My time at home has been a great delight and rest, and I am going back stronger, I believe, than I have been for the last ten years. May God enable me to use the strength given wisely and faithfully in His service. . . . Good-bye dear old man—God be with you—and will you pray the same for me.

Yours affectionately,

G. A. LAHORE.

In Chapter XII I gave an extract from Dr. Hooper's reminiscences about the history of Maya Das. Let me take another from the same source about R. B.'s severe illness in 1877 :—

It was in those days of bodily weakness that he was attacked by enteric. He was for some weeks laid up in the house of Dr. Scriven, an earnest Christian who was then civil surgeon of Lahore. Bateman's very numerous friends, the great majority of whom were Indians, feared much for the result of this disease on a frame already weakened by such hard faring and high living; and prayer was made for his recovery, if such should be God's will.

Then was seen, to the astonishment of many, how widely his name and fame had extended, and with what deep affection he was held even by those who had never met him. As the news of Bateman's illness spread from Lahore, Indian Christians met together in more and more widely separate places; till the stream of intercession flowed down the Indus valley as far as Karachi, down the Ganges valley as far as Bhagalpur, and into Central India as far as Jabalpur. No doubt it spread in other directions also; but these I know as facts.

And it pleased God to hear these prayers, and Bateman was given back to the Church on earth, by the intercessions (mainly) of Indian Christians, for forty more years of service in this world.

Another passage supplied by the same veteran missionary illustrates a phase with which I was familiar in R. B.'s character, but which perhaps has not been brought out yet. In trying to grasp the open-air and

breezy fairness of a many-sided man, some of our weaker brethren must brace themselves up a bit :—

Bateman's mind was too much occupied with the fundamental Gospel to dwell much on ecclesiastical differences. Yet he was a good Churchman. At the time when the sad differences were raging between C.M.S. and the then Bishop of Colombo, he refused altogether to side with the missionaries against the Bishop. I can see him now standing and saying to me : " You know we *are* episcopalians ; we ought to obey our bishops, however unreasonable their orders may be, as long as we cannot honestly say that they contradict God's commands ; and I do not think our brethren in Ceylon have duly considered that." I cannot vouch for these being his words, but I am sure they express his meaning. At another time he was set upon by Irvingites, who said : " We have apostles, and you have none." To which Bateman replied : " Oh, what delightful news ! That is just what we are longing for here in India. Please do send some of them to the Punjab, and the more the better, if they are true apostles ! " ¹

The Rev. T. Bomford, one of our oldest Punjab missionaries, still undauntedly at work,² tells of the unmistakable cordiality with which R. B. received him at Amritsar as a new-comer, but adds ; " I have heard of young missionaries led astray by it into addressing him by name without any prefix. This he never allowed, and the man who made the mistake met with rebuke." A further passage from his memo. may be cited :—

In a few days I had gone on to my destination. . . . After that we rarely met. My place and work were out of his beat. I only once went to Narowal and he was not there then. One always

¹ This playful " catch at the word " was often well used by R. B. I think it is Mr. Fellowes who mentions the lad who rather proudly told R.B. he was " born a Christian." " Clever boy," was the answer. " How did you manage that ? " with appropriate discourse following on.

² He was one of six clergymen who, it is worth noting as a piece of missionary history, all offered to the C.M.S. in answer to an appeal made by David Fenn of South India, in 1875. The others were John Smith Doxey, James Stone, George Backhouse Durrant, Herbert Udney Weitbrecht, and one not passed by the Medical Board, but even so, the aggregate of the years of missionary service to India thus secured has been over a century. Mr. Bomford himself was delayed in getting to India till 1881, by ill-health.

remembers Miss Tucker's anagram—"Rowland Bateman" = "Met Narowal band." We used to meet every now and then at conferences, and a conference without such a meeting seemed a poor affair. I can't remember ever having heard him preach but I do remember how full of thought his devotional addresses were. One such I remember well, though I cannot give the date. He took as his subject I Chronicles iv. 21-23, especially ver. 23, pointing out that the sons of Shelah were by the laws of primogeniture the true heirs of Judah, and so of the kingdom, and yet were content to take the humble work of potters doing the king's work and dwelling in "the hedges" in order to do the work that he wanted done. They did not claim their rights or stand on their dignity and expect to be salaamed by every one. To be with the king in his work was enough for them. At that conference one of our missionaries from Sindh had said to me: "I have come to this conference mainly to hear Mr. B.'s devotional address." Afterwards I said to him: "Were you satisfied?" He replied: "More than satisfied."

Ever ready to encourage others, he said to a missionary whose work had not shown much of what one called results: "You led X. to the knowledge of Christ! To have helped one such man to be a Christian is to have done a work which will last to grow through eternity."

The last time I saw him was when he was lying on a bed on the terrace of St. Thomas's Hospital, waiting for the operation from which he never rallied, and my thoughts went back to the time thirty-four years earlier when I had seen him at Amritsar, lying on his bed and talking cheerily to all who wanted to speak with him. He was the same—as bright and cheery as ever, though worn and suffering.

From the Rev. E. Guilford and Mrs. Guilford of Tarn Taran I have received two papers of reminiscences both valuable and interesting, but space requires rather drastic abbreviation—at least in the lady's case. Mr. Guilford writes:—

When I came first to the Punjab, at the end of 1881, the Rev. Rowland Bateman was at home on sick leave and it was not till three years afterwards that I had the good fortune to make his acquaintance; when he soundly admonished me for not taking up his beloved work at Narowal in preference to starting a mission to the Sikhs at Tarn Taran, as I had done. The fault was not mine, for Narowal had never been mentioned to me as a possible sphere of labour by the local authorities, while Tarn Taran, as a most promising new field of missionary labour, was pressed on my notice. It was not till after I had got to know the unique character of our

departed friend that I saw what a grand opportunity I had lost of receiving my first training under the prince of missionaries by not having been sent to labour at Narowal. Bateman was not only my ideal missionary, but, to my everlasting benefit, he became my most valued beloved friend and guru. He was as brim full of humour and wit as he was of deep sterling spirituality. These were not each locked up in water-tight compartments, but flowed on together in one broad, life-giving stream. To be in his presence for any length of time was both a humbling and elevating experience which never failed to bring one nearer to God, and to make one long to follow him as he followed Christ. As a missionary the Punjab has never had his equal, and his methods of work were quite his own.

Once when making a journey with him from Clarkabad to Montgomerywala, through a most inhospitable and robber infested district, he drew aside at an isolated spot and to my surprise and satisfaction—for the pangs of hunger had taken hold of me—he drew out from a capacious pocket a tin of Oxford sausages, and, while proceeding to open them, explained to me in ardent terms their superiority over the Cambridge sort. He gave me the lion's share of the sausages, while he consumed the lumps of fat in which they had been enclosed. On one Saturday during that journey, after a long march of twenty-five miles, we reached the rest house near by a considerable town about 10 P.M. Weary, hungry, and footsore our dinner that night consisted of *sutloo* and milk, i.e. new barley baked and ground fine. He seemed to be quite at home with it, while to me it was a new diet. The next day we went into the town to preach, he attired in a black clerical hat, his night pyjama suit, and sandals. Needless to say we soon attracted a big crowd, which our combined efforts failed completely to manage. But no one in that hilarious gathering could fail to be impressed by his Christian bearing, and earnest simple words. One night we put up at a canal bungalow where he met an ex-pupil of his school in Narowal who had become a canal official. As the district was infested with robbers we expressed our fears to this individual lest some of our belongings should be carried off during the night. With great gusto he exclaimed: "No such thing could happen while I am about." At three in the morning we were wakened by the cries of "Thief! thief!!" and found that our friend's camel had been taken off! During the whole journey never was an opportunity lost by Bateman in testifying to his Master in his unique way in town and village, and by the wayside, and the experience then gained by me has been invaluable ever since.

As a colleague on the revision of the New Testament in Punjabi, he was the life and soul of our meetings, unfortunately he left this work when we reached the end of Acts.

He was an ardent angler, and would be content to watch for one

fish for hours together. He showed the same spirit in his patient, long perseverance in going after one soul for Christ, and some of the leading lights in the Punjab Church are the result of his perseverance. I regret to say I have not kept his many inimitable letters and post cards received from time to time, but one of the latter I have ever remembered. It was received in 1889 when I was at home on sick leave, when after six months I was anxious to return to the Punjab, but the doctors said nay. When he heard of this, he wrote on a post card: "Take no notice of the medical decision, neither the doctors know when to export, nor the dockers when to import." [The dockers' strike was on at the time !]

Mr. Guilford's mention of R. B. as a reviser of the New Testament in Punjabi introduces a subject which took up much of his time (not only in India, but also in Canada). As already mentioned, his knowledge of colloquial Punjabi was equalled by few, while his enthusiasm in revision work was infectious. His particular standpoint was what may be called Mohammedan Punjabi, which includes a good many Indianized vocables from the Persian through the Urdu, which the purer Punjabi, drawing on the "Sikh Granth," and to some extent on the Sanskrit, would reject. These two kinds or dialects of Punjabi were championed respectively by R. B. and Mr. Guilford, and their meetings for discussion would certainly not be wanting in animation. R. B. left the work at the end of the Acts, but was always interested in its progress. He had drawn up a racy kind of catechism in Punjabi, which is probably still doing good work, and which if diligently taught would mitigate considerably the evil of "illiteracy" among the humble "outcastes" that are "having the Gospel preached unto them" now in the Punjab as elsewhere in India. By all means let us strain strength of men and resources of material means to secure an educated Christian Church in India, but let us not despise or omit to use, meanwhile, the great boon of oral catechetical instruction, so suited to the genius of the people, as well as Indian hymns (*bhajans*), which, however trying at times to an ear educated in western music,

capture the Indian Christian soul as nothing else as yet does. Instances abound in the history of R. B. and his "boys" showing the spiritual importance of these hymns. We want more, and those to be made by Indians.

I cannot resist the temptation to insert here what seems to me one of the raciest word-pictures R. B. ever wrote. To any one who knows (and loves) Punjabis there are descriptive phrases which are very moving. I can afford only small type, but not much smaller than the original to be found in the "C.M. Gleaner" for October, 1901, and there called, "Struggling with a Translation":—

How I wish you could have looked in upon us for half an hour. You would have seen J. leading a lame man in under cover of the invitation I had given to himself. I was already sitting at my desk. Before the two took their seats we three knelt down and thanked God for the light of His word, praying that there and then we might be helped in passing it on by means of the printed page to others. Then we set to work. Our work was to put through a test mill a translation into Punjabi of about sixty Psalms at which I have been busy. J. is a yeoman's son, capable of talking the broadest patois and yet well up in Persian and English. The lame man is of very low caste, but blessed with spiritual instincts, who knows no language but his own. These two were to criticize my translation from their own points of view, and to decide whether the rendering was such as would be understood of the people.

You would have been very much interested in the scene. But how am I to describe it? I can't. You must imagine us beginning the twenty-third Psalm and going through twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth.

Now, a discussion between the two natives as to whether the "rod" or the "staff" in *their* language could be *crooked*, or must be straight. Then J. refers to the English and finds "staff" which I had translated "crook" and challenges *me* to defend my word. It is not easy, for the crook in use here is not like your springy implement intended for the capture of the sheep. It is a very long pole with an iron curved knife fastened on to the end, like the end of a bill-hook. This is thrust, not in among the legs of the sheep as you do in Norfolk, but up among the branches of the trees, whose lacerated branchlets rejoice the flock when they fall to the ground. So a shepherd's crook that never could comfort a British sheep is highly appreciated in Punjabi sheepfolds.

Then, while I am writing down some suggestion or recommendation, J. turns to his Persian Bible and reads out the next verse *sotto*

voce to himself. You can tell by his intonation, without looking up, that he feels something acutely, as he reads what reminds him of the days when because of his faith he was turned out by both parents to find a "table in the wilderness" as best he might.

A little later, when *I* read out the last verse in my Punjabi version, "*Wah, wah,*" says the lame man, "Excellent! excellent!" for he has not understood the Persian or the English, and the two Punjabis just *look* at one another. Oh, for a Kodak to catch that glance, for it conveys the recognition of a heavenly vitality common to the two. Then J. throws his arm flat upon the table and buries his nose in the angle of his elbow, and half muses and half prays, "I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

The twenty-fourth is also in my selection, so we go straight ahead.

"What a beautiful answer!" exclaims the low-caste brother when we come to verse 4. I think I hear J. now declaiming, "*He—he* shall receive a blessing from the Lord."

But you must have laughed if you had been able to make out what we said to one another about verse 7. Gates *have* no heads. If they had they would wave them aside, not lift them up, when their Lord was to enter. Moreover, "everlasting" doors are inconceivable—and, as to the marginal alternative, why, the older the doors the less worthy are they of finding a place in the glorious pageant described. How then can the idea of everlasting doors be put into Punjabi? But I could weary you with the details of a single hour.

This reference to R. B.'s literary work is really no digression from our present purpose to show him as he appeared to his friends. The reviser-student attitude was an important, or even—to use medical language—a "symptomatic" one in his character. Let us turn now to another, very dissimilar, not very frequent, but in the rare circumstances here narrated quite natural. The reader if he has penetrated thus far *may be trusted* not to misapprehend the following sketch of "larx" so pleasingly told by Mrs. Guilford in the latter part of her memo. :—

It was on board the P. & O. "Sutlej," in October, 1884, on my first journey to the unknown mission field, that I first made the acquaintance of dear Mr. Bateman, that wonderful man of God so unique and full of charm of manners, and grace, and goodness. His friendship was one of the greatest gifts of my missionary life, and it followed me from that voyage to the last year of his life. There were

four of us going out together—Miss Hanbury, Miss Cooper, Miss Phillips, and I. . . . One day he offered to give us two hours every morning to teach us Urdu in preparation for our arrival in India. Shall I ever forget the vivacity and delight of those lessons? How original, and clever, and funny they were. But we got on wonderfully. The quaint and graceful Arabic letters he wanted us so much to practise, but no English pen or pencil could possibly make the elegant curves and turns as they should be. He hit on the device of using a box of Bryant and May's matches, cutting the ends all himself, to the proper flatness and fineness; and thus armed he arrived one day to give us lessons in dictation and writing. Though we were so gay and happy over those delightful lessons, yet the other side of his character made itself so apparent in the daily morning prayers which he took in one corner of the saloon that very soon the sweetness and grace of his personality and manner had drawn nearly all on the first class deck to attend the service. And when it was over, he was the gayest and best of comrades of all, entering into every one's pleasures and interests with such zest.

I shall never forget the four Sundays on board, but one especially ever stands out in my memory, when Mr. Bateman preached at morning service on Daniel i. 21 : "And Daniel continued even unto the first year of Cyrus," with chapter vi. 28. The stress he laid upon that word "*continued*."—Having eschewed and given up so much to serve and keep the way of the Lord, how he might have found opportunity to relax that steadfastness of mind of his youthful purpose. But from the latter passage and right on we find in him the same purity of purpose and life and service. And so, Daniel "*continued*" and "prospered all through the long reigns of Nebuchadnezzar, Darius, and Cyrus." Was our friend thinking of us just putting on our armour?

From the days of that voyage to the last year of his life, when we spent a week end with him at Biddulph Rectory, we knew he was our friend in a way that no other was ever able to be in India. In every crisis and serious difficulty he always managed to turn up just at the right moment, full of fun and cheer, and yet, withal, with such wise and deep discretion, we realized always one had come to our aid who was a master indeed in the spiritual life and warfare of the soul. And oh, that last visit! How gay it was! though we could see how aged and failing he was. We had had a great Sunday of services and addresses of many kinds for the C.M.S., and after supper we settled close together in the drawing room by the fire. Presently something led me to get up, go to the piano and play an Indian "bhajan" tune, singing the words of it, "*Yesu Masih mera Prana Bachaiya*," "Jesus Christ is the Saviour of my soul." I suddenly looked round and there was Mr. Bateman with his arms clasped round my husband and the two were dancing a kind of fakir dance

for joy to the music, and singing the words, too, in Punjabi. Oh, it was such a happy time we had talking over the dear Punjab together, and all the people that we loved.

The next is a birthday letter dated 8 Oct., 1915, from a veteran missionary colleague who yet, as the moving phrases at the end show, looks on R. B. as his senior. Written on a kind of official paper from "The Principal, Church Mission High School, Karachi"—under the printed word "Subject" it gives a Latin quotation:—

Tempora volvuntur,¹ tacitisque senescimus annis.

The writer thus develops his "subject":—

DEAR BATEMAN,—

I am remiss in writing as I should for All Saints' Day, but we do not forget you then, nor on other days. We have occasional news of you via T. Holden, who is a regular correspondent. We heard you had had rather a trying time under treatment in hospital, and trust the result has been encouraging. Anno Domini makes marks on us. . . . Five summers in Karachi take the starch out of your energy, and life is rather endurance amid many tasks of great interest and possibility. . . . But it is just our "bit" of that description of duty which our whole nation, and the Church not less, has to learn. . . . I wish we could sit down together and hear your views of many things, my memory goes clearly back to your long ago address to the C.M.U. at Cambridge when I was in residence, and you in your full vigour. But that will all come again in the coming Kingdom.

Ever yours affectionately,

P. IRELAND JONES.

There are scores of men in various parts of the world who would echo the longing to "sit down together" with R. B. and "hear his views of many things." But as the writer says "it will all come again," and the happy guarantee of this under God's blessing, lies in the word "ever" used in the subscription. *That* is the bond that binds together all who are His servants.

In Mr. E. F. E. Wigram's note we come to a stratum

¹ No doubt Ovid would have preferred his original word "labuntur" in the second place, but still it is not every one who could remember (and alter so as still to keep the scanning) a line of Latin poetry he could hardly have seen for more than a quarter of century!

of memory bringing us close up to the India of to-day. The Indian Christian conferences are quite a modern feature of local Church history, and mark a stage of progress for which humble thanksgiving may lift up our hearts. Mr. Wigram's record is evidently written with deep sympathy. He says :—

My first introduction to Rowland Bateman was in 1887 when I was accompanying my father on his tour of C.M.S. stations, and on the journey back from Narowal I had the rare opportunity of sharing an ekka with Bateman, while Robert Clark drove my father in a trap. I was going home to prepare for the ministry, with the hope of ultimate work in India, and I asked him what he would advise me to take up outside ordinary studies, by way of direct preparation for missionary service. I fully expected so practical a man to tell me to try and obtain some medical knowledge. "Well," he said, "I think there is nothing more valuable than a little knowledge of Sanskrit. You sit down by a village well and begin to talk to the people, and along comes a man who tries to shut you up by his display of learning, and quite possibly your audience begins to melt away. But if you have a few *sloks* (couplets) of Sanskrit ready, and can quote a *slok* or two to rebut an objection or drive home your own point, over and over again you will find it make all the difference between discomfiture and acceptance."¹

"But what about some acquaintance with medicine?" I inquired.

"Oh," said he, "I'll tell you all about that. Don't spend a lot of time over it. Become a quack specialist. I asked a medical friend to put me up to the diagnosis of the commonest eye troubles of these villagers, and their remedies in the early stages, and the result is that I have obtained quite a reputation for the number of people whose sight I have saved. I know what I can deal with, and what must be sent on to the mission hospital, and thus without the expenditure of much valuable time and labour my reputation as an oculist has many a time opened the way for the Gospel message."

¹ There is a curious coincidence here (it cannot be anything else) with the advice given by an old German missionary in days which, alas! are *very far away* now to some brethren of the Cambridge Mission (two I am sure at least will remember the tale). Old Mr. Zenker was enforcing the point of knowing two or three *sloks* to use as a weapon in discussion. "But," said the earnest, and ingenuous younger men, "what if we do not know Sanskrit?" "Never mind," replied the old sophist, "*you* do not understand, nor will your *opponent*, but it is Sanskrit, and that will silence him." One feels inclined to say, "*Non tali auxilio*"—but still it was very droll! Of course R. B. meant that the Sanskrit *should* be understood by the speaker at all events.

Years later, when I was myself a Punjab missionary, I was presiding at an Indian Christian Students' Conference encamped in one of our villages, when we had the rare treat of a visit from Bateman, now approaching the end of his long missionary service. I well recollect his joy at meeting that goodly band of keen young Indian Christians, not a few of them experiencing for the first time in their lives the flame of evangelistic ardour. He chose his message to them out of the second lesson of the day: "We are bound to give thanks alway to God for you, brethren beloved of the Lord . . ." (2 Thess. ii. 13, 14). "I remember," he said, "the days when I would willingly have undertaken a three days' march through the villages for the sight of a man who was even reported to be an inquirer. Now Christianity is making itself felt everywhere, and the difficulty is no longer to find inquirers, but to find teachers for them." It can well be imagined how he used the opportunity to press home the call to personal service.

Mr. Wigram also sends me the only letter from R. B. which he has preserved, and part of it may be quoted as giving yet another specimen of the writer's way of handling things. The date of the year is not given but must be between 1902-06 inclusive. The reference to "the Oval" is significant:—

Fawley, *Aug. 13.*

DEAR WIGRAM,

I read my "Record" on Sunday night, and therein I have just seen several very pleasant things.

1. Mr. Joynt's most useful notes on Keswick.
2. Bp. Knox's apostolic efforts at Blackpool.
3. The joy and blessing that has been sent to your home.

God Almighty bless the lad by the hands of those to whom He has entrusted him.

If I thought I should meet you at the Oval on Tuesday I'd start off early on my bicycle.

Perhaps enough testimony has been given from brother missionaries; let us for a moment seek help from Indian civilians—laymen; but before doing this we must take just one more interesting passage from Miss Dewar's (literally) illuminating memorandum:—

I think much of his power lay in that rare smile of his, and in the appeal of his voice. His smile, like sunshine, fell on all who came anywhere near. Once to my astonishment I saw a grave bank clerk

at Chamba Mal's (Amritsar) become all in a moment as another man. The quiet inscrutable face literally shone with light just because "Bateman Sahib" had come swiftly in and folded him in his arms. "An old pupil of mine, one of my Hindu boys," said Bateman Sahib.

Another time I saw him dealing with an ekka driver, before a journey. The road was not pleasant at all, it was hot and the youth possibly not enthusiastic. The transaction was short and beautifully simple. Showing a piece of silver he touched the boy's shoulder, then with a smile he said, "Now my lion-hearted!" The lion-hearted one jumped to his seat grinning, and off they went, in smiles and dust!

I have already mentioned R. B.'s habit of willing meeting and associating with English laymen, so far as this was compatible with his own work and its requirements. The truth is Englishmen in India get to know each other very quickly, there is a quicker pulse of sympathy and brotherly feeling, and, speaking I am assured for a number of men of my own service, there is a real fund of honest admiration awaiting any one who, having R. B.'s deliberate and consistent devotion to one of the hardest and most self-sacrificing of careers, can give it a setting of the modest and chivalrous conduct of a gentleman. Such a combination needs only to be seen to make its charm most attractive, indeed to most men irresistible. Mr. J. D. Tremlett, formerly a Judge of the Chief Court of the Punjab and a friend of missions of long standing, sends several letters received from R. B., one of which shows the cordial relations with his correspondent, and incidentally a side light on his last years:—

Biddulph,
16 July, '14.

DEAR TREMLETT,

I hope it is wholesome for us this criticism that the rising generation subjects us to. Here is T. making remarks on the rapidity (or otherwise) of our correspondence with one another. What next? I suppose we shall have the subjects prescribed ere long with which we are to deal. But not yet—not this time anyhow. You kindly asked me about the radium treatment. On the whole I am the better for it. There is a lot of bad pain at times, but I feel

as if the malady was modified and possibly arrested. So that I have not now the anxiety of waiting development of what seemed to be a cancerous growth, and am very thankful to be spared that. We have and we may cheerfully accept the notice to quit, but one is anxious that as little disturbance of any sort as possible should accrue to those around us. I am looking forward to giving up this big parish after this year. I don't want another but I do want a place where I could work as curate receiving just a small house and garden to live in by way of remuneration. I should not be a regular "curate" looking after Boys' Brigades and Sunday school treats, but just a preacher once a Sunday and (with my wife) a visitor in the cottages every day. If you hear of such a berth—tell me please.

Mr. F. C. Channing, an ex-Settlement Officer and also a judicial officer of high position, writes what is really a farewell letter, and kindly and wisely dwells on the "many-storied" past to refresh the spirit of his friend:—

MY DEAR BATEMAN,

My mind has been going over long ago incidents. I remember calling on you and Messrs. French and Clark at the Lahore Divinity College in the end of 1870. Then, how—about Sept., 1871—you came rushing down from the hills to prevent Mr. French coming back to Lahore before the beginning of the cold weather¹—and how you had a long ride all night, and missed a directing-post; and so came to a place where the bridge was broken, and, twice over, reached by swimming, what you thought was the other bank, but was only a broken pier. However, you got across all right, and so I think did the pony. And then I remember long talks of ours in the house I had taken at Lahore. . . . And I remember the camel which looked on you as her *bacha* (young one), and your sandalled and sockless feet; and the trouble I got into by remarking on them at the Lahore railway station before a lady. . . . Much later I recall your visits to me in the big house at Amritsar. There I remember your driving up one summer afternoon in an *ekka*, as nearly exhausted as I ever saw a man. And how, in half an hour or more, tea and an easy chair revived you. And I remember you on another occasion starting off on a long journey in an *ekka* through

¹ We are here on the track of one of R.B.'s adventures which cannot now I fear be quite elucidated. The object of the journey was I think other than what is named here, though quite as chivalrous, and the fact of swimming the river in flood is also clear, but some incidents are mixed up with another occasion in which also he swam a river. I have not dwelt on the tale, because it (partly through my remissness) has become obscure, and the witness cannot be "recalled" for further examination.

a country in which cholera was raging, and how you got safely through by resorting to cold tea and hard-boiled eggs. And I have vivid recollection how you and the Saint of Tarn Taran stayed up late playing billiards on my small table, so that I had to stipulate that my "bearer" should not have to stay up, but that you should put out the lights. I wonder how many of these memories are shared by you. . . . Good-bye, and all good be yours.

Mrs. Channing adds her own note, written with a woman's tenderness and, it may be added, insight :—

For those to whom your friendship has been one of the precious things of life, it will be good to know you are free from the pain and weakness, and the great weariness of being unable to work. *I wonder what work is waiting for you, for which this long suffering has been the preparation?*¹

I do not propose to quote the newspaper notices of R. B.'s life and character, but an article in the "Indiaman," written by Sir Lionel Jacob, K.C.S.I., is so apposite for the main purpose of this chapter that I give part of it. He says :—

Mr. Bateman was a very exceptional missionary . . . made of other stuff than that of the usual parish priest. He had his religious convictions, but he had also a brave and adventurous temperament. Without the convictions he might have been an intrepid explorer, and even, in other days, a bold buccaneer on the high seas ; but the convictions fixed his line, he became a missionary, and joined the C.M.S. in the Punjab in an honorary capacity in the autumn of 1868.² . . . Never was there a man so indifferent to self, so happy and buoyant in making light of difficulties, or so unremitting in solicitude for others. The motto of good Bishop Hacket, of Lichfield

¹ This almost *compels* quotation of the lines that so often come to mind in thinking over this *working-man's* career—taken from the same (the finest) poem of Matthew Arnold quoted at the head of this chapter :—

O strong soul, by what shore
 Tarriest thou now ? For that force
 Surely, has not been left vain !
 Somewhere, surely, afar
 In the sounding labour-house vast
 Of being, is practised that strength
 Zealous, beneficent, firm.

² This is true, and perhaps ought to be recorded, but he never considered it of the slightest importance himself. The arrangement continued till his marriage in 1879 when for reasons it is not necessary to state here, he began to take stipend in the ordinary way.

was, "Serve God and be cheerful," and Bateman was always serving God in the most cheerful frame of mind.

He was the most inveterate of Mark Tapleys, his optimism seemed to rise with the pessimism of his experiences. He was always ready to laugh, and his genial smile was gallantly worn even when he was racked by pain, or vexed with care. A fearless courage of conviction, a lowly estimate of self, and a certain old-world chivalry were the chief traits of his disposition, but through it all ran like a golden thread his boundless sympathy for the weak, the friendless, and oppressed. Perhaps that may explain the wide appeal of his character.

This appreciation written by a man who obtained distinction in government service in India as an engineer is interesting, and has some points finely phrased; at the same time, the domination of the "religious convictions" has to be remembered. Sir Lionel's conjecture as to what R. B. "might have been," is one on which I have spent thought more than once. He might have shone in many careers where action and "personal magnetism" of character are necessary—e.g., he might have made a good Deputy Commissioner in an outlying frontier district where legality might be subordinated to justice. But on the whole we may be thankful that God led him as He did. A few more lines from the same sympathetic pen may be quoted:—

For some years he was in succession Rector of Fawley, Bucks, and Vicar of Biddulph in Staffordshire, and then his own health gave way. To the end, through all the distress and suffering of malignant disease, he was supported by his courage and cloudless faith. No one ever knew him to repine, but in the state he was his dearest friends could hardly have wished him to stay. In whatever stress of pain he always said that all was well; and all was well with him when God's "finger touched him, and he slept."

In selecting these written testimonies of R. B.'s friends I have got among the farewell letters written about the time of his death, and this though, as already said, it looks like anticipating Chapter XVI, the last, may be condoned as natural, for truth to say many Englishmen (by no means the worst kind) find it hard, not to say incongruous,

to tell a man all they think of him until his approaching death enables their love to overcome their reticence. I have not room to quote all these, and my selection may not be the best possible, but I offer the following as filling up niches according to my judgment still wanting their adornment in the fair and stately building I am trying to describe as completely as I can—the many-sided character of R. B.

First, with a reverential gratitude to the writer and thankfulness to God, I record this—name, etc., being suppressed :—

I am much to blame in that I have not written to you sooner, but your letter and the news it contained had the effect of a personal blow. . . .

I have seen many changes, some by death, some by removal; and had got somewhat accustomed to these events. But your departure seems different, and very greatly different. You taught me so very many things, and in so many ways. . . . For all this I thank you, and shall always continue to thank you. . . . I rejoice to think that you are facing the great future serenely and in good hope, and pray that we may hereafter meet when I too shall pass to the "land that is afar off!"

Next comes a name which I could wish might have found mention earlier in the book—a name always spoken of by R. B. with tender love. Nine years before Mr. Dobree had written thus :—

Shap, Westmorland,
Sept. 2, 1906.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,

I have been glad to think of you in Colwich church. It would have been a refreshment to me to "sit under you." I want, so often, to hear a brother preach. I was reading this morning 2 Cor. iii, iv, and v. The ministering of the spirit seems to be the distinctive feature; as if the spirit passed from the preacher to the hearers (*oh si sic nobiscum*) when the preaching is the ministration of righteousness. I must look forward, may I? to your coming next year when I am at home. I want to talk over old days too. "Thou shalt remember all the way."

Mrs. D. will have done what she could to get a good meeting for to-morrow. I have never forgotten your missionary addresses.

May God give you a word for the young men who may come to-morrow night or to-night, that they may rise to life's true mission, to help to save the world, beginning at Colwich. Do you know Bishop Westcott's—"Life is a mission: its end is service: its law is self-sacrifice: its strength is fellowship with God."

Ever dear brother,

Affecty. yours,

O. DOBREE.

And now again :—

The Vicarage, Colwich,

22 Nov., 1915.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,

I was so pleased to get your postcard in your own handwriting. My heart is continually with you. Last week's Epistle made me often present with you by your couch of pain, in those wonderful words, "Strengthened with all might according to His glorious power, unto all patience and long-suffering with joyfulness, giving thanks unto the Father." Why this putting forth of "all might" and "glorious power"? Just to produce and maintain "all patience and long-suffering with joyfulness and giving of thanks." That is all, but what a great all! "All the might" of God is at the back of "all patience." The stars do not give us the sign of His "all might and glorious power." No, "For that He is strong in power, not one faileth." But vaster reservoirs, yes "all power and glorious might" are set in motion that "all patience" may not fail. So, in spirit at your couch I kneel and adore. I see vaster powers put forth in you now than in all those thirty years when for the love of Jesus Christ you bore the banner of His Cross through the dark places of India. The Father, you see, wants you still, that He may show to men, angels, and devils what His "all might and glorious power" can do.—Always, dear, dear old Friend,

Yours with thanksgiving,

OSMOND DOBREE.¹

My love to all your dear ones.

¹ A kind of commendatory letter from the same hand given for some occasion not known, may be also recorded :—

"I have known Rowland Bateman for fifty years—'Clarum et venerabile nomen'—among those for whom I give thanks. For thirty years C.M.S. missionary in the Punjab. 'Semper idem'; always with his face to the Light, since the days when fifty years ago he 'turned from home and kindred, leaving all for His dear sake.'"

OSMOND DOBREE,

(Vicar of Colwich and Prebendary of Lichfield).

24 July, 1914.

To the Right Rev^d, The Lord Bishop of —,

R. B. AS HE APPEARED TO HIS FRIENDS 173

A short but vividly affectionate note from one of his oldest lay friends comes well after this—both of them in different ways must have comforted the “patient long-sufferer” :—

18 Nov., 1915.

DEAREST ROWLAND,

I was so glad to get your letter and learn how you are. May peace and comfort be with you, “faithful servant !”

How often I think of our happy youth together (how the “bubby” balls flew !) and then of your inspiring example and life far away from home—and in England again since—*bless you for it.*

Once again here is a brief “snap-shot” from his godson taking his last sight of him before going back with wife and child to his clergyman’s work in Canada :—

This morning we went into his room, the three of us, and his wife, kneeling round his bed. He uttered one of the bravest and most heroic prayers I have ever heard a Christian use ; praying more for us, and the Canadian work, and our safety in our journey than for himself. I put his hand on John’s head, and he asked God to bless him, so beautifully. . . .

This seems a not unfitting picture with which to close this set of friendly letters and reminiscences ; so with the echo of all these words of loving friends in memory let us turn to the memorial minute passed by the Foreign Committee of the C.M.S. on 21 March, 1916 :—

Reviewing in its completeness his long life of apostolic consecration to the missionary cause, with its many vicissitudes of joy and sorrow, its labours and pains, and its blessed successes in travelling for souls, the Committee raise heartfelt thanks to God for the life and work of Rowland Bateman, in whom they recognize one of their greatest missionaries. Going out to the Punjab in 1868 he laboured in the field for some thirty-three years. His name will be specially connected with Narowal, with Clarkabad, and with itinerancy in the Jhang Bar ; it may be doubted indeed whether the Society has ever had a man better equipped and fitted for the work of an itinerant evangelist. As time went on “Bateman” became a household word with all classes of Christians in the mid-Punjab, and numerous personal ties increased his toils and responsibilities. His character drew young men to him like a magnet, and a goodly band became Christians under his influence, and have ever since been leaders in

the Punjab Church. The dominant feature in his character, an entirely fearless enthusiasm for souls, shrinking from no sacrifice of self, was supplemented and aided by a broad and deep humanness of sympathy, a pervading sense of humour, and the gallant attractiveness of a perfect English gentleman !

When he returned to England Mr. Bateman continued up till recently his advocacy of the missionary cause in pulpit and on platform. As a platform speaker he was in his best days inimitable ; he mingled humour with the most affecting pathos, and not a few owe to some missionary story told by him their first glimpse of what it might be for them to realize, as the speaker evidently did, the full claims of the Lord that bought them.

The Committee rejoice to know that Mr. Bateman's only surviving son, summoned from his distant home in Canada, was able to be with him at the very last ; and would convey to Mrs. Bateman and the other members of the family their whole-hearted sympathy in a bereavement which is mourned alike in England and in India.

These strong grave words, recorded not in mere sentimental sympathy, but as the judicial though loving pronouncement of an earnest business-like body of Christian workers, must form the climax of this chapter, and have doubtless given consoling comfort to those who loved him as one of the lights of their lives, and who have to face a barer and a poorer world without him—for a time.

CHAPTER XV

WORK IN ENGLAND, 1902-15

He spoke more to himself than to me. The sun, which was just setting behind the distant hills, shone with dazzling splendour for a moment upon the towers and spires of the city across the placid water. Behind this fair vision were dark rain-clouds, before which gloomy background it stood in fairy radiance and light. For a moment it seemed a glorious city, bathed in life and hope, full of happy people, who thronged its streets and bridge and the margin of its gentle stream. But it was *breve gaudium*. Then the sunset faded, and the ethereal vision vanished, and the landscape lay dark and chill.

"The sun is set," Mr. Inglesant said cheerfully, "but it will rise again. Let us go home."

J. H. SHORHOUSE

WITHIN a fortnight after R. B. had landed in England on his final return from India, I met him at Tunbridge Wells, at a long C.M.S. day, 21 April, 1902, when Bishop Tugwell and he were speakers. My diary notes that he told the story of the "Chuhra," which is given on page 98. He came home with us to Tonbridge, and on the 23rd went on to Fawley, his new scene of work. The appointment to the parish lay with an old college friend, and his kind offer of the presentation seemed to clear R. B.'s immediate future. But India soon convinced him that her fell mark of malaria was not lightly to be got rid of. The following letter must have been written some time in July, 1902, but, like many of us, R. B. sometimes forgot to put in the date. His sister, Mrs. Burke, was then going to share house with him at Fawley—a

great convenience, as she was an excellent manager, whereas R. B. was never a "housekeeper" in any conventional sense: they were just settling in then:—

I am a sore crock still. Fever has left me all to pieces. It will be delightful to see you all. Let me know more particulars so that I may make the best of you. We are three miles from Henley up a hill. Big house, beautiful garden (unkempt), pony cart, donkey cart, and two wheelbarrows, besides a lawn-mower, so that vehicles abound. Not so "stabling," for we are only partly furnished, and have but one spare room with appurtenances. There is no inn or pub. of any sort to fall back on. I tell you this so that you may know that negotiations are necessary to make the most of your larx. . . . I have an idea (it was an intention) of going to Oxford on the 24th for the S.P.G. meeting, but a mile on byk to a sick house this morning makes me very doubtful whether I shall get so far. There is a steamer, Oxford to London daily [gives times], but perhaps H. G. G. means us to row.

The reference was to a proposed visit to Oxford, and a rowing trip down the river from there to Henley, which was kindly and successfully managed by H. G. G. (the Rev. H. G. Grey, the Principal of Wycliffe Hall). We stayed at Fawley some ten delightful days including August 10, Coronation Sunday, for which R. B. insisted on having Handel's "Zadok the Priest" anthem rendered by the village choir. He made a brief return visit to us at Tonbridge, and at this time I find a note in my diary that "he seems much older and weaker, and will not I think see India again." Though the latter part of this proved true, he still had plenty of vigour for ordinary English life—except when malaria showed itself, as it did from time to time.

I find I paid two more visits to Fawley that year: on one afternoon coming in on R. B. enjoying himself at a bonfire, in which function of course I joined, feeling the fascination every right-minded person experiences at the sight of a bonfire.¹

¹ R. B. himself had this feeling somewhat in excess: on three separate occasions—twice in Kashmir, and once in Canada—some damage was done by his "too heedless" flames. On one occasion he returned to camp after his

His life at Fawley was no doubt something of a rest, as the population of the village was only some 200; and though he was ever a zealous parish priest, he soon found there was not full employment for his still great energy. He used to go about to speak for the C.M.S.,¹ and he took considerable trouble with the case of a missionary brother, Mr. Lawrence, mentioned as having been with him at Narowal (see page 104). This faithful worker returned to England about this time with a severe nervous breakdown, and one of R. B.'s self-imposed activities was a kindly comradeship with the invalid, who came and lived in the parish for a while. It is good to know that Mr. Lawrence eventually recovered and has been at work again for years.

There is no doubt that R. B. still nourished secretly in his heart the hope of again returning to India, and I cannot ascertain with certainty when he gave it up. He took great interest in a lengthened visit which I was able to make to India to study more especially the educational missions of the C.M.S., in the cold weather, 1903-04; but that seemed only to make him more restless. Even before that he had written to my wife:—

I cannot say that I am at all inwardly comfortable or settled here. Outwardly it is pleasant enough. . . . My own feelings are very shaky, and I know that I don't take root, but yet every week roots me in the sense that a pillar or post gets "rooted" in the soil. And I think I would not only endure but be happy as a post if they would only knock nails into me and give me the chance of helping them a bit.

In September, 1904, he writes to me: "Self utterly protests against remaining in England, but is it self alone?"²

In December of that year he speaks of himself being

amusement complaining ruefully that there had been a distinct smell of rubber about the bonfire—explained too late by his finding the charred remains of his tobacco pouch.

¹ In a postcard, dated 27 Oct., '02, he writes: "I hope to have a 'week-out' for C.M.S. once a month."

² Even as late as 23 Jan., 1906, he wanted to "get to Narowal for a year at least," making arrangements for his daughter.

“much more stationary” without his sister, who had moved to London. “Some of my people grumble if I am away.” It must be confessed that just then they had some reason—as he outlines some of his fixtures as follows: Jan. 22, 23, Dedham, Essex; Feb. 5–7, Edinburgh; Feb. 8, near Loughborough (Wymeswold); Feb. 9, Gulbin, near Leicester; Feb. 20, Liverpool;—and then adds: “That is all I hope to do before Easter except local efforts.”

Other letters in between would hardly interest the reader; but on 23 Dec., 1906, he sends a postcard doubly important:—

Somehow my pen protests against writing to you or yours. I feel as if I ought to be talking to you. But that line is wrong, it does not answer. I believe you don't know that I am leaving here (Fawley) on Jan. 7—that I have accepted Biddulph, and that “on the way there” I am going into St. Thomas's Hospital for three weeks to have some “osseous formation” cut out of my ear. . . . You will come and see me in hospital, I know. Much joy of heart and soul and body to you all, my dears.

Such a communication could not but excite mixed feelings; Biddulph was of course a more important sphere of work—one in fact large enough to occupy a strong man's energy; this was good. Good, too, that he was going to his native neighbourhood, where all the old people at least would remember him as “Master Rowland.”

But the second announcement caused serious foreboding, and one justified by events. The amount of pain caused by his ear during the next nine years would have crushed many a man. We knew a good deal about it, because when visiting his doctor in town he would come to us at Finchley. But R. B. never showed his pluck and gay-hearted fortitude better than bearing this trouble that now made itself so painfully felt.

When he reported to his diocesan his desire to leave Fawley for Biddulph, he received the following kindly letter—one which even to those who knew Bishop Paget

only slightly will be a reminder of his gracious sincerity and spirituality:—

Cuddesdon,
St. Andrew's Day, 1906.

MY DEAR MR. BATEMAN,

It is indeed unwelcome news that your kind letter has brought; and I am sorry with all my heart to think of your leaving Fawley and this diocese. I heartily wish that I had made more of the time of your stay among us, and that we had seen more of one another—the lost opportunities of friendship are amongst the things that one most regrets in a somewhat busy life. But the regret is useless, and I can only say that I am very thankful for your work and example in the diocese; and that I trust that what you have taught us of foreign missions may bear lasting fruit: and that with all my heart I am grateful for the true kindness you have shown me. May God be with you, and guide and guard and gladden you in the new field of work.

Believe me to be
 Yours very sincerely,
 F. OXON.

Leaving Fawley early in January, 1907, he underwent his ear operation on the 9th, on which day he writes in quite his usual vein—a happy mixture of things human and divine:—

St. Thomas's Home, S.E.
 Cubicle F. 9 : 1 : '7.

DEAR OLD BOY,

Whatever may be the lot (in two senses) of my letters to you, yours come to me and give me joy. *Khuda háfiz*¹ just expresses what I feel in prospect of my operation this afternoon. One disappointment I feel is that the coming affliction seems so light now that I do not realize as I should how blessed the privilege of leaning on the Beloved is. I hope my fearlessness is not carelessness, but is in some measure due to taking hold of promises—a glorious tonic no doubt, but not so good as taking hold on the Promiser. — in his great sympathy read the 2nd after Christmas Evening Lesson on Sunday, and turned my way on purpose at “When thou passest through the waters,” etc. Later in the service, when my surplice caught fire in the pulpit and I was able to go on with the sermon, the verse, which follows seemed to him even more appropriate. . . . Looking at the morning Psalms the day I started (Jan. 7) a new

¹ I had sent this as a consigne to him—“God the Keeper.”

meaning came to Ps. xxxv. 10. You, I know, get bodily members to minister to you from Ps. cxxxix, but I had never thought of hearing my bones speak, and to do so, so much to the point. . . . We ought to hit off something as soon as I get out.

Even after he "got out" he was considerably occupied for a time with his ear. He writes to my wife:—

Brightlingsea,

2 A.M. : 22 : 2 : '7.

"Quite too too," you will be tempted to say, for a sick man to be going on with his scribbling. Never mind. The thing is what is to be done next? "Go to bed," you will say. Wait a moment: let me first thank you for your two kind notes, full of news, sympathy, and counsel. Next let me say that I have often asked myself: "What is the good of all this weary waiting on the doctor, and the suffering it entails?" Well, I can *not* throw him over. He is so kind and good to me that for his sake I would do almost anything he told me because he wished it. You see I *have* got a hole in my head *now*, and that is something, whether I hear down it or not. No, I must go on with my doctor now I am in his hands, whatever it costs me of cash, or time, or suffering. I believe in him.¹

The next thing was a postcard, post mark 13 March, 1907. It is surely good to learn of noble deeds:—

He began by saying "Oh dear," and ended with "all right." He cocained me, and would not hear of my paying a penny. Why should not I love him? Well, he says I must go on with my syringe for six weeks more, and then come to him again.

On the next day, having forgotten something in his advice about the purchase of a pony cart he sends another postcard, in the latter part of which he makes an interesting excursion into the realm of politics:—

Four urgent appeals to record my vote awaited me here.² I do

¹ See note copied from his Indian journal, of about two years before this, p. 84.

² This, I think, was as to choice of Chancellor for Oxford University. On the next day, 15 March, he writes to an undergraduate of University College, Oxford: "For once in a way I was not on the look out for a lark when I put myself 'on' to you. I think Ry. a slacker, both as an undergrad. and as Prime Minister, and I would have gone a long way to vote against the suggestion that he was a proper person for the post he aimed at. Sorry to hear your despair of our fortunes at Putney, but hope it is partly because University fell that you take a gloomy view."

hope the right man will get in. Rosebery is an inverted sort of Coriolanus, and had better have stuck to the lone furrow rather than when promoted revert to it in time of national need.

That year he was asked by the C.M.S. to preach the sermon at the "Children's Service" at Southwark Cathedral in connexion with the Society's Anniversary. What was thought of it by others is shown by the official letter of thanks from the Hon. Clerical Secretary :—

15 May, '07.

DEAR MR. BATEMAN,

I am desired by our Committee to thank you very heartily for your sermon in Southwark Cathedral on the Saturday before our Anniversary. I have heard many speak of it with grateful appreciation, and I trust it may be long remembered.

Yours very sincerely,

H. E. Fox.

What he himself wrote about it to us is in amusing contrast :—

How can I tell you about Southwark? All I know for certain is that my *voice* holding out, I was heard; and that having the wrong bit of paper in the place where my text was, I never got to my *notes* at all. Result, as usual when I essay to preach, distress and confusion of face, from which I have hardly recovered. What the effect or result was on the splendid congregation I know not, and cannot estimate, if I could guess.

In August of the same year he writes :—

You and yours will, I know, be glad to hear that my beloved ear-man was quite satisfied with me and mine. "Come and see me again," he said, "if ever you have any trouble; or, better still, come and see me, anyhow, whenever you are in town." Having caught so many trains in the last three days, I could not complain of my *luck* in missing the last to Congleton last night (Congleton was his station for Biddulph). In fact I had noted 5.40 instead of 5.30 Euston dep. You should have seen the night-porter at Stoke (where I slept) wrestling with his impatience as the boot-lace that R. had tied refused to open. I was seedy all day yesterday and went and sat still at the Oval—dull always when a draw is inevitable. But Hayward's and Hayes's centuries were magnificent, and Payton's catch of Hayes in the long field ought to have cured me entirely.

His enthusiasm for cricket made him a great comrade

at Lord's or the Oval, and I still remember his outburst at a wonderful catch by Strudwick at the wicket, when he caught his man who blocked (as he thought cleverly) a dangerous ball, but allowed it to rise just a couple of feet in *front* of the wicket! And Strudwick was *there*.

On 16 July, 1908, he writes to an old friend (the Rev. Canon John Harford):—

I have entered on a new phase of existence and am no longer locomotive as in deputationing, or furloughing. . . . This parish absorbs all my energy and is left needy still. . . . This is my native air, and my body recognizing this smothered any mental yearning for a "change." Therefore it is vain to expect me anywhere.

However, he was soon to have a great and happy change, for on 27 Oct., 1908, he married Katharine Lettice Nicholson, daughter of the late Rev. J. Y. Nicholson, Rector of Aller, near Langport, in Somerset. He was a man for whom R. B. had always entertained the deepest feelings of respect ever since Magdalen days, when, after taking his degree, he had for a short time read theology at Aller, and it was during his stay there that a little girl was born, who became his god-daughter, and now in the fullness of time his wife. I am allowed to print the following extract from a letter written by R. B. to her just before the marriage:—

The Vicarage, Biddulph,
25 Oct., 1908. Night.

The last day of solitary life and labour here is over. It has been a very happy day. How abundant is the mercy of God that He should have brought me to a point from which I see still happier days ahead and you in the foreground of the picture of each! . . .

During the service we will lean only upon the help of God's heavenly grace.

It must ever be a deep happiness to those who loved him, to remember how fully his hopes were fulfilled during seven years of bright and busy united parish work at Biddulph—bright, notwithstanding the trouble of occasional illness and pain from his ear, which was yet to give much trouble. In 1910 he was again up at St. Thomas's

with the same painful ailment. The following postcard, which is framed with some ingenuity on cricket phraseology, shows how determinedly he minimized his own pains and penalties :—

DEAR FRIEND,

We *must* play the game. Disaster might overtake either (i.e. both) of us, if, say, I went out of my ground to slog, or if you in too eager sympathy got out of *your* ground, backing up. I should say certainly husband your strength,¹ and don't think of crossing the pitch unless having notified your intention to the umpire M.D. you feel safe, justified, and authorized in doing so.

Later.

There is a mouse in my bed! I saw it and it saw me, winked and went under. What am I to do? Shall I scream or sound the electric bell??

Later.

Dr. B— has been here and gives me no suggestion of a date for my exeat, but is well pleased with my progress.

When he did get his “exeat” he went back to his parish and worked on with happier zeal because of the helpmeet now sharing his labours. He had two curates, and Mr. Robert Heath, the patron of the living, was always ready and sympathetic in backing him up in all his efforts to raise the Christian tone of the people. There was partial success, partial failure—as I suppose in all, even the best worked English parishes; and R. B. did not take “failure” in soul work lightly. Still he went on, not without encouragement: a newer generation had taken possession of Biddulph, and some modern developments did not please R. B.'s conservative instincts; but still, his parishioners as a body recognized his longings for their spiritual good, and the name of “Bateman” still counted for something in a neighbourhood where his father had lived so long and so well. Here is a letter which he dates December 4, and I add, according to my lights, the year 1911 :—

It was a month last night since I left your house, and I fain would have written you a note of hand. But having lighted my

¹ I had been ill.

Sunday pipe,¹ I took up the "Record" instead of my pen, last night, and there saw the deaths of Stead and Sowter. My heart within me was desolated. Stead especially leaves a grievous blank². Fifty-five years ago we fell into each other's arms. It is a heavy bereavement, but what a lovely death! The body left at the doorstep of a friend to whose house he was hurrying on a message from the Lord, and his Spirit inside the door. . . . Further, that I have been in the depths of pain and hopelessness about my leg, but am now on the mountains of Bether. Both very well.

This is one of the early intimations of new trouble—sciatica in the leg—which in time developed extreme pain. But the gallant spirit, after however grievous bodily discipline, lifts him up again.

The next letter to be quoted is to the friend of his youth (before mentioned), the Rev. Canon John Harford—5 Nov., 1912—in answer to a birthday letter. He writes:—

I can't help feeling that I am increasingly unavailable for the succour of anybody or thing outside the parish, and this is more in consequence of decreasing energy and intelligence than of increasing duties here. I don't know how to hold out any hope even to myself of joining forces with you as you suggest. I have been without a curate for about two months already and have no present or prospective fish in my net. Several times I have thought I would write and ask you for one of your young men, but I desisted because I felt that you could do better for them in these days of sinecuracies than by sending them to one who has so little up-to-date parochial experience as I have to impart. . . . Besides this bondage to my post I have developed such a degree of deafness as makes me helpless and miserable in any place of discussion. This takes away the reason for going away, the other the possibility of it.

¹ Remembering the way in which the legitimate use of tobacco is branded as a crime in some religious circles it seems right to me (never a smoker myself) to note that R. B. was a moderate smoker nearly all the time I knew him. He stopped his smoke in Lent, however, and in late life, for some reason or other, stopped it for a time altogether. The first occasion I noticed this was once when I asked him where was his pipe (which I always used to enjoy, too, by proxy). He said: "I've given it up. You know, Mac, after all, it's a dirty habit." The drollery, half self-satire, half unconvinced regret, with which he said this, was inimitable. I am glad to say that this innocent indulgence (which he never abused) was resumed, to the comfort of his brain and body both. Once in hospital, I found him waiting for me to come before he would "light up"—*κοινὰ τὰ τῶν φίλων*.

² The Rev. E. D. Stead, of Lewes, Sussex, a schoolfellow at Brighton College, who died suddenly when on a holy errand as above described.

Soon after this he came up to London for radium treatment for his ear, and we sometimes got sight of him for an hour; but more was done by correspondence, which, however, being of a personal nature does not lend itself kindly to quotation. The broad features of all his letters were two: a minimizing of his own troubles and pains, only allowing a human cry to escape him at times when he was sure of sympathy, the other a deep and thoughtful sympathy with the cares and interests of his friends.

I have kept out of this chapter reference to matters Indian, except the particular one of his return to the Punjab—which of course had to be given up. Yet it must not be thought that his interest in the work out there in any degree lessened. Always his thoughts turned to the East in prayer, and hope, and sympathy when news came from India of any trouble. Indeed, India (as must be the case with all who have really learnt to love her) had a large share of his heart up to the very end. But the object of the chapter has been to give a clear though necessarily imperfect account of his work done in England after leaving India, and it did not seem good to run the risk of blurring the outline by mixing up matters of another kind. Some letters quoted in the preceding chapter will have partly supplied the omission. Meanwhile, summing up, we may say that R. B. in the thirteen years between 1902–15 worked zealously in two parishes as parish priest; was ever ready, up to and even beyond his power, to plead the cause of missions, and did so with large success before thousands of hearers; and last, but perhaps in the eye of the all-seeing and loving Judge not least, he lived the life of a saint, loving and being loved amid difficult conditions of personal pain and growing weakness, showing himself, as ever, one of God's heroic souls.¹

¹ To some who met R. B. casually during this period, this description may seem to be written in too dark colours. Of course he had many happy, even playful, hours (e.g., see p. 163); on the other hand there were bad times, to which I have but slightly referred. On the whole, I believe the terms adopted are accurate.

CHAPTER XVI

THE END—A BEGINNING

Endurance is the crowning quality
And patience all the Passion of great hearts.

LOWELL

O grave, where is thy victory ?

1 COR. XV. 55

So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

BUNYAN

FOR thirty-three years R. B. had worked in India at what is perhaps the hardest and most exhausting of all human tasks—the execution of the Master’s command to carry the Gospel of light and truth to those sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death. In the struggles and pains necessarily attending such work he had played a selfless part—“he loved not his own life unto death.” Coming home to comparatively easier work, which he never allowed himself to take easily, and bearing the marks of the Lord Jesus in a body no longer at its full strength, he had worked for thirteen years more, adding to the care of a parish, labours of love in going to other places to plead the cause of missions or what he rightly regarded as virtually the same—that of the Bible Society. Again and again had he suffered bodily trouble and illness in the prosecution of such work, and many men might have received it as a warning to go slow—but this man’s spirit allowed him no rest: as long as he could stand he must fight. With all men over fifty who do not lay themselves up in cotton-wool (and even these cannot ensure quiet), life becomes a rear-guard action to be fought out quickly or at length, as the great Captain decrees, and

now for R. B. the struggle, so resolutely and stubbornly maintained was drawing to its appointed end. The pain from his ear for the most part ceased, but other and worse trouble now asserted its presence. On 1 Feb., 1915, the watchful eyes that had helped to guard his health in these later years saw that he was unwell, and the doctor was called in. Nevertheless, on the 13th he took a funeral, and then went off for the week-end to Stockport to attend and speak at C.M.S. meetings there—the last time but one of his speaking on deputation. His note book shows that on the 14th (Sunday) he preached at St. Paul's Church in the morning from Acts xiv. 28: "And there they abode a long time with the disciples." In the evening at St. Mary's the text was Acts xxviii. 15: "Whom, when Paul saw, he thanked God, and took courage"—a favourite text of his. The next evening (Monday) he notes that his co-speakers were Mr. Manley and Miss Hobbs, and that he told the story of Ihsan and Kurban, with the remark added, "Well received." On the Tuesday he returned home, and was never really well again. Yet once again he spoke for the C.M.S. at Trentham, at the annual meeting on 16 March, 1915, when for the last time he told the story of Prithu Datta to a deeply interested meeting. One of his hearers thought he had never been more inspiring; but the effort was followed by a bad night, and he kept his room or the house till April 1, Maundy Thursday, when he gave the address on Holy Communion, and administered the Sacrament at 8 P.M. On Easter Day, April 4, he preached his last sermon, on Rev. i. 18, and celebrated in the morning.¹ Next day he attended the vestry meeting; but on April 6 he went for change of air and complete rest to Burnham in Somerset. It became apparent, however, that an operation was necessary, as he was suffering almost continually from pain. On June 1 the operation was successfully performed, and on June 24 he left St.

¹ R. B. sent in his resignation early in the year, but his kind friend and patron, Mr. Heath, would not definitely accept it until the necessity of so doing became unquestionable.

Thomas's Home, London, for Biddulph. Later on in the year further advice was taken in Bath, and after consultation held by competent authorities he was informed that his disease was incurable; malignant trouble had asserted itself and nothing more could be done in a medical way. Removal was advised as soon as possible to a permanent resting-place for the remaining days of the way-worn but undaunted pilgrim, and this haven of rest, with every accompaniment of devoted love and tender care, was found at the home of his brother, who with his wife urged their right to have him with them to the end. Here, then, in almost ideal surroundings of English scenery, English home-life, and the love of his own English folk, did the tireless worker, who had spent so many years under the sun of India, amid dust, and heat, and strange and often unsympathetic neighbours, slowly sink to his rest.¹ His great vitality prolonged the struggle, and while at first it was thought that only a few days must see the end, the heart which physically was still strong maintained the spark of life in him for months. During this period he found great comfort in knitting and doing needlework for the soldiers, saying constantly how glad he was to be spared a little longer to do something for them. He read his Greek Testament every day,² and from time to time various books of devotion; and hymns were read and sung to him—among the latter "Glory be to Jesus" and "Conquering kings their titles take" (this especially) were

¹ By mutual desire my last visit to him was paid on 3 Nov., 1915—"a memorable day." Autumn was wearing a soft and gentle smile on the undulating sweetness of western hill and vale, and our thoughts were in harmony with the aspect of nature. Resignation and a tinge of sadness were with us as from the fading year, but also serene and cheerful confidence as we talked of old days, and of the bright future that should know no cloud; and though bodily pain took him at times, our voices raised in prayer together seemed to bring strength, and peace, and quiet happiness that, in spite of human weakness and grief at parting, knew and felt itself to be blest.

² The Epistle to the Philippians was his constant study towards the end—especially chap. i.; and verses 9, 10, 11 he quoted often as the expression of his prayers and wishes for all to whom he had ministered, both in India and in England.

favourites. Of books "Christus Consolator," by Bishop Handley Moule, was his constant companion and help, and a note was written to the author saying this, and also that his days were numbered. The following characteristically loving reply may be quoted, dated, it will be noticed, the very day of the death of him to whom it was sent :—

MY DEAR AND GREATLY HONOURED BROTHER,

Your dictated letter with its signature is a sacred treasure to me till I, too, pass over to where the King of love and glory is carrying you.

My eyes are dim with loving wonder that He should let me help you! It is He.

And now—bright and blissful be your passage to the Mount Zion to be "at home with the Lord," and with His own beloved ones who will—what a company—hail you in.

Soon He will come (and you with Him).

Yours with loving reverence,

HANDLEY DUNELM.

I have daily remembered you since dear — told me of your illness.

Auckland Castle,

March 7, 1916.

On 1 Nov., 1915, his 75th birthday, he had sent a farewell message to the C.M.S. Committee, addressing it to the Honorary Clerical Secretary :—

My time can only be very short, so I write through you to convey my loving and trusting and admiring love to the C.M.S. which has been an inspiriting help and stimulus to me in all my work for God. Good bye to all who work for and in the C.M.S., from the President to the message boy; to those in the field and to those who have retired. Let us rejoice together that in many a land the name of the Lord Jesus is magnified in and by the C.M.S., and that to us an abundant entrance into the Kingdom which we preached has been secured by the precious merits of our Redeemer.

The answer to this was sent by Mr. Bardsley on November 8 :—

MY LOVED AND HONOURED BROTHER,

I gave your message to the Committee yesterday and they were deeply touched by it. The room immediately was filled with the spirit of loving sympathy, and you can lean on the prayers of many in these days of weakness. Soon you will see face to face

Him Whom unseen you have loved and served. What a moment it will be when we first behold His face! The longing in my heart as I write this letter is that I may learn to love Him more as you have loved Him. Would that I could come and see you, but I fear that I am much engaged in different parts of the country during these next days, and I doubt, too, whether you would be able to see me. My heart is full of solemn thoughts, of love, and of praise for all that our merciful Saviour has permitted you to do. May He give me grace to follow as you have followed.

Yours with deep respect and affection,

CYRIL C. B. BARDSLEY.

As the period before his departure unexpectedly lengthened, he set himself to write farewell messages to his many friends.¹ He knew they would be valued, and the personal difficulty or discomfort in writing he ignored. This was only of a piece with the consistent consideration for others which he showed—no one who knew him would have expected anything else—all through his illness. It was never, “What pain *I* am in,” but always, “I am so sorry for *you*,” or “What trouble I am giving!” Realization of this frame of mind will give the tone and spirit which breathed in his letters. A few may be partly quoted:—

The leading doctor here has told me that there is but one end possible, whether it comes in days, weeks, or months. Amen, so let it be. I have nothing whatever to complain of. Goodness and mercy have followed me. But the misery and anxiety that I must be to my relations and friends makes me sad when I think of it. . . . I have a big lot of pain, and am utterly weak. But there is both the joy and the strength of the Lord to lie down in.

Later than this is one in very straggling writing, wholly taken up with brief remarks about the family affairs of the addressee, nothing about himself. One point is so characteristic, it calls for record: “I am beyond letter-writing, but must just sort of rap out, ‘Tell R. not to lose an hour in killing that wolf-cub.’” (A young Indian civilian had written home announcing a new pet.)

A little later is one which, though perhaps actually

¹ It has been a difficult task to select the few letters and replies that there is space to print. Few men have died in a warmer atmosphere of love given and received; and such love—thank God—is eternal.

written in an ebb of the struggle, bears marks of the whirling vortex. Yet even there the anchor holds, thank God:—

Gradually, and I had nearly said gently, I am being let down, and it is my clumsiness rather than the violence of my opposing waves and currents that suggests a maelstrom at times. Sight, hearing, smell, taste, intellect are losing their hold no doubt, and so I sometimes fear are grace, mercy, and peace. But I try to think that the "glass darkly" phase necessarily is intensified under present conditions, and I set gladly against it the plain fact that the sense of unmeasured goodness follows me still into the details of my life—personal, domestic, and social, as well as physical. It is in this last when the sciatica comes, or in the long nights when the sleep goes, that it is difficult to establish—but there it is, *Laus Deo!*

One more letter, and that to a spiritual son in India, must be given, with the introductory remark that the modes of address used by him in letters varied much according to mood, as well as relation to the person addressed. In one or two cases I have thought it worth while to give the unconventional *ipsissima verba*—I do here, where no doubt his tenderest sympathy and compassion were aroused:—

Nunney,

6 : 2 : '16.

MY DEAR, DEAR, DEAREST, AFFLICTED SON,

What can I say in your overwhelming trouble to comfort, guide, or support you? My own sands of life are running quickly out or it would be probably best to urge you to carry out your plan of coming to England and we could then together try to see what the Lord has in store for you and face it in humble confidence together. As it is, I am so far down in all physical strength that I had given up the idea of writing any more letters to anybody. . . . But what are all my troubles compared with yours? Yours has been a life marked with unusual blessing and blessedness though now for the second time scored across and *through* by the heaviest of afflictions. . . . He will preside over you all Whose grace is sufficient for your every need and keep you safe under the shadow even of an afflicting Hand and bring you into the fullness of joy of which we have only a foretaste as yet. I shall probably be gone before this reaches you. Good-bye, my beloved.

Yours in Him,

R. BATEMAN.

It is fitting that the last letter from his hand, quoted

here, should be one sent to a son of that land to which his life had been given. No English friend, however dear, will grudge this to India—the scene of crucial test, and, as we must hope, of imperishable glory, to Englishmen.

His son from Canada reached Nunney on February 7, and his daughter on the 28th—both eager to render any comfort possible in his last hours. With the coming of the former, after long absence, his last wish seemed to be gratified; the intercourse between father and son was a great help and comfort to the sufferer. Thus with severe times of pain, and intervals of rest, but always with gallant courage and using the tender ministrations of those who loved him, he came to the time of his departure. The actual end came in absolute peace at 8.30 A.M. on 7 March, 1916. At 7.11 there had been a slight pressure on the loving hand that held his, and then—silence, and the passing of a noble spirit, without any more struggle, into rest and Eternal Joy.

The whole of this lengthened-out period of approaching death, with its opportunity of intercourse by word and pen with friends and relatives, forcibly recalls the moving passage in the "Pilgrim's Progress,"¹ where the holy dreamer, describing the different ways in which death and the waters of the dark river meet the various members of the company of pilgrims, comes to tell of Mr. Stand-fast's going. His words, I fear, are strange to too many of this younger generation; while those among us who are familiar with this great master of literature and of heart-religion will, I am sure, delight with me in applying them to the passing away from earth of Rowland Bateman. Bunyan says:—

Then there came forth a Summons for Mr. Stand-fast (this Mr. Stand-fast was he that the rest of the Pilgrims found upon his

¹ This thought came simultaneously to several of us in Committee when Mr. Bardsley read out the message of 1 Nov., 1915, and, if I remember rightly, was voiced by one who has so often and so well spoken for the Committee—Prebendary H. E. Fox.

knees in the Enchanted Ground),¹ for the Post brought it him open in his hands. . . . When Mr. Stand-fast had set things in order, and the time being come for him to haste him away, he also went down to the River. Now there was a great Calm at that time in the River; wherefore Mr. Stand-fast, when he was about half-way in, he stood awhile, and talked to his Companions that had waited upon him thither. And he said. . . .

“I see myself now at the end of my journey, my toilsome days are ended. . . .

“I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of, and wherever I have seen the print of his Shoe in the Earth, there I have coveted to set my Foot too. . . .”

Now while he was thus in Discourse, his Countenance changed, his strong man bowed under him, and after he had said, “Take me, for I come unto Thee,” he ceased to be seen of them.

Amid the tumultuous rush of memories from the great company of poets who have written about noble deaths the passage that perhaps first comes to mind when contemplating the lifeless body of Rowland Bateman is the stately passage from the “Samson Agonistes” :—

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame; nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

But this is not enough for the Christian heart that thinks of “Lycidas sunk low” indeed, but mounted high, “through the dear might of Him that walked the waves.” Not death, but life, and life for evermore. Not an end, but a beginning,—a beginning of higher and even more blessed service in the immediate presence of his beloved Master, is the thought with which the reader will best take leave of Rowland Bateman, nineteenth century Apostle. His body lies among his own people in the quiet churchyard at Brightlingsea.

¹ There is a passage in R. B.'s journal which illustrates this specially, but is not one to be quoted for the public.

POSTSCRIPT

THERE remains now only the pleasant duty of thanking all those who have helped me by lending letters, or sending notes of reminiscences. When the materials came to me I used them—I believe all—in what seemed, after consideration, the best way for the purposes of the book. Some notes have been given nearly entire ; of others, extracts, short or long, as conditions of the subject suggested ; others, again, have been taken up into the warp and woof of my own writing so as to leave only small traces of the original. I trust that no one will think his contribution has been slighted, though, of course, through error of judgment on my part it may not have been made the best of. No one perhaps can be so sensible of the imperfections of the book as myself, for no one I think can have so keenly imagined the ideal at which I aimed. Nevertheless, I know that many prayers have been made for the success of this memorial of the man we love, and this helps the hope that amid all shortcomings there is here a presentation of Rowland Bateman that will recall to those who knew him recognition of his likeness ; while to those who did not know him, perhaps the wish may come that they had known him. For myself I say only this : knowing his strong disinclination to be the subject of a biography at all, but remembering thankfully the grace which enabled him to sacrifice his own wishes in the matter, I believe that a reward will come, and that the story of his life will be used of God, in Whose service and to Whose glory it is now humbly offered.

EAST GRINSTEAD,
All Saints' Day, 1916.

R. MACONACHIE.

APPENDIX

Stanzas written by ROWLAND BATEMAN to supplement the Hymn

"We saw Thee not," etc. (See page 30.)

C.M.S., Narowal, May and June, 1896.

No ear but Mary's caught the word
Of promise by Archangel given,
And none but humble shepherds heard
"Glory to God in highest Heaven";
But we believe that at Thy birth
Peace and goodwill found place on earth.

No dove-like form 'twas ours to see
When Jesus in the Jordan stood,
Nor heard a voice from Heaven decree
Him the beloved Son of God;
But we believe, not there alone,
The Trinity divine was shown.

Thy guests we were not in that hour
When the new birth Thou didst unfold,
And spakest of the Spirit's power
To one who "came by night" of old;
But we believe with Thee to reign
We must indeed be born again.

We cried not out for troubled fear
Afloat on storm-tost Galilee,
Nor noted how, the Master near,
Waves sank to rest obediently;
But we believe that "Peace be still"
Reduced the tempest to Thy will.

We wot not of that power divine
By which the multitude was fed,
And, when that Eucharist of Thine
Was offered, shared nor fish nor bread;
But we believe that Thou hast given
Thyself to us true Bread of Heaven.

We were not thy Disciples when
 "Teach us to pray" was all their prayer,
 Nor heard thine answering voice again
 Dictate petitions we might share ;
 But we believe e'en outcasts may,
 Restored by Thee, "Our Father" say.

When once as Jesus passèd by,
 Escape from threatening foes to find,
He saw (not we) the cheerless eye
 Of one who from his birth was blind ;
 But we believe the "works of God"
 Were manifest where Jesus trod.

We marked not how his way he held
 Siloam's pool unseen to reach,
 Nor, when from synagogue expelled
 Heard we his calm undaunted speech ;
 But we believe that now as then
 Thy healed ones front the wrath of men.

We stood not on the sacred ground,
 Nor saw him prone in worship fall,
 When Jesus there, the outcast found,
 Revealed Himself the Lord of All ;
 Yet say with him, "Lord, I believe,"
 And by Thy grace true light receive.

We saw not Mary in her home
 When Martha sorrowing sought Thy side,
 Nor heard the plaint, "Lord had'st Thou come
 He whom Thou lovest had not died" ;
 But we believe that Jesus wept
 In Bethany where Lazarus slept.

When from the tomb where he was laid
 Thou calledst on the dead to rise,
 We heard not what the mourners said
 And shared not in their glad surprise ;
 But we believe that from the grave
 Thou art omnipotent to save.

We sat not at the sacred board
 When love-girt Thou didst rise to bend
 O'er feet of those who called Thee Lord
 And show'dst Thy love unto the end ;
 But we accept the precept new
 "Do ye as I have done to you."

What time in Dark Gethsemane

Great drops of blood bedewed the ground,
We shared not in Thine agony

Nor e'en with sleeping Saints were found ;
But we believe Thou didst not shrink
Alone the bitter cup to drink.

Not when the torch-lit band essayed

To take Thee. Not when Judas said,
"Hail, Master," and his Lord betrayed,

Saw we the kiss or fought or fled ;
But we believe the sheep to save
Himself the one Good Shepherd gave.

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